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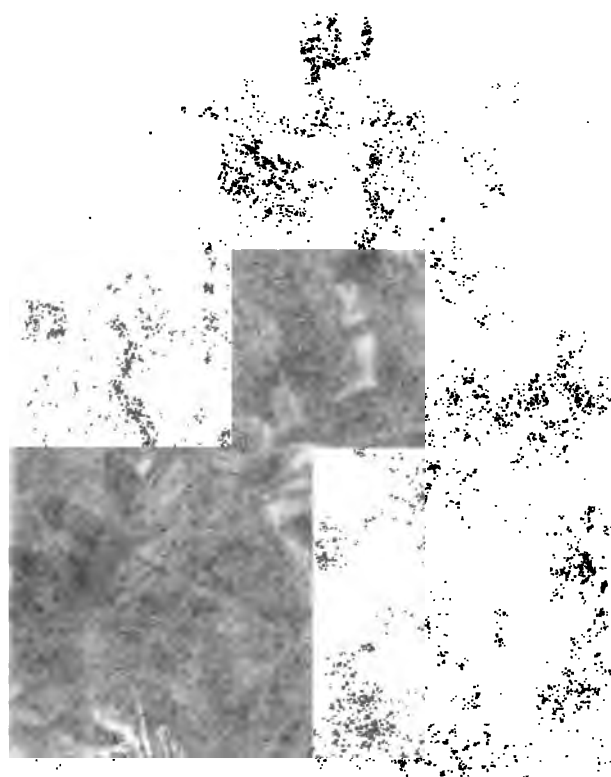
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OUR SAILORS;

OR,

**ANECDOTES OF THE ENGAGEMENTS
AND GALLANT DEEDS OF THE BRITISH NAVY**

**During the Reign of Her Majesty
QUEEN VICTORIA.**



OUR SOLDIERS:

OR,

ANECDOTES OF THE CAMPAIGNS
AND GALLANT DEEDS OF THE

BRITISH ARMY

During the Reign of

HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA.

BY

WILLIAM H. G. KINGSTON,

AUTHOR OF "PETER THE WHALER," "MARK SEAWORTH,"
"TRUE BLUE," ETC.

LONDON:

GRIFFITH AND FARRAN,

(SUCCESSORS TO NEWBERY AND HARRIS),
CORNER OF ST. PAUL'S CHURCH YARD.

MDCCCLXIII.

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LIEUT. FARQUHARSON, 42ND HIGHLANDERS, BEFORE LUCKNOW.

Page 261.

From a painting by L. W. Desanges, in the Victoria Cross Gallery.

1871

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P R E F A C E.

IN the following pages will be found narrated some of the gallant deeds performed by the brave soldiers of England, not in days gone by, such as are mere matters of history, but by many now living, by those who are still in the ranks of the army, who have wounds and scars to show, who can tell us of their doings, and how they won the crosses of honour which decorate their breasts, and by others who can boast where and how they gained their well-earned pensions for shattered limbs and weakened frames.

Thankful truly must all those be who stay at home at ease, that our well-loved old England possesses a body of defenders, not vast in number, but strong in unity of spirit, in discipline, courage, and love of country, who are ready to fight, as their fathers have fought, and who never will yield while there is a cartridge for a rifle, or an artilleryman can load his gun.

The gallant deeds I am about to chronicle are only some of those which have been performed since our gracious Sovereign Queen Victoria came to the throne; and they will prove that the courage and discipline of English soldiers have not diminished since Wellington led our armies to battle and certain victory.

I might speak also of the gallant way in which the Militia have offered to serve their country abroad, and the persevering zeal with which the Volunteers have fitted themselves for the defence of our sacred shores; and no one will doubt that when called on to be up and doing, they will gain a name and a fame for heroism unsurpassed on the page of history.

I must repeat, before concluding my preface, that it is only some of the brave deeds which have been performed since Queen Victoria's reign began which are to be found here recorded. The object of the work is simply to show the stuff which fills our soldiers' jackets, and that that stuff is as good as ever.

W. H. G. K.

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ANECDOTES
OF THE
BRITISH ARMY,
During the Reign of Queen Victoria.

WARFARE IN INDIA,
FROM 1837 TO 1842.

ELDRED POTTINGER AT HERAT, 1837.

WHEN Her gracious Majesty Queen Victoria ascended the throne of England, in the year 1837, the swords of her soldiers and the cutlasses of her sailors were happily sheathed, though they were not allowed to remain long enough to rust in their scabbards. We must go to India to seek for deeds worthy of record at this uneventful period. The first soldier whose name I can find mentioned as having done good service to his country, was Eldred Pottinger, then a young lieutenant in the Bombay artillery. Instigated

by France and Russia, the Shah of Persia had marched an army into Afghanistan, with the intention of adding it to his own dominions, and in the hope, probably, of ultimately possessing himself of parts of the British possessions in India, or, rather, of enabling those European nations at enmity with England to do so.

With this object in view, the Persians had laid siege to the city of Herat, once a place of great strength; but when the news of the advance of the Persian army became known to the inhabitants, its walls were in many parts little better than heaps of crumbling ruins. Herat has properly been described as the "Gate of India," as within the limits of the surrounding territory all the great roads leading to that country converge. It is also situated at the only point of the great mountain range which will allow of the transport of a train of heavy artillery.

The king, who had long been absent from his capital, returned to defend it, and among those who went out to meet him was Lieutenant Pottinger, who had lately arrived in the city after an adventurous journey from Cabool. The young stranger introduced himself to the vizier, and the king soon afterwards desired to see him, and invited him to aid in the coming contest.

And now the invading army arrived before the walls of Herat, and the siege began. The defences were strengthened, and the Afghans fought with courage and fury. The Persians were not chary of their powder and shot, and the houses in the city were quickly reduced to ruins. The garrison and the inhabitants suffered all the usual horrors

of a siege; the enemy, more by their numbers than their discipline or valour, pressed them hard. Eldred Pottinger went as an envoy to the Persian king to sue for terms on the part of the Afghans, but his mission was fruitless. The chief of the Afghans saw that victory or death were his only alternatives.

The siege went on; shot and shell came pouring into the devoted city, and starvation threatened the defenders. The chiefs and troops lost all courage; despair seized the bravest at the very moment that the Persians were advancing to the assault. The fate of Herat was trembling in the balance. Hearing the noise of the assault, Pottinger accompanied the Afghan General and Prime Minister, Yar Mahomed, to the breach. As they neared the spot, they found the garrison giving way. Yar Mahomed sat down in despair. Pottinger having the conviction that desperate work was at hand, had given instructions to his servants to carry him out, in case he should fall in the defence. Astonished and indignant at the pusillanimity of his companions, he called on the Afghan chief again and again to rouse himself, either to move down to the breach, or to send his son to inspire new heart into the yielding garrison. The energetic appeal of the young Englishman was not lost on Yar Mahomed. He rose up; advanced further into the works, and neared the breach where the contest was raging. Encouraged by the diminished opposition, the enemy were pushing on with renewed vigour. Yar Mahomed called on his men to fight; but they wavered and stood still. Then his heart again failed him. He turned back; said he would

go for aid; sought the place where he had before sat down, and looked around irresolute and unnerved. Pointing to the men who, alarmed by the backwardness of their chief, were now retreating in every direction, Pottinger, in vehement language, insisted that the ruin of all their hopes must result from want of energy at such a juncture. Yar Mahomed roused himself; again advanced, but again wavered, and a third time the young English officer was compelled by words and deeds alike to shame the unmanned Afghan general. He reviled, he threatened, he seized him by the arm, and dragged him forward to the breach. The chief called on the soldiery to fight, but they continued to fall back in dismay. Then seizing a large staff, Yar Mahomed rushed like a madman upon the hindmost of the party, and drove them forward under a shower of heavy blows. The nature of the works prevented their falling back in a body. Cooped up in a narrow passage, and seeing no other outlet of escape, many of them leaped wildly over the parapet and rushed down the exterior slope, full upon the Persian stormers. The effect of this sudden movement was magical. The Persians, seized with a panic, abandoned their position and fled. All this time Lieutenant Pottinger had been exposed to the heavy fire kept up by the storming parties. Happily he escaped unhurt. Through his courage and resolution Herat was preserved. The spirit of one Englishman infused itself among the hordes of barbarians who formed the defenders of the place, and did more than all the Russian officers and the Russian regiments in the Persian army were able to effect. Still the siege continued: the troops were without pay, and the people were

starving. Yet Eldred Pottinger, by his unwearied exertions, and his brave, undaunted spirit alone kept the Afghans from capitulating, till a British expedition, sent up the Persian Gulf, made the Shah raise the siege to avert the threatened invasion of his own country. And thus we see what one man, by energy, perseverance, and courage can effect.

THE FIRST AFGHAN CAMPAIGN, 1839.

It had been determined by the British government of India, for political reasons, to place the long-banished monarch of Afghanistan, Shah Soojah-ool-Moolk, on the throne of his ancestors. For this purpose an army, consisting of a brigade of artillery, under the command of Colonel Graham; a brigade of cavalry, under that of Colonel Arnold; and five brigades of infantry, under the respective commands of Colonels Sale and Dennis of the Queen's, and Colonels Nott, Roberts, and Worseley, of the Company's service, were ordered to prepare for duty in the field. The infantry brigades were told off into two divisions, under Sir Willoughby Cotton and Major-General Duncan. The regiments composing this force were, her Majesty's 16th Lancers, 13th Infantry, and 3rd Buffs; the Company's European regiment, two regiments of Native Light Cavalry, and twelve picked Sepoy corps. Two companies of horse artillery, and three of foot, constituted the artillery brigade. There were also some details of sappers and miners under Captain Thomson.

While the Bengal army was assembling on the northern frontier of India, under the personal command of Sir Henry Fane, another force was being collected at Bombay. It was composed of a brigade of cavalry, including her Majesty's 4th Dragoons, a brigade of artillery, and a brigade of foot, consisting of two Queen's regiments, the 2nd Royals, and 17th Foot, and one Sepoy corps. Major-General Thackwell commanded the cavalry; Major-General Willshire the infantry, and Colonel Stevenson the artillery brigade; Sir John Keane, the commander-in-chief of the Bombay army, took command of the whole.

Such was the extent of the British force warned for field service in the autumn of 1838.

At the same time, another force, nominally under the command of Shah Soojah, was to be raised in the Company's territories to accompany him into Afghanistan. This army crossed the Indus near the fortress of Bukkur, entering territories famous from their association with the operations of Alexander the Great, and which had never before been traversed by British troops.

Marching from Shikapore, the army advanced for fifty miles through the dark defiles of the Bolan pass, lofty mountains covered with snow towering above their heads. It now entered a desert region, where provisions were not to be procured, and where on every side the troops were assailed by the fierce Beloochees, who attacked foraging parties and camp followers, and plundered the baggage left in the rear. Early in April, the troops marched through the vale of Shawl, forded many rivers, and passed the heights of Kozak, over which the artillery was dragged by

the men with ropes, till at length, surmounting all difficulties, the army reached Candahar on the 27th of April, 1839. It remained there till the 27th of June, and on that day, when Runjeet Singh, the old Lion of Lahore, was struggling with death, it resumed its march. It was here that, in the most unaccountable manner, it left behind its heavy battering train.

CAPTURE OF GHUZNEE,

23rd July, 1839.

ON the 21st of July, the army arrived before the famous fortress of Ghuznee, which was considered impregnable by the Afghans.

The city of Ghuznee lies between Candahar and Cabool, about two hundred and thirty miles distant from the former, and ninety from the latter place. It stands on the extreme points of a range of hills which slope upwards, and command the north-east angle of the Balla Hissar. As the British advanced on it, and observed its strong fortifications rising up before them on the side of a hill, they could not help feeling that it was not a place to be taken by six or even nine-pounder guns. It had a high rampart, in good repair, built on a scarped mound about thirty-five feet high, flanked by numerous towers, and surrounded by a *fausse braye* and a wet ditch; whilst the height of the citadel covered the interior from the commanding fire of the hills from the north, and rendered any guns placed there useless. In addition to this screen, walls had been built before the gates;

the ditch was filled with water, and unfordable ; and an outwork was built on the right bank of the river, so as to command the bed of it. A close reconnoissance of the place, under a heavy fire, was undertaken by Captain Thomson, who found it equally strong all round, and suggested the only way by which he believed it could be taken. Sir John Keane, however, ascertained from a traitor Afghan, that although most of the gates had been built up, one still remained ; and Captain Thomson assured him that it might be blown in with gunpowder. The place must be taken, and Sir John Keane gladly accepted Captain Thomson's proposal.

The morning of the 23rd of July, just before day-break, was the time fixed for the assault. The regiments told off for the service were the 2nd, 13th, and 17th (Queen's), and the Company's European regiment, under Major Carruthers, Lieut.-Col. Orchard, Col. Croker, and Major Tronson. The advance consisted of the light companies of these four regiments. The night and morning were unusually stormy. The advance was placed under the command of Colonel Dennie of the 13th Light Infantry, and the main column under Brigadier Sale. The explosion party was directed by Captain Thomson, and he had under him Lieutenants Durand and Macleod of the Bengal, and Captain Peat of the Bombay corps. The gate to be blown open was the Cabool gate. Under cover of the darkness, the noise the men might make being overpowered by the roaring of the wind, the storming column advanced along the Cabool road, while the engineers carried up their powder-bags to the gate. Now the General filled the gardens near the city walls with the Sepoys,

who kept up a hot fire on the wall, while the light batteries opened hotly upon the works.

This demonstration fixed the attention of the enemy, and called forth a responsive fire. Suddenly a row of blue lights appeared along the walls, illuminating the place, and showing that the Afghans were manning them in expectation of an escalade. Meantime the British engineers were quietly piling their powder-bags at the Cabool gate. Brave men were engaged in the work. It was done well, but at first the powder failed to ignite, and Lieutenant Durand was obliged to scrape the hose with his finger nails. Again the port-fire was applied. The powder exploded. The noise of the explosion was almost overpowered by the roaring of the guns and the rushing of the wind. Still many an Afghan trembled at the ominous sound. Mighty indeed was the effect. Down with a crash came heavy masses of masonry and shivered beams in awful ruin and confusion. Then the bugle sounded the advance. Colonel Dennie, at the head of his stormers, pushed forward through the breach amid clouds of smoke and dust, and soon the bayonets of his light companies were crossing the swords of the enemy, who had rushed down to the point of attack. A few moments of darkness and confusion, and then the foremost soldiers caught a glimpse of the morning sky, and pushing gallantly on, were soon established in the fortress.

Three hearty, animating cheers, so loud and clear that they were heard throughout the general camp, announced to their excited comrades below that Dennie and his stormers had entered Ghuznee.

Sale was pressing on to support him, when, deceived

by a false report that he had failed to enter the breach, he halted his column. There was a pause of painful doubt; but the true state of affairs was ascertained. Again the cheering notes of the bugle sounded the advance, and the British troops pushed on. But the enemy had profited by the pause, and numbers crowded to the breach. The Brigadier met them amid the crumbled masonry and fallen timbers. One of their number, rushing over the ruins, brought down the gallant Sale by a cut on the face with his sharp sabre. The Afghan repeated his blow as his opponent was falling; but the pummel, not the edge of the sword, this time took effect, though with stunning violence. He lost his footing, however, in the effort, and Afghan and Briton rolled down together, amid the fractured timbers. Sale now made an effort to master the weapon of his opponent. He snatched at it, but one of his fingers met the edge of the sharp blade. He quickly withdrew his wounded hand, and placed it over that of his adversary, so as to keep fast hold of the hilt; but the Afghan was active and powerful, and he was himself faint from loss of blood.

Happily, at that moment Captain Kershaw, of the 13th, approached the scene of conflict. The wounded leader called to him by name for aid. He gave it effectually, by passing his sabre through the body of the Afghan; but still the Afghan continued to struggle violently. At length the Brigadier for a moment got the uppermost. Still retaining in his left hand the weapon of his enemy, he dealt him with his right a cut from his own sabre, which cleft his skull from his crown to the eyebrows. The Mahomedan once shouted "ne Ullah!" (oh God), and never moved or

spoke again. And now, the brave Sale, once more regaining his feet, rushed forward and issued his orders. :

The enemy gave way. The British pushed on. The support, under Colonel Croker, advanced, and the reserve speedily followed, and soon the colours of the 13th regiment, planted by the brave young Ensign Frere, as well as those of the 17th, were flying out in the morning breeze from the ramparts of Ghuznee.

The struggle within the fort, for a considerable time, was most desperate. In addition to a heavy fire kept up on them, the British troops were assailed by the enemy sword in hand, as well as with daggers, pistols, and other arms; but British courage, perseverance, and fortitude overcame all opposition, and the enemy were now to be seen abandoning their guns, running in all directions, throwing themselves down from immense heights, and endeavouring to make their escape over the walls. By five o'clock the capture of the Afghans' last stronghold was complete. But there was much hard fighting within the walls. In the frenzy of despair the Afghans rushed out from their hiding-places, plying their sabres with terrible effect, though only to meet with an awful retribution from the musketry or bayonets of the British infantry. Some, in their frantic efforts to escape by the gateway, stumbled over the burning timbers wounded and exhausted, and were slowly burnt to death. Some were bayoneted on the ground, and others hunted into corners and shot down like dogs; but, though many an Afghan sold his life dearly, and cut to the last at his hated enemy, the appeals of the helpless for mercy were never made in vain. When resistance

ceased, not a conquered enemy was injured. The women were honourably treated, and not one was outraged by the captors. This was owing mainly to the fact that no spirit rations had been served out to the soldiery for several days. "How different would have been the scene," observes Sir Henry Havelock, who wrote an account of the capture, "had the soldiery entered the town primed with arrack, or had it been discovered in the Afghan depots." And so, Ghuznee fell to the British army, and was made over to Shah Soojah. It cost the victors only seventeen killed and a hundred and sixty-five wounded: of these last, eighteen were officers.

Upwards of five hundred of the garrison were buried by the victors; many more fell beyond the walls under the sabres of the British horsemen. Sixteen hundred prisoners were taken, and large stores of grain and flour fell into the hands of the conquerors.

The fall of Ghuznee—a fortress hitherto deemed by the Afghans impregnable—astonished Dost Mahomed, and was the cause of the ruin which soon afterwards overtook him.

CAPTURE OF KHELAT,

13th November, 1839.

IN the northern part of Beloochistan stands the strong mountain fortress of Khelat. The chief, Mehrab Khan, had offended the British, and it was resolved to annex his territories to the kingdom of Shah Soojah. Khelat is a place of commanding strength. The citadel rises high above the buildings of the town,

and frowns down menacingly on its assailants. On the north-west of the fort are three heights. On these the Khan had posted his infantry, supported by five guns in position. General Willshire was sent to capture it, with the 2nd and 17th Queen's regiments; the 31st Bengal Native Infantry, with two howitzers; four of the Shah's six-pounder guns, and a detachment of local horse. On the morning of the 13th of November, he found himself before the place. The engineer officers reported, that until the heights were carried it would be impossible to proceed against the fortress: accordingly orders were issued for the attack. It was Willshire's hope that the enemy might be driven down to the gate of the fortress, and that the stormers might rush in with them. Gallantly our brave soldiers rushed up the heights—gallantly they were carried, and right nobly the guns were captured.

The shrapnel shot from Stephenson's batteries fell with too deadly an aim among the Beloochee footmen for them to hold their position on the hills. They fled towards the walls of their fortress, and the British infantry pushed hotly after them: but, in spite of all their exertions, our brave soldiers were not in time to secure an entrance—the gates were closed against their advance. The enemy's artillery, planted on the walls, was now brought into play. The British infantry were compelled to find shelter behind some ruined buildings, while our batteries, planted on the heights, opened upon the gate and the neighbouring defences. Two of Cooper's guns were brought within two hundred yards of the walls. The gunners suffered much from the matchlocks of the enemy, but undauntedly

continued to fire full upon the gate. At length it gave way. Pointing his hand towards the gateway, Willshire boldly rode down to show the infantry that an entrance was ready for them. Rising at once from their cover, with a loud hurrah they rushed on. Pennyquick and his men were the first to enter. The other companies eagerly followed, till the whole of the storming column were within the walls of Khelat.

Onward they struggled manfully towards the citadel. Every inch of ground was obstinately disputed. The citadel was reached, but there was here a desperate resistance. Sword in hand, Mehrab Khan and some of his principal chiefs stood there to give battle to their enemies. The Khan himself fell dead with a musket ball through his breast. Eight of his principal Sirdars fell beside him. Heaps of dead lay around—many fine-looking men—their shields shot through and broken, swords and matchlocks scattered about in every direction, telling of the fierce fight. A small party held out in an inner apartment; there was no reaching them, except by a narrow passage which admitted but of one at a time. Three or four attempted it, and were instantly shot dead. The little band of Beloochees would not trust the British. At length Lieutenant Loveday was sent up to them alone. It was a critical moment for him, but they listened to his proposals, and surrendered. Thus Khelat was won with a loss to the British of one hundred and thirty-eight killed and wounded, and was handed over to Shah Soojah.

THE BATTLE OF BAMEEAN,

18th September, 1840.

THE object of the advance of the army of the Indus into Afghanistan was to drive out the reigning sovereign, Dost Mahomed Khan, who was supposed to be inimical to British interests, and to place Shah Soojah on the throne. When the Dost fled from Cabool, as the British troops advanced towards that city, in August, 1839, he went to Khoolun, and eventually arrived at Bokhara, where he and his second son, Akbar Khan, were treacherously detained as prisoners. They, however, effected their escape, and, collecting a body of troops, once more attempted to oppose the progress of the British.

A small British force under Brigadier Dennie reached Bameean on the 14th of September. On the evening of the 17th, the Brigadier obtained information that some advanced bodies of cavalry were entering the valley from the great defile in his front, six miles from Bameean; and on the following morning it was reported that they had attacked a friendly village, which had claims to British protection. He resolved, therefore, to expel them. It was believed that they constituted the advanced guard of the Ameer's army, under his son, Afzul Khan. On the morning of the 18th, a detachment was ordered out, to drive the enemy from the valley. Soon after eight o'clock, two horse artillery guns, under Lieut. Murray Mackenzie, two companies of the 35th Native Infantry, two companies of the Goorkha corps, and about four hundred Afghan horse, marched out to meet the

enemy. About half-an-hour afterwards, Dennie, with two more companies of the native infantry regiment, and two also of the Goorkha corps, followed, in support of the advanced detachment. Instead of coming merely upon the advance of the enemy, the Brigadier found an army in his front: but, in spite of the slender force at his command, and the apparently overwhelming numbers of the enemy, he did not hesitate for a moment. His men were eager to advance, and he himself was full of confidence and courage. The enemy had got possession of a chain of forts reaching to the mouth of the defile, and were collected in bodies round the several forts and upon the hills on either side of the valley. Mackenzie's guns began to play upon them. For some short time the Oosbegs forming part of the Dost's force stood the fire, but the guns were ably served, and the shrapnel practice told with terrific effect on dense bodies of men, who had nothing to give back in return.

The Oosbegs retreated; the British guns were pushed forward, opening a destructive fire first from one distance then from another upon the wavering enemy. The Dost's army was soon broken to pieces, and the British cavalry were then let slip in pursuit. Following the disordered masses of the enemy for some miles along the defile, they cut down large numbers, and dispersed them in all directions. The defeat of the Dost's army was complete, and he and his son owed their lives to the fleetness of their steeds.

This battle was followed by the capture of the fort of Tootundurrah, belonging to a chief in league with the fugitive Ameer. Sir Robert Sale commanded the British troops. Before this petty fortress a gallant

young officer, Lieutenant Edward Conolly, was killed, shot through the heart. He was a lieutenant of cavalry, one of three accomplished and enterprising brothers who had followed the fortunes of their relative, Sir William Macnaghten, and obtained employment under the British mission.

DOST MAHOMED'S LAST CHARGE.

THE force under Sir Robert Sale continued to pursue Dost Mahomed. On the 1st of November the force encamped before Meer Musjedee's fort. On the 2nd it came in sight of the enemy. The army of the Ameer was posted in the valley of Purwandurrah. The Nijrow hills were bristling with the armed population of an hostile country. Dost Mahomed had no intention of giving battle. He was moving off to a position on some elevated ground, commanded by a steep hill to the rearward, when, at the suggestion of Dr. Lord, the British cavalry were moved forward to outflank the Afghan horse. The Afghans were on the hills skirting one side of the pass; the British troops were on the opposite declivity. Dost Mahomed saw our cavalry advancing, and from that moment cast behind him all thought of retreat. At the head of a small band of horsemen, strong sturdy Afghans, but badly mounted, he prepared to meet his assailants. Beside him rode the bearer of the blue standard which marked his place in the battle. He pointed to it, and reined in his horse, then snatching the white *lungi* from his head, stood up in his stirrups uncovered before his followers, and called upon them in the name

of God and the Prophet to drive the cursed Kaffirs from the country of the faithful. "Follow me," he cried aloud, "or I am a lost man." Slowly, but steadily the Afghan horsemen advanced. The English officers who led our cavalry to the attack covered themselves with glory, but the native troopers, those vaunting horsemen not treacherous even now for the first time, and who were in after-years to prove traitors of the darkest die, fled like sheep. Emboldened by the dastardly conduct of the men of the 2nd Light Cavalry, the Afghan horsemen dashed on, driving their enemy before them, and not stopping till they were almost within reach of the British guns.

The Afghan sabres told with cruel effect on the mounted officers, who, though surrounded by foes, fought bravely to the last. Lieutenants Broadfoot and Crispin were cut to pieces. A treacherous shot from a neighbouring bastion brought Dr. Lord to the ground, and the dagger of an assassin completed the work of death. Captains Fraser and Ponsonby, whose gallantry has never been surpassed even in the annals of old Roman heroism, still live to show their honourable scars, and to tell the story of that melancholy day.

Night put an end to the fight. Dost Mahomed retreated; and though he had just met with unexpected success, feeling that his case was hopeless, the very next evening went and delivered himself up as a prisoner to Sir William Macnaghten, the British Envoy to the Court of Cabool.

ACTION NEAR SOORKHAB,

November, 1841.

THE chiefs of certain hill tribes, Kuzzilbashes, Ghilzyes, and other robbers and bandits by profession, had been accustomed to receive subsidies to induce them to refrain from robbing any caravans or parties travelling in the neighbourhood of their territories. The expenses of the war in Afghanistan had been enormous; and it becoming necessary to retrench, it was unwisely determined to begin by cutting off the pay of these chiefs. They resented the measure, and assembling in vast numbers, took every opportunity of attacking the British troops passing through the defiles of their mountainous country. Sale's brigade had reached Jugdulluck with little opposition, but on the next march it was seen that the heights were bristling with armed men, and a heavy fire was poured in with terrible effect from all the salient points on which the mountaineers had posted themselves. Sale threw out his flanking parties, and the light troops skirmishing well up the hill-sides, dislodged the enemy, whilst a party under Captain Wilkinson, pushing through the defile, found that the main outlet had not been guarded, and that the passage was clear. The march was resumed, but the enemy were not yet weary of the contest. Re-appearing in great numbers, they fell furiously upon the British rear-guard, and for a time the men thus suddenly assailed were in a state of terrible disorder. The energetic efforts of the officers, however, brought them back to a sense of their duty. Broadfoot, Backhouse, and Fenwick rallied and re-

animated them. But the British loss was heavy; upwards of a hundred were killed and wounded, and among them fell the gallant Captain Wyndham, of the 35th Native Infantry. Although lame from a hurt, at the moment of peril he had dismounted to save the life of a wounded soldier, by bearing him from the combat on his charger. When the rear-guard broke before the onset of the Ghilzyes, unable to keep pace with the pursued, he turned, fought, and overpowered by numbers, fell beneath the swords and knives of an unsparing foe. The force halted at Gundamuck. The political managers of affairs in Afghanistan fancied that this would prove the termination of disturbances in that country. Unhappily the storm which was to break with such fearful violence was only now gathering. I may have to record scenes of defeat and disaster, but it is often under such circumstances that the courage and endurance of the British soldier shines forth with more conspicuous lustre, and deeds of heroism are performed which it is my especial object to describe.

RETREAT FROM CABOOL,

6th January, 1842.

THE British army had advanced on Cabool, the capital of Afghanistan, in August, 1839. Since that period it had been placed in cantonments outside the city. Major-General Sir W. Cotton had at first commanded in Afghanistan. He was succeeded by Major-General Elphinstone, who assumed the command in April, 1841. On the morning of the 2nd of November,

1841, the inhabitants of Cabool broke out in rebellion, and murdered Sir A. Burnes, the political agent, as well as his brother, and Lieutenant Broadfoot, who sold their lives dearly. The rebellion extended rapidly through the country; supplies were cut off, and it was resolved to retreat from Cabool. The amount of the British force was four thousand five hundred fighting men: the camp followers were about twelve thousand men, besides women and children. The retreat commenced at 9 A.M. on the 6th of January, 1842. It was as disastrous as any in the pages of history. A revengeful, active enemy, bitter cold, and driving snow overwhelmed them; and of that great multitude only one officer, Dr. Brydon, reached Jellalabad in safety. All the rest had died from cold, or the sword of the enemy—except those who had been delivered as hostages at the commencement of the retreat, or who had been taken prisoners, an account of whose release will be hereafter given.

DEFENCE OF JELLALABAD,

October, 1841, to April, 1842.

BEFORE it was suspected to what extent the insurrection in Afghanistan would reach, Sir Robert Sale was placed in command of a brigade which was ordered to return to Hindostan. His road led through the Ghilzye defiles. Here, for several days, he was attacked by the mountaineers, but fighting his onward way, he reached Gundamuck. Here he heard of the outbreak at Cabool. Deeming it important to push on, he left a considerable portion of his camp equipage at Gun-

damuck under charge of some Afghan levies ; but they proved traitors, plundered the baggage, and set fire to the cantonment. Captain Burn and the other European officers were pursued by the insurgents, but succeeded in reaching the British camp.

Sir Robert Sale renewed his march the next morning, but already the whole armed population of the district was on the alert. The Afghans crowned each height as soon as our picquets were withdrawn, swarmed like hornets round the camp, and were only repelled by the most strenuous efforts. They permitted the advanced guard and the main body to pass through the town of Futtehabad without interruption. Bodies of them even came in the guise of unarmed suppliants to beg for protection. But no sooner had the rear-guard passed the houses and fort of this town, than a destructive fire was opened upon it. Captain Broadfoot and his sappers turned fiercely round more than once, and inflicted vengeance for this treachery ; and Colonel Dennie, in the end, dexterously decoyed the enemy away from their walls into the open plain, and then the cavalry, under Captain Oldfield and Lieutenant Mayne, charging among them with headlong valour, strewed the ground with a hundred and fifty slain. That night the force encamped under the walls of Jellalabad, and took possession of it next morning, the 12th of November. It was a most important object to occupy this place, in order to establish a post on which the corps at Cabool might return if necessary, and then form a link in the chain of communication with India. A glance at the map will show the immense distance which the British forces were from all support, with intricate passes, lofty

mountains, deserts, and broad rivers intervening between them and India; while on every side swarmed hostile tribes accustomed to warfare, and sworn to destroy them.

Jellalabad was the winter residence of the rulers of Cabool, and inferior only to that city and Candahar. The walls were, however, in a state which might have justified despair as to the possibility of defending them. The *enceinte* was far too extensive for our small force, embracing a circumference of upwards of two thousand three hundred yards. It had no parapet, except for a few hundred yards. In many places the walls were not more than two feet high, while rubbish had accumulated to such an extent that there were roads over them into the country.

The population within was disaffected, and without were ruined forts, walls, mosques, tombs, and gardens, from which a fire could be opened at twenty or thirty yards. Captains Broadfoot and Havelock, and Colonel Dennie, assured the General that the works might be restored by adequate exertions, and it was therefore resolved to occupy the town. The brigade was scarcely within the walls, when the plain was darkened by masses of the enemy. They had expected that the British troops would continue their progress towards India, and looked for a rich harvest of plunder of their baggage between Jellalabad and Peshawur. It was determined to read them a salutary lesson, and Colonel Monteith was ordered to drive them away. He issued from the gate on the morning of the 14th of November, with horse, foot, and artillery, eleven hundred in number, of whom three hundred were Europeans, and fell on the enemy with such vigour

and skill, that the masses broke up and fled, leaving two hundred dead on the field. At noon not an Aghfan remained, and all molestation ceased for fourteen days. On the 15th, the work of clearing away the ruins and restoring the fortifications was commenced under the directions of Captain Broadfoot. The day was spent by him in superintending the work, the evening was devoted to his plans and calculations. Working parties were told off, who laboured from dawn to dusk—officers and men worked with emulation, and in a few weeks the ramparts were ready to receive the guns, and everything around the town that could afford cover to the enemy, was, as far as possible, cleared away. The chief cause of anxiety to Sir Robert Sale was the deficiency of ammunition, which a single prolonged engagement would go nigh to exhaust. The men were therefore ordered not to expend a single shot uselessly.

On the 29th of November, large bodies of Afghans poured down upon the plains from the lateral valleys, and opened a desultory fire on the town. As they interrupted the workmen on the fortifications, Colonel Dennie sallied out of the gates soon after mid-day on the 1st of December, with three hundred men from each regiment, to disperse them. The Afghans fired a volley and fled—the troops followed. The guns dealt destruction among the fugitives; the cavalry galloping in pursuit, drove some into the river, and cut down others, till one hundred and fifty bodies strewed the plain. The garrison enjoyed a long period of repose in consequence of this spirited repulse of the enemy. At length news reached the gallant band of the disasters at Cabool, and Dr. Bryden arriving

in the city, confirmed the sad news. Councils of war were held, and there was some talk of evacuating Jellalabad; but there were brave spirits among the garrison, who saw, and loudly spoke, not only of the disgrace, but of the suicidal folly of such a measure. Their bolder councils prevailed, and it was determined to hold out to the last extremity. There was Havelock, whose name was afterwards to be in the mouth of every British soldier, as one to be loved and imitated; there were Broadfoot and Dennie, true heroes of the noblest stamp.

On the 19th of February, a letter was received from General Pollock, approving of their resolution to hold out, and promising to advance as soon as possible to their aid. Sir Robert replied that the whole of the horses of his cavalry and artillery must perish in another month if he was not succoured before that time, and that then a retreat even on his advancing force would be impossible.

Major Havelock and Captain Wade were seated by Sir Robert's side, the former writing the reply to General Pollock, when the house began to shake violently. A fearful earthquake was taking place. The shocks continued without intermission with frightful violence. A confused, rumbling sound wildly mingled with the crash of falling houses and the outcries of the inhabitants. The earth was so uplifted that it was scarcely possible for the people to keep their feet. But the destruction of the defences was most appalling. All the parapets were shaken down—several of the bastions were injured, all the guard-houses were cast to the ground, a third of the town was demolished, and a considerable break made in the ramparts of a

curtain in the Peshawur face, while the Cabool gate was reduced to a shapeless mass of ruins. Did the garrison give themselves up for lost under these appalling circumstances? The camp of the enemy they knew was only seven miles off, and he might be upon them in a few hours. It was also necessary to guard against a rush which any parties of the enemy concealed in the neighbourhood might make against the ruined walls. At the sound of the bugle, the troops assembled on the ramparts. When it was ascertained that no enemy was near, they piled their arms, and set to work with brave determination to restore the defences. Temporary parapets of loose clods were thrown up, the earth was cleared out of the ditch, gabions were filled to block up the main breaches, and palisades fixed to impede the progress of assailants through others. In a few hours the walls wore a more encouraging aspect. The energy with which our troops of all arms laboured in restoring the defences exceeds all calculation, "and begs all commendation," observes Sir Henry Havelock, who was undoubtedly labouring among them, and he adds, "They had no rum to paralyse their nerves, sour their tempers, or to pre-dispose them to idleness or sullen discontent." The Afghans, when a few days afterwards they approached the fortress and saw the wonderful state of repair in which it had been placed, believed that it had escaped through the power of English witchcraft. The difficulties of the garrison, however, increased; great anxiety was felt for the subsistence of the cavalry and artillery horses. Foraging parties were sent out daily under an escort, and were constantly attacked by the enemy.

At length, on the 10th of March, the Afghans approached so near the walls, that it was suspected that they purposed undermining them. To prevent this, Colonel Dennie made a vigorous sally with eight hundred men, and ascertained that they had commenced no operation of the sort. Akbar Khan then advanced on the city with his whole force. It was a critical moment, but the hearts of none of the garrison failed them. He was received with so hot a fire from the ramparts, while horse and foot attacked him with such heroic courage, that he was compelled to fly, leaving more than a hundred dead on the field.

Starvation now threatened the garrison. For many days the European regiments had been on half rations of salt beef, without vegetables; and it was doubtful whether this allowance would be continued beyond the second week in April. When, however, they were almost reduced to despair that help would come to preserve their lives, some large flocks of sheep were seen grazing on the plains before them. At first it was believed that they were placed there to lure them out to destruction, but the desire to capture them at all hazards became too strong to be resisted. About two hundred men of the 13th, and the same number of the 35th, with some sappers and miners, were allowed to sally out to bring in the prey. They succeeded beyond their most sanguine expectations, and five hundred sheep and goats were captured and brought in amid shouts of laughter by the men. This success raised the spirits of the whole garrison, and made them more than ever desirous of waiting the arrival of General Pollock. Reports reached the city, however, that he had been worsted

by the Afredees, and compelled to retreat. The brave Havelock did not believe the reports, and urged Sir Robert Sale to issue out, and boldly to attack Akbar Khan. Sir Robert, brave as he was, shrank from the responsibility of so daring an enterprise. At last, on the 6th of April, the senior officers of the force waited on the General, and urged the necessity of fighting. He yielded at once to their representations, and the plan of the action was at once drawn up by Havelock. Three columns of infantry were formed. The centre, under Colonel Dennie, consisted of the 13th, five hundred strong; the left, of the 35th, under Colonel Monteith, mustering the same number of bayonets; and the right, under Captain Havelock, composed of one company of the 13th, another of the 35th, and the detachment of sappers under Lieutenant Orr; the whole amounting to three hundred and sixty. Captain Broadfoot lay on his couch, suffering from a dangerous wound received in a sortie on the 24th of March.

It was reported in the town that Akbar Khan was preparing to fly. Between the town and the enemy's encampment there were a line of forts, which, however, it had been agreed should not be attacked.

Without sound of bugle or drum, at early dawn, on the 7th of April, the troops fell into their ranks, and marched out of Jellalabad. Notwithstanding the report of his flight, Akbar Khan's troops, six thousand in number, were found drawn up in front of his camp, his left resting on the Cabool river. Havelock moved on rapidly in advance with his column, and driving the skirmishers before him, pushed on towards the enemy's camp, the other columns following. Sir Robert Sale was with the centre column.

At about three quarters of a mile from Jellalabad a flanking fire was opened from one of the forts on that column, and Sir Robert ordered Colonel Dennie to storm it. Accordingly, rushing on with his men of the gallant 13th, he passed the outer wall through an opening, but found himself exposed to a murderous fire from the inner keep. Here fell the brave Colonel Dennie, mortally wounded by an Afghan marksman. He was acknowledged by all to be one of the most gallant soldiers in the British army. This false move nearly produced disastrous consequences. Akbar Khan, seeing Havelock, who was much in advance, unsupported, brought down a body of fifteen hundred cavalry on his feeble column. Havelock posted the company of the 13th in a walled enclosure on his right, to pour a flanking fire on the enemy, and formed the rest into square. That he might be able to command both parties, he himself remained outside the square till the horsemen were close upon them. His horse rearing, he was thrown, and the animal galloped back riderless to the town. He would have been killed by the Afghans, had not a sapper and two men of the 13th rushed forward and rescued him. The enemy's horse, charging with much resolution, approached within thirty yards, but their leader was shot, and, exposed to a heavy fire in front and flank, they retired in confusion. Again Havelock's column advanced, and once more the Afghan horse charged it. Thrown into one square, it awaited the attack, which was more easily repulsed than the first. Sir Robert then sent Backhouse's guns to Havelock's assistance. The column, cheering them as they came on, advanced against the enemy's encampment and penetrated it,

driving the Afghans headlong into the river. The other columns now came up, the camp was attacked on three points, and in a short time the enemy were dislodged from every part of their position, their cannon taken, and their camp burnt. Four guns, lost by the Cabool and Gundamuck forces, were recaptured, and a great quantity of ordnance stores and materiel were taken or destroyed. The field was strewn with the bodies of the Afghans, while the loss on the side of the victors amounted to only ten killed and fifty wounded. Thus the garrison of Jellalabad, after having been isolated in a hostile country for five months, surrounded by enemies, and constantly threatened with destruction, achieved its own relief, unaided, except by its own good sword. The peasantry now brought in ample supplies of provisions, and on the 16th of April, the relieving force under General Pollock, having, as we are about to recount, gallantly fought its way through the Khybur Pass, routing the Afredees who guarded it, approached the long-beleaguered city; an exploit second to none in the annals of warfare, and thus was accomplished the successful defence of Jellalabad.

FORCING THE KHYBUR PASS,

5th April, 1842.

WHEN the news reached India that a British army had been destroyed in Afghanistan, and that General Sale, with another, was closely besieged in Jellalabad, a strong force was despatched under General Pollock to his relief. General Pollock had to encounter many

difficulties in his march, but the greatest was forcing the Khybur Pass, which was known to be guarded by a numerous, active, and daring enemy. The troops had arrived at Jumrood, on the east end of the pass—on the west end was Ali Musjid. The hills on either side of the pass were rocky and precipitous, presenting great obstacles to troops, guarded as they were by numerous bodies of Afredees, long accustomed to warfare. The difficulties were great, but they were known, and General Pollock prepared to surmount them. The order of march was as follows:—Brigadier Wild was to command the advance guard, and General M'Caskill the rear. At the head of the column were to march the grenadier company of the 9th Queen's regiment, one company of the 26th Native Infantry, three companies of the 30th, and two of the 33rd Native Infantry under Major Barnewell, of the 9th. Then were to follow the sappers and miners, nine pieces of artillery, and two squadrons of the 3rd Dragoons. After these the camels, laden with the treasure of the force, and a large portion of the ammunition, were to move on, followed by a squadron of the 1st Native Cavalry. Then the commissariat stores, protected by two companies of the 53rd Native Infantry, were to advance, and a squadron of the 1st Cavalry were to follow. Then the baggage and camp followers, covered by a ressalah of irregular horse, and a squadron of the 1st Native Cavalry, were to move forward, with a further supply of ammunition, and litters and camel-panniers for the sick.

The rear-guard was to consist of three foot artillery guns; the 10th Light Cavalry; two ressalahs of Irregular Horse; two squadrons of the 3rd Dragoons;

two horse artillery guns ; three companies of the 60th Native Infantry ; one company of the 6th Native Infantry ; and one company of her Majesty's 9th Foot. These details formed the centre column, which was to make its way through the pass. Two other columns, composed entirely of infantry, were told off into parties, and instructed to crown the heights on either side of the pass. The right was commanded by Colonel Taylor ; the left crowning column by Col. Mosley. The flanking parties were to advance in successive detachments of two companies, at intervals of five hundred yards.

The following were part of the rules laid down for the guidance of commanding officers :—

1. A bugler or trumpeter to be attached to each commanding officer of a party or detachment of several columns.

2. Whenever an obstacle presents itself, or accident occurs, of a nature to impede the march of any part of either of the columns, and occasions a break in its continuity, the officers in command nearest the spot will order the halt to be sounded, which will be immediately repeated by the other buglers ; and the whole will halt till the removal of the difficulty enables the column to proceed in their established order, when the signal to advance will be given.

4. The baggage-master will superintend the placing of the baggage in the order prescribed, &c.

5. No private guards are to be allowed, &c.

6. The officers entrusted with the command of parties which are to flank the rear-guard on the heights, must give their most vigilant attention to the important duty of preventing their men from hurrying in

advance of it; its rear must never be left exposed to a fire from the heights.

I give these orders, because they may afford valuable hints under similar circumstances.

On the evening of the 4th, the General went round to all his commanding officers to ascertain that they thoroughly understood the orders that had been issued for their guidance, and to learn from them what was the temper of their men. At three o'clock, on the morning of the 5th of April, the army commenced its march. It moved off in the dim twilight, without beat of drum or sound of bugle. The crowning columns moved off to the right and left, and commenced in silence to climb the heights which were covered with the enemy; but so little did they expect that mode of attack, that the flankers had ascended a considerable distance before the Khyburees were aware of their advance. Daylight soon revealed the respective positions of the contending forces, and the struggle commenced.

The Khyburees had thrown up across the pass a formidable barricade, composed of stones, mud, and branches of trees. It was not a work on which the British guns could play with effect; but when once the light infantry had swept the hills, the barrier could present but slight opposition. While the light infantry were thus successfully employed, the centre column stood drawn up in battle array awaiting the issue. The left column was soon actively engaged; the right could not at first surmount the heights from their precipitous character; but Colonel Taylor and his men, not to be defeated, stole round the base of the mountain unseen, and found a more practicable-

ascent than that they had at first tried. "Then, on both sides, the British infantry were soon hotly engaged with the mountaineers, clambering up the precipitous peaks, and pouring down a hot and destructive fire upon the surprised and disconcerted Khyburees, who had not expected that our disciplined troops would be more than a match for them on their native hills. But so it was. Our British infantry were beating them in every direction, and everywhere the white dresses of the Khyburees were seen as they fled across the hills."

Now was the time for Pollock to advance. The centre column did not attempt to move forward until the flankers had fought their way to the rear of the mouth of the pass. But when he had fairly turned the enemy's position, he began to destroy the barriers, and prepared to advance into the pass. The enemy had assembled in large numbers at the mouth, but finding themselves outflanked they gradually withdrew, and without opposition. Pollock now cleared his way through the barricade, and pushed into the pass with his long string of baggage. The great extent of his convoy was his chief difficulty for the rest of the day.

The march to Ali-Musjid occupied the greater part of the day. The heat was intense. The troops suffered greatly from thirst; but they all did their duty well. During the night, in spite of the bitter cold, the heights were maintained, and the enemy, who were constantly firing on the troops, kept in check. The pass had been forced, with slight loss of life, and no loss of baggage. How different would have been the result, had Pollock moved precipitately with his

whole column into the pass. He would probably have been driven back with slaughter and disgrace. By crowning the heights, and turning the enemy's position, he secured a safe passage to his whole force.

Let the mode of forcing the Khybur Pass be ever had in remembrance by the young soldier, and he may depend on it that under similar circumstances the same forethought, judgment, and courage will secure a similar success.

PUNISHMENT OF THE REBELS, AND TERMINATION OF
THE WAR IN AFGHANISTAN, 1842.

VICTORY once more settled on the standards of the British army. On the 8th of September, the first division of General Pollock's army approached the hills which overlook the pass of Jugdulluck. The Afghans attempted to oppose their invaders, but were driven back like sheep from hill to hill by the soldiers of the 13th, many of them the raw recruits whom Havelock had brought up from Calcutta the preceding year, and whom five months of hard service at Jellalabad had turned into veterans.

Akbar Khan's last stand was made at Tzeen, a valley surrounded by hills; but they were gallantly stormed, and the enemy, as before, driven from crag to crag, fighting with all the fury of despair; but they were ultimately put to flight, and two days afterwards General Pollock's force was encamped at Cabool. One of the first results of the victory was the rescue of Lady Sale and the other prisoners who had been carried off by Akbar Khan.

Among the officers rescued with Lady Sale was Lieutenant Mein, of her Majesty's 13th Light Infantry, who had distinguished himself for his gallantry in the retreat from Cabool, before he was taken prisoner. Lieutenant Eyre gives us an account of him:—"Sir Robert Sale's son-in-law, Lieutenant Sturt, had nearly cleared the defile, when he received his wound, and would have been left on the ground to be hacked to pieces by the Ghazees, who followed in the rear to complete the work of slaughter, but for the generous intrepidity of Lieutenant Mein, of her Majesty's 13th Light Infantry, who, on learning what had befallen him, went back to his succour, and stood by him for several minutes, at the imminent risk of his own life, vainly entreating aid from the passers-by. He was at length joined by Sergeant Deane of the Sappers, with whose assistance he dragged his friend on a quilt, through the remainder of the pass, when he succeeded in mounting him on a miserable pony, and conducted him in safety to the camp, where the unfortunate officer lingered till the next morning, and was the only man of the whole force who received Christian burial. Lieutenant Mein was himself suffering from a dangerous wound in the head, received in the previous October." His heroic disregard of self, and fidelity to his friend in the hour of danger, are well deserving of a record in the annals of British valour and virtue. Besides the officers and ladies, thirty-six non-commissioned officers and men of the 44th regiment were rescued, making one hundred and five in all, who, with Dr. Brydon, formed the remnant of those gallant troops who left Cabool in 1841.

The British avenging army arrived at Cabool on the

15th of September, 1842, and encamped on the race-course.

The following morning the British colours were hoisted on the most lofty pinnacle of the battlements of the Balar Hissar, where they could be seen from all parts of the city. A royal salute was fired; the national anthem was played, and the troops gave three cheers. The colours were hoisted regularly every day on the Balar Hissar, as long as the troops remained at Cabool.

DEFENCE OF CANDAHAR, 1842.

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR WILLIAM NOTT, with the 40th regiment, and other troops, was stationed at Candahar when the Afghan insurrection broke out. On the morning of the 12th of January, 1842, a large force of the insurgents under two powerful chiefs approaching within eight miles of the city, Sir William Nott, with his troops, the 40th regiment forming the advance, went out to meet them. Although the Afghans were strongly posted, they were quickly put to flight. From this period up to the 7th of March the troops remained all night long accoutred and ready for action. In consequence of the severity of the weather the British could not again quit the city to punish the enemy, who swarmed around and plundered the neighbouring villages. At length, on the 7th of March, the Afghans approaching nearer, Sir William, leaving a body of troops to garrison the city, marched with the remainder to meet them. During his absence a

strong body of the enemy attacked Candahar, and burnt the Herat Gate, but were gallantly repulsed with great slaughter by the troops left in garrison. The enemy opposed to Sir William were compelled to retire. Again, on the 25th, he marched out with the gallant 40th, and other troops, to the support of a brigade which had been detached, under Colonel Wymer, C.B., to afford protection to the neighbouring villages, and to obtain provisions. The Afghans were put to flight, and driven across the Urghundaub river.

At length Sir Richard England succeeded in conveying stores from Scinde to Candahar, and in relieving Sir William Nott. On the 10th of August Sir William moved with his army on Cabool. While in camp at Gonine, distant thirty-eight miles south-west of Ghuznee, on the 30th of August, 1842, an army of twelve thousand men, under Shumshoodeen, appeared in the neighbourhood, and threatened an attack. On this the major-general, with one half of his force, moved out to meet them. After a short but severe conflict, the Afghan army was completely routed and dispersed, and their guns, tents, and ammunition captured. Major Hibbert, of the 40th, was especially noticed in the dispatches. Two officers were killed, and thirty-six non-commissioned officers and men, and four officers and sixty-two men wounded.

On the 5th of September the army moved on Ghuznee. The heights round it were gallantly carried, and preparations were made for storming the fortress, when, on the morning of the 6th, it was found to have been evacuated; three hundred and

twenty-seven Sepoys of the 27th Native Infantry, prisoners to the Afghans, were released from slavery, and the gates of Somnauth were carried away.

On the 17th of September, overcoming all opposition, Major-General Nott's troops joined those of Major-General Pollock at Cabool. On the 29th of September Major-General McCaskill's troops captured the strong fortress of Istalif; in which action the 9th Foot and the light companies of the 4th bore a gallant part. The grand bazaar at Cabool, in which the remains of the British envoy had been exposed to insult, having been destroyed on the 12th of October, the army commenced its return to India. On the way the fortifications of Jellalabad were blown up, and on the 17th of December the brave garrison of that place marching in advance, and wearing the medals granted to them, the whole army made a triumphal entrance into Ferozepore.

The 13th Light Infantry have Jellalabad; the 40th and 41st, Candahar and Ghuznee; and the 3rd Light Dragoons, 9th, 13th, 31st, 40th, and 41st, Cabool, 1842. Thus ended the second Afghan campaign.

THE WAR WITH CHINA,

1840—1842.

WHEN the trading charter of the East India Company expired, large quantities of opium were smuggled into China. The Emperor of China, and many of his chief officers, perceived the pernicious effects of the inordinate use of the drug among the population, and also that a vast amount of silver went out of the country to pay for it. This last consideration, probably more than the former, weighed most with them. Though the introduction of the drug was prohibited by law, the local authorities assisted in its importation. Complaints were made to the British government, and Lord Napier went out to China with authority to arrange the difficulties which had arisen. The Chinese authorities, however, treated his overtures with contempt, and him with insults; endeavouring to obtain their object by procrastination. He died from the effects of annoyance, and the climate, and was succeeded by Captain Elliot, R.N.

The Chinese now conducted themselves with still greater hostility towards the English. They shut up the merchants and Captain Elliot in the factories, threatening their lives, and destroyed a quantity of opium, British property, at Chunhow, near the Boca Tigris. Her Majesty's representative, therefore, applied to the Governor-General of India for assistance, and an expedition was immediately despatched, under

Brigadier-General George Burrell, of the 18th Royal Irish. It consisted of the 18th, 26th, and 49th regiments, detachments of artillery, and sappers, and a native corps of Bengal volunteers.

As it was necessary to secure a station on the Chinese coast, from whence operations might be carried on early in July, the governor of the island of Chusan, of which the chief town is Ting-hae-hien, was summoned to surrender. On his refusing to do so, preparations were made to compel him. The junks and forts were soon silenced by the British squadron under Admiral Elliot, and the troops and marines then landing under Brigadier-General Burrell, took up a position before the city, and after sustaining a sharp fire, compelled the enemy to take to flight. Unfortunately the island proved to be most unhealthy, and numbers of the soldiers died in consequence. Negotiations followed this success, but the Chinese procrastinated to the utmost. This movement, however, was considerably expedited by the active operations of the fleet; and early in the next year, 1841, they undertook to pay an indemnity of six million dollars, and to give up the island of Hong Kong to Great Britain.

Possession was accordingly taken of the island, but the Imperial Commissioner, Keshen, soon showed that he had no intention of fulfilling the other stipulations of the treaty. An expedition was accordingly organized to attack Canton, and early in February the troops embarked on board the fleet, which proceeded up the Canton river, having been joined by Sir Hugh Gough as commander-in-chief. The batteries of Wantong were soon silenced, as were the far-famed Bogue

forts and others in front of the city itself. The Chinese once more petitioned for peace, but as they continued to pour in more troops into the place, their hostile intentions became very evident. The troops therefore landed on the 24th of May, and on the following day the fortified heights to the north of the city were carried in the most brilliant way by the 18th and 49th regiments, each being emulous which should first gain the summit. Here the British colours soon waved triumphantly. The 49th and a company of marines then advanced against the Chinese camp, which had been established to the north-east of the city, and from which a large body of the enemy issued forth to attack them. The Chinese were met and repulsed, and the fugitives being followed along a causeway, the entrenched camp was entered in gallant style, and was afterwards burnt. On preparation being made to storm the city, the Chinese agreed to pay six millions of dollars for its redemption, and to open the ports for trade.

The Emperor, however, again broke through all the engagements into which he had entered. Hostilities were again commenced. On the 25th of August Amoy was attacked, and on the 5th of September Chusan was again reduced, and on the 10th the force proceeded against Chinhae, an important place, the troops employed being the 18th, 49th, and 55th regiments.

The fortified city of Ningpo, in the province of Che-Keang, containing three hundred thousand inhabitants, was next captured without resistance. A small garrison was left in it, when on the 10th of March, 1842, a sudden attack was made on it by an

army of Tartars and Chinese, who escalated the walls and forced some of the gates. The garrison behaved with admirable courage and spirit. A small guard of twenty-three rank and file, with one serjeant, under the command of Lieutenant Anthony Armstrong, of the 18th Royal Irish, stationed at the west gate, were attacked by a force which appeared overwhelming. The gallant little band, however, fearlessly charged the enemy, driving them back, and capturing two banners, the bearers of which had been shot at the gate. Lieutenant Armstrong was highly spoken of in the public despatches.

Leaving Ningpo, the force proceeded up the river to attack the enemy's forts. On the 15th they were engaged at Tsekee, the heights of Segaoon were stormed, and the Chankee pass was forced. Ningpo was finally evacuated in May, when the British proceeded to attack the strongly fortified city of Chapoo.

A landing was here effected on the 18th of May. The right column, consisting of the 18th and 49th regiments, under Lieutenant-Colonel Morris; the left, of the 26th and 55th regiments, under Colonel Schoedde; the centre, under Lieutenant-Colonel Montgomerie, of detachments of the Royal and Madras Artillery, and the 36th Madras Native Infantry. The ships of war took up their positions, to occupy the batteries, and to cover the landing of the troops. Sir Hugh Gough landed with the first, or right column, from the Nemesis, and at once occupied a height which commanded the landing-place, without meeting with any opposition. As usual, the Chinese had neglected their flanks, as if an enemy could only think of attacking them where they were most prepared for

defence. When the troops were formed, the left column and centre were ordered to move rapidly round the base of the heights, through a valley leading up to the walled town, by which the retreat of the enemy would be cut off. Sir Hugh Gough advanced with the right column, driving the enemy before him along the crest of the heights, from one point to another. As soon as the advance was sounded, the ships of war opened fire on the enemy's right flank, and after a few rounds the Chinese fled from their field-works and from a joss house, on the summit of the hill.

The Chinese had prepared mines to destroy their enemies, but fortunately their works were carried before they had time to spring them.

Many of the Tartars, who fought most bravely, took refuge in tombs on the sides of the hills, from which they defended themselves till the last.

The most desperate defence was, however, made in a large house at the end of a valley about a mile from the town. The number inside was not known when two parties of the 18th, under Lieutenant Murray, and of the 49th, under Adjutant Browne, attempted to follow them in, but were unable to do so. Of the 49th party, Adjutant Browne and Lieutenant Mitchell were the only two who escaped untouched, one man being killed, and the rest wounded.

Colonel Stevens, of the 49th, who came up, on perceiving that the house was full of the enemy, and that they were firing from the windows and doors, wisely ordered the troops to be withdrawn under cover till the guns could be brought up. Unfortunately, Colonel Tomlinson, of the 18th, did not wait for this, but making a charge at the head of

some of his men, was shot dead with two balls in his neck, while all his men who attempted to enter were killed or wounded. It in consequence became very difficult to restrain the men of his regiment from recklessly exposing themselves. Just at this time a six-pounder gun was brought up by Major Knowles, and some rockets were thrown into the house, but did not succeed in setting it on fire; the field-piece also made but very little impression on the walls. When Captain Pears, the field engineer, came up, he proposed blowing in the wall with a bag of powder. In the meantime two naval men, Captain Hall and Lieutenant Fitzjames, made a gallant attempt to set it on fire by throwing bundles of straw in at the windows, but several of their men were shot dead in the attempt. At length, two bags of powder were fixed to the walls, and the masses of wood-work which fell in consequence, being set on fire, the flames were communicated to the rest of the building. Some of the defenders were killed as they attempted to fly, but the greater number were made prisoners. Great numbers of the Tartar troops were killed or burnt to death in the narrow buildings which caught fire. The wounded and prisoners were, however, treated with the greatest humanity by the British, though the Chinese population plundered the quarter of the Tartars who had fled from the city.

CAPTURE OF CHIN-KEANG-FOO.

AN expedition sailed up the Yangtse-Keang river, and the forts of Woosung and Poonshan were captured; and soon afterwards possession was taken of the city of Shanghae, the population of which appeared friendly to the English.

The 98th regiment and other reinforcements arriving from England, an expedition was organised under Sir Hugh Gough, to proceed against the important and strong city of Ching-Keang-Foo. The fleet left Woosung on the 6th, captured Suyshan, and, on the 20th of July, reached Chin-Keang-Foo. The following day the ships took up their positions. A reconnoissance was completed, and the troops commenced landing at daylight.

The first brigade consisted of the 26th and 98th regiments, Bengal Volunteers, and flank companies of the 41st Native Infantry, and was commanded by Major-General Lord Saltoun. The second brigade (centre), under Major-General Shoedde, consisted of detachments of Royal Artillery and Sappers, of the 55th regiment, and the 6th and 2nd Madras Native Infantry and 34th Madras Rifles. Major-General Bartley commanded the third brigade, consisting of the 18th Royal Irish and 49th regiments, and 14th Madras Native Infantry.

The first brigade, under Lord Saltoun, after receiving a distant fire, drove the enemy over the hills, but met with a determined resistance from a column of the enemy who were in danger of being cut off, when several men were killed or wounded. General

Schoedde, with a portion of the second brigade, took possession of a joss-house which overlooked the northern and eastern face of the walls, and there, under a sharp fire, he awaited the landing of the rest of his brigade. As soon as a sufficient force had been collected, the rifles, under Captain Simpson, crept close to the walls, keeping up a well-sustained fire, while the grenadier company of the 55th, with two companies of the 6th Madras Native Infantry, though with only three scaling-ladders, advanced to the escalade, under the command of Major Maclean, of the 55th.

The sappers, commanded by Lieutenant Johnstone, with the greatest steadiness and gallantry reared their ladders against the wall, and in a few minutes the grenadiers of the 55th had mounted, and, dividing into two parties, proceeded to clear the ramparts; one party, under Major Maclean, turning to the right, and the other, under Lieutenant Cuddy, to the left.

The first man who mounted the walls was Lieutenant Cuddy, of the 55th, who with perfect coolness remained sitting on the wall, in spite of the shot rattling around him, assisting the others to get up. He was shortly afterwards wounded by a matchlock-ball in the foot. Major Warner, who commanded the 55th, after he was himself wounded, cut down two of the enemy, and engaged in a single combat with a third. The storming party carried every angle and embrasure at the point of the bayonet.

During these operations, the west gate had been blown in by Captain Pears, the commanding engineer. Two guns, under Lieutenant Molesworth, were placed to command the approach to the gate while this ope-

ration was going forward. As soon as the gate gave way, Sir Hugh Gough, putting himself at the head of the 18th, which had just come up, rushed in over the rubbish, the grenadiers forming the advance, and soon overcame all opposition. Here he was joined by Captain Peter Richards, R.N., and Captain Watson, who had escalated the outer wall near the gateway. A body of Tartars, who refused to surrender, were shot or destroyed in the burning houses, which had been set on fire either by themselves or the British guns, in spite of all that could be done to preserve their lives. Major-General Bartley, leading the 18th and part of the 49th regiments, had a hot engagement with one thousand Tartars, who, under cover of some enclosures, opened a heavy fire on his men. The leading division of the 49th accordingly dashed down the ramparts on their left, and the 18th, passing on and turning their right, soon dispersed the enemy, although many fought with the most desperate valour to the last.

Several of the British officers had to defend their lives with their swords against the attacks of the Tartars after all systematic opposition had ceased. An officer of the 14th Madras Native Infantry had a desperate combat with three Tartars, who rushed out on him; but by retreating so as to take them singly, he cut down two—the third, who was aiming a blow which might have proved fatal, was killed by a soldier who came to his assistance.

The strictest orders were given to prevent the pillage of the town, and every endeavour was made to protect the inhabitants from insult. Sir Hugh Gough, accompanied by Sir Henry Pottinger, as commissioner,

next proceeded with his army to the attack of Nankin, the ancient capital of the empire. By the 9th of August, the naval and land forces had surrounded that city, and the larger portion of the troops had actually landed. These decisive steps produced the desired results, and the Chinese acceded to all the demands made on them by Great Britain.

The 18th, 26th, 49th, 55th, and 98th regiments employed in these operations, bear on their colours and appointments the word "China," and a dragon.

At Chin-Keang-Foo, Lieut. Gibbons and Captain Collinson were killed; Col. Drever fell dead from sun-stroke; Lieut. Baddeley was dangerously, and Major Warren, Captain Simpson, Lieut. Cuddy, Lieut. Waddell, were severely wounded. The casualties of army and navy during the day, amounted to one hundred and sixty-eight. Thus ended the first war with China.

THE CONQUEST OF SCINDE, 1843.

BATTLE OF MEEANEE,

17th February, 1843.

SCINDE is a large province, through the western portion of which the river Indus flows before it reaches the Indian ocean. Hyderabad is the capital, situated on the banks of the Indus. This country was ruled by a number of chiefs, or princes, who held the title of Ameers. They were a lawless and rapacious set, and tyrannized over their subjects with the most barbarous cruelty. When, however, it was resolved (in 1831) to open up the Indus for the navigation of our merchant vessels, it became important to secure their friendship, and to effect that object, Colonel Pottinger was despatched to them by Lord William Bentinck, and succeeded in forming with them a treaty, by which they guaranteed all the objects desired by the British Government. For some years, while they believed that it was their interest to be honest, they remained tolerably faithful to the English; when, however, they fancied, from our disasters in Afghanistan, that the British power was on the wane, they instantly began to plot with our enemies for our overthrow. To put a stop to these proceedings, Lord Ellenborough, the Governor-General of India, despatched General Sir Charles Napier with an army into Scinde, and gave

him the following instructions :—" Should any Ameer, or chief, with whom we have a treaty of alliance and friendship, have evinced hostile intentions against us during the late events, which may have induced them to doubt the continuance of our power, it is the present intention of the Governor-General to inflict on the treachery of such an ally and friend so signal a punishment as shall effectually deter others from similar conduct." Sir Charles, who was encamped at Sukkur, in Upper Scinde, on the right bank of the Indus, soon obtained ample proof of the treachery and hostility of the Ameers, and prepared for war by disciplining and organising his troops, who were composed chiefly of raw levies, with little experience. On the same side of the Indus as Sukkur, and about twenty miles from the river, was Shikarpoor, with Roree on the left bank, and the fortress of Bukkur between them.

One of the principal Ameers was Roostum, and an arch traitor. He had already induced a large number of Beloochees, a warlike race from Beloochistan, to prepare for battle. Many also remained in their homes, ready for the signal to flock to his standard. He and the other chiefs did not delay long in raising that standard, and a force of sixty thousand men was soon collected near the capital of Hyderabad, at a spot afterwards to become famous, called Meeanee. Sir Charles had led his forces down the left bank of the Indus, several steamers accompanying his progress. On the 16th of February, the British army had reached Muttaree, about sixteen miles from Hyderabad, when Sir Charles heard that twenty thousand Beloochees had suddenly crossed the Indus, and that not less than thirty-six

thousand men were really in order of battle. In consequence of the garrisons he had been compelled to leave in his rear, his own army consisted at this time of only two thousand six hundred men of all arms fit for duty. Still his resolution remained unshaken. He well knew what discipline could do against untrained hordes, however brave, and he was also well aware of the danger of retreating before a barbarian enemy. He was informed that the enemy's cavalry was ten thousand strong, and that they were posted on a vast plain of smooth, hard clay, or sand, while his whole cavalry force numbered but eight hundred. Marching on the night of the 16th, his advanced guard discovered the enemy at eight o'clock next morning, and at nine o'clock the British line of battle was formed. The enemy, thirty-six thousand strong, were posted along the dry bed of the river Fullaillee, which falls into the Indus. Its high bank, sloping towards the plain in front, formed a rampart. Their position was about twelve hundred yards wide. Eighteen guns, massed on the flank in advance of the bank, poured their shot on the British troops while forming the line, and the Beloochee wings rested on *shikargahs* (copses or woods) which lined the plain so far as to flank the advance on both sides. They were very large and dense, and that on the Beloochee right intersected with *nullahs* (watercourses) of different sizes, but all deep, carefully scarped, and defended by match-lock-men. Behind the shikargahs, the Fullaillee made a sudden bend to the rear, forming a loop, in which the Ameer's cavalry was placed.

The shikargah on the enemy's left was more extensive, and though free from nullahs, very strong. It

was covered towards the plain by a wall, having one opening, not very wide, about half way between the two armies. Behind this wall five or six hundred men were posted, evidently designed to rush out through the opening upon the flank and rear of the British when the latter advanced. Some matchlock-men were seen astride on this wall, which was ten feet high, but they soon disappeared, and the General discovering that there were no loop-holes or scaffolding to the wall, ordered Captain Tew, with a company of the 22nd, to occupy and defend it to the last. It was another Thermopylæ. The gallant Tew died in the gap, but the post was maintained; and thus six thousand enemies were paralysed by only eighty. Now the British army advanced—the baggage, cast into a circle, was left close in the rear, surrounded by camels, which were made to lie down with their heads inwards, and their bales placed within them for their armed followers to fire over, thus forming a fortress not very easy to storm. Two hundred and fifty Poona horsemen, and four companies of infantry under Captain Tait, were the only force which could be spared for its protection.

The order of battle was thus formed :—

Twelve guns, under Major Lloyd, flanked by fifty Madras sappers, under Captain Henderson, were on the right. On Lloyd's left stood the 22nd Queen's regiment, under Colonel Pennefather, not five hundred strong, half Irishmen, strong of body, high-blooded soldiers, who saw nothing but victory. On the left were the swarthy Sepoys of the 22nd Bombay Native Infantry; then the 12th, under Major Reid, and the 1st Grenadiers, led by Major Clibborne, the whole in

the echelon order of battle. Closing the extreme left, but somewhat held back, rode the 9th Bengal Cavalry, under Colonel Pattle. In front of the right infantry, skirmishers were thrown out, and on the left the Scinde horsemen, under Captain Jacob, fierce eastern troops, were pushed forward. Between the two armies there was a plain of about a thousand yards, and for the first seven hundred it was covered with a low jungle, which impeded the march of the British troops. For three hundred yards, however, in front of the Beloochees' line, it had been cleared to give free play for their matchlocks, with which they fired long shots at times without showing themselves.

The order to advance was given, and the General and his staff rode forward in face of the heavy fire from the Beloochee guns. The enemy's right was strongly protected by the village of Kottree, now filled with matchlock-men. The main body of the British advanced in columns of regiments, the right passing securely under the wall of the enclosure, where Tew's gallant company, now reinforced by a gun, were with a rattling fire of musketry keeping their host of foes in check. Onward marched the main body of the British army, while Clibborne's grenadiers were storming the village of Kottaree on the left. The level was all the time swept by the Beloochee guns and matchlocks, answered at times by Lloyd's battery, but nothing stopped the progress of the gallant band. When within a hundred yards of the Fullaillee, the 22nd opened into line, and all the columns formed in succession, each company as it arrived throwing its fire at the top of the bank, where the faces of the Beloochees could be seen bending with fiery glances

over their levelled matchlocks. But the British front was still incomplete, when the voice of the General, shrill and clear, was heard commanding the charge. Then arose a hearty British cheer as the brave band hurried on to the combat. Four guns were run forward, and the infantry, at full speed, dashed on towards the river, and rushed up the sloping bank. The stern Beloochees, with matchlocks resting on the summit, let their assailants come within fifteen yards before they delivered their fire; but the steepness of the slope inside, which rendered their footing unsteady, and the rapid pace of the British, falsified their aim, and the execution was not great. The next moment the 22nd were on the top of the bank, thinking to bear all down before them; but even they staggered back at the forest of swords waving in their front.

Thick as standing corn, and gorgeous as a field of flowers, were the Beloochees in their many-coloured garments and turbans. They filled the broad deep bed of the now dry Fullaillee; they were clustered on both banks, and covered the plain beyond. Guarding their heads with their large dark shields, they shook their sharp swords, gleaming in the sun, and their shouts rolled like a peal of thunder, as, with frantic might and gestures, they dashed against the front of the 22nd. But with shrieks as wild and fierce, and hearts as big and arms as strong, the British soldiers met them with the queen of weapons, and laid their foremost warriors wallowing in blood. There also the few guns that could be placed in position on the right of the 22nd, flanked by Henderson's small band of Madras sappers, swept diagonally the bed of the river,

tearing the rushing masses with a horrible carnage. Soon the Sepoy regiments 12th and 25th prolonged the line of fire to the left, coming into action successively in the same terrible manner.

“ Now the Beloochees closed in denser masses, and the dreadful rush of their swordsmen was felt, and their shouts answered by the pealing musketry, and such a fight ensued as has never often been recorded in the annals of warfare. Over and over again those wild fierce warriors, with shields held high, and blades drawn back, strove, with strength and courage, to break through the British ranks. No fire of small arms, no sweeping discharge of grape, no push of bayonets could drive them back; they gave their breasts to the shot, their shields to the bayonet, and leaping at the guns, were blown away by twenties at a time: their dead rolled down the steep slope by hundreds, but the gaps were continually filled from the rear: the survivors pressed forward with unabated fury, and the bayonet and sword clashed in full and frequent conflict.”

Thus they fought—never more than five yards apart, often intermingled, and several times the different regiments were forced backwards, but their General was always there to rally and cheer them. At his voice their strength returned, and they recovered ground, though soon in the dreadful conflict nearly all their regimental leaders were killed or wounded.

The noble soldier, Pennefather, fell on the top of the bank deeply, it was thought at first mortally, wounded, but his place was instantly taken by Major Poole.

Major Teasdale, a name now well known in the annals of modern wars for gallantry, animating the Se-

poys of the 25th regiment, rode violently down a gap in the Beloochees, and was there killed by shot and sabre, dying with a glorious devotion.

Major Jackson, of the 12th, coming up with his regiment the next in line, followed the same heroic example. Two brave Havildars kept close to him, all three in advance of their regiment, and all fell dead together, but not till several of the fiercest of the Beloochee swordsmen were seen to sink beneath the brave Jackson's strong arm and whirling blade. Here also fell Captains Cookson and Meade, and Lieutenant Wood, nobly cheering on their men to the attack, while Tew had died at his post at the entrance of the shikargah. Many more were desperately wounded: Colonel Pennefather and Major Wyllie; Captains Tucker, Smith, Conway; Lieutenants Plowden, Harding, Thayre, Bourdillon; Ensigns Firth, Pennefather, Bowden, Holbrow.

Lieutenant Harding, of the 22nd, was the first to leap upon the bank; his legs were cut by the swordsmen, and he fell, but rose again instantly, and waving his cap, cheered his men to the charge. Receiving another sword cut, his right hand was maimed; yet still he urged the men forward, till at length a shot went through his lungs, and again he fell, and was carried out of the fight.

Lieutenant McMurdo, a young staff officer, rode, like Teasdale and Jackson, into the bed of the Fulla-illee, and his horse being killed, he fell. Regaining his feet, he met and slew Jehan Mohamed, a great chief and a hardy warrior, in the midst of his tribe. Several of Jehan's followers then engaged him in front, while one struck at him fiercely from behind,

but being at that moment struck down by a serjeant of the 22nd, the blow fell harmless. McMurdo turned and repaid the service by cleaving to the brow a swordsman who was aiming at his preserver's back; another fell beneath his weapon, and then he and the serjeant fought their way out from among the crowds of foes pressing fiercely round them.

Several times the Sepoys, when their leaders were killed or disabled, slowly receded; but the General was always at the point of the greatest danger, and then manfully his swarthy soldiers recovered their ground. Once he was assailed by a chief, and his danger was great, for his right hand had been maimed before the battle. At the moment that the fierce warrior was about to cut him down, Lieutenant Marston, of the 25th Native Infantry, sprung to his side, and with a whirl of his sharp blade killed the Sirdar, and saved his General. At another period Sir Charles Napier was alone for some moments in the midst of his enemies, who stalked round him with raised shields and scowling eyes; but from some superstitious feeling possibly, to which the Beloochees are very prone, not one attempted his destruction, which they might easily have accomplished. When the soldiers of the 22nd saw him emerge unharmed from his perilous position, they gave vent to their feelings in a loud and hearty cheer, heard above the din of battle. For more than three hours did this storm of war continue, and still the Beloochees, undismayed, pressed onwards with furious force, their numbers to all appearance increasing instead of being diminished by those who had been struck down. Now came the critical point in every battle. Except the cavalry,

there was no rescue to bring forward—no Guards to be “up and at them.”

In vain the brave Jacob had previously endeavoured to turn the village of Kottre, with the Scinde horse, and to gain the flank of the enemy's position.

So heavily pressed on the Beloochees on the right, and so exhausted were his men, that he could not quit that point; but his quick eye saw that the enemy's right could be turned, and he sent orders to Colonel Pattle to charge with the whole body the Bengal and Scinde horsemen on the enemy's right. Never was an order more promptly obeyed. Spurring hard after their brave leaders, the eastern horsemen passed the matchlock-men in the village of Kottree, and galloped, unchecked, across the small nullahs and ditches about it, which were, however, so numerous and difficult, that fifty of the troopers were cast from their saddles at once by the leaps. But dashing through the Beloochee guns on that flank, and riding over the high bank of the Fullaillee, the main body crossed the deep bed, gained the plain beyond, and charged with irresistible fury. Major Story, with his Bengal troopers, turning to his left, fell on the enemy's infantry in the loop of the upper Fullaillee, while the Scindian horse, led by the heroic Lieutenant Fitzgerald, wheeling to their right, fell on the camp, thus spreading confusion along the rear of the masses opposed to the British infantry. In this gallant charge three or four Beloochees had fallen before his whirling blade, when one crouching, as is their custom, beneath a broad shield, suddenly stepped up on the bridle hand, and with a single stroke brought down the horse. Fitzgerald's leg was under the

animal, and twice the barbarian drove his keen weapon at the prostrate officer, but each time the blow was parried; and at length clearing himself from the dead horse, the strong man rose. The barbarian, warned by the herculean form and threatening countenance of his opponent, instantly cast his shield over a thickly rolled turban of many folds, but the descending weapon went through all, and cleft his skull. On charged the cavalry. The fierce Beloochees, whose fury could before scarcely be resisted, slackened their onslaught, and looked behind them. The 22nd perceiving this, leaped forward with the shout of victory, and pushed them back into the deep ravine, where again they closed in combat. The Madras sappers and the other Sepoys followed the glorious example. At length the six thousand Beloochees who had been posted in the Shikargah abandoned that cover to join the fight in the Fullaillee, but this did not avail them. Both sides fought as fiercely as ever. A soldier of the 22nd regiment bounding forward, drove his bayonet into the breast of a Beloochee; instead of falling, the rugged warrior cast away his shield, seized the musket with his left hand, writhed his body forward on the bayonet, and with one sweep of his keen blade avenged himself. Both combatants fell dead together. The whole front of the battle was indeed a chain of single combats. No quarter was asked for, none given. The ferocity was unbounded, the carnage terrible. The General seeing a soldier of the 22nd about to kill an exhausted Beloochee chief, called to him to spare; but the man drove home his bayonet, and then remarked, "This day, General, the shambles have it all to themselves."

The Ameers had now lost the day. Slowly the fierce Beloochees retired in heavy masses, their broad shields slung over their backs, their heads half turned, and their eyes glaring with fury. The victors followed closely, pouring in volley after volley: yet the vanquished still preserved their habitual swinging stride, and would not quicken it to a run though death was at their heels! Two or three thousand on the extreme right, who had been passed by the cavalry, kept their position, and seemed disposed to make another rush; but the whole of the British guns were turned upon them with such heavy discharges of grape and shells, that they also went off. All were now in retreat; but so doggedly did they move, and so inclined did they appear to renew the conflict on the level ground, where the British flanks were unprotected, that the General recalled his cavalry and formed a large square, placing his baggage and followers in the centre.

Such was the battle of Meeanee, fought with two thousand men against thirty-six thousand. Six officers were killed, and fourteen wounded, and about fifty sergeants and rank and file were killed, and two hundred wounded—a large proportion of the few actually engaged. Of the enemy, upwards of six thousand were killed: fifteen hundred bodies and more lay in heaps in the bed of the Fullaillee alone.

The next morning six of the principal Ameers presented themselves on horseback at the camp, offering their swords, and promising to deliver up Hyderabad to the victor. To Hyderabad he accordingly marched, and took possession of that city.

There was another powerful chief still in arms with

ten thousand men, about six miles off, and it is asserted that, had Sir Charles at once marched against this chief, Shere Mohamed, of Meerpore, he might have defeated him without loss of time; but at the same time it is evident that it was most important in the first place to secure the capital, and to give his troops refreshment after so desperate a fight.

For the first time in English despatches, the names of private soldiers, who had distinguished themselves, were made known; an innovation which still more endeared him to those under his command, and which was hailed with satisfaction by thousands who never saw him.

The men of the 22nd regiment all fought most bravely, but Private James O'Neill, of the Light Company, was especially noticed for taking a standard while the regiment was hotly engaged with the enemy; and Drummer Martin Delaney, who shot, bayoneted, and captured the arms of a chief, Meer Whulle Mohamed Khan, who was mounted, and directing the enemy in the hottest part of the engagement. Lieutenant Johnstone, of the 1st Grenadiers, Native Infantry, cut down a Beloochee, and saved the life of a Sepoy who had bayoneted the Beloochee, but was overpowered in the struggle. The names of a considerable number of the native regiments are also mentioned as conspicuous for their gallantry. The now well-known Captain Jacob speaks in the highest terms of Lieutenant Fitzgerald, and also of his Acting Adjutant, Lieutenant Russel, whose steady, cool, and daring conduct kept the men together in the desperate charge over the nullahs, under a heavy fire, made by the corps to get on the flank of the

enemy; a man who so mainly contributed to secure the victory to the British army.

BATTLE OF HYDERABAD,

24th March, 1843.

AFTER the battle of Meeanee, the victorious army of Sir Charles Napier entered Hyderabad in triumph. He had not been there long, when he heard that Shere Mohamed, or the Lion, one of the most powerful of the Ameers of Scinde, was in arms at the head of a powerful army, hoping to retrieve the losses of his brother chieftains. Considerable reinforcements for the British army were expected—some from Sukkur, down the Indus, and others from Kurrachee.

Approaching Hyderabad, the haughty Ameer sent an envoy as herald to the British camp with an insolent offer of terms, saying—"Quit this land, and, provided you restore all you have taken, your life shall be spared." Just then the evening gun fired. "You hear that sound? It is my answer to your chief. Begone!" and he turned his back on the envoys. A column under Major Stack was expected by land. On the 21st it reached Muttaree—a long march from Hyderabad. The fortress of Hyderabad was by this time repaired, and the entrenched camp was complete; and on the 16th, recruits and provisions came up from Kurrachee, and the 21st regiment of Sepoys arrived from Sukkur, down the Indus. When the Lion had notice of Major Stack's approach, he moved with his whole army to Dubba, intending to fall on him on the following day. The General's plans

were soon laid. His first care was to save Major Stack's column. He first sent out Captain McMurdo with two hundred and fifty Poona horsemen to meet Stack, and to order him to advance after he had ascertained the Lion's position. The next morning, Jacob was despatched with the Scinde horsemen along the same road, and he himself followed, at a short distance, with the Bengal cavalry and some guns, supported by all the infantry, who moved a short distance behind. Meantime Major Stack had advanced, leaving his baggage unprotected. It was attacked by a body of Beloochee matchlock-men; but Captain McMurdo, with only six Poona horse, kept them at bay till some troops he sent for came up to his assistance. The Beloochees were ultimately driven back, and the force reached Hyderabad. Sir Charles had now five thousand men of all arms, eleven hundred being cavalry, with nineteen guns. Leaving two guns to guard the camp, at break of day of the 24th, he marched from Hyderabad upon Dubba, which was eight miles north-west of that city. The infantry and guns moved forward in a compact mass, the cavalry scouting ahead and on the flank; for so thickly covered was the whole country with houses, gardens, shikargahs, and nullahs, that fifty thousand men might be in position without being discovered at half-a-mile distance.

Ten miles were passed over, and still the exact position of the enemy was unknown, when a scout came in with the information that the Lion was with his whole force two miles to the left.

The General, at the head of the irregular horse, galloped forward, and in a quarter of an hour found himself on a plain, in front of the whole Belooch

army. The whole plain was swarming with cavalry and infantry ; the right wing resting on the Fullaillee, with a large pond of mud protecting the flank, while the left rested on a succession of nullahs and a dense wood. No distinct view could be obtained of the order of battle, but twenty-six thousand men were before him, and they had fifteen guns—eleven being in battery, while two lines of infantry were intrenched, and a heavy mass of cavalry was in reserve.

The front was covered with a nullah twenty feet wide and eight deep, with the usual high banks, which were scarped so as to form a parapet. Behind this the first line of infantry was posted, extending for a mile in a direction perpendicular to the Fullaillee, while behind the right wing, close to the Fullaillee, was the village of Dubba, filled with men, and prepared for resistance by cuts and loopholes in the houses.

There were other nullahs, behind which the rest of the Beloochee army was posted, with one gun on a height to the right, and the remainder behind the third line. Altogether, no position could have been better chosen, or more formidable.

The march of the British force was diagonal to the front of the Belooch army, and this brought the head of the column left in front near the right of the enemy, and the line was immediately formed on the same slant ; the cavalry being drawn up on the wings, and the artillery in the intervals between the regiments.

When the line was formed, the left, being advanced, was under the enemy's cannon. One shot nearly grazed the General's leg, and several men were killed.

Still the enemy's position could not be clearly made out, and to ascertain it more exactly, Captain Waddington, of the Engineers, and Lieutenants Brown and Hill, rode straight to the centre of the Belooch lines, and then, under a sharp fire of matchlocks along the front, to the junction of the centre with the left. A thick wood on the right gave the General some anxiety, as it was supposed to be filled with Beloochees, ready to rush out and attack the British rear when they were hotly engaged. To watch it, he placed the Scindian horsemen and 3rd Bombay Cavalry under Major Stack, with orders to oppose whatever enemy appeared. The battle commenced at nine o'clock. Leslie's horse artillery pushed forward, followed by the rest of the artillery in batteries, and all obtained positions where their fire crossed, and with terrible effect they raked the enemy. It was now that Lieutenant Smith, eager to discover a place where his artillery could cross a deep nullah, bravely rode up to it alone. He ascended the bank, and instantly fell, pierced by a hundred wounds. It was full of Beloochees. The gallant 22nd was again first in action, and, as they advanced under a terrific fire from the gun on the hillock, and from the matchlockmen, with whom were some of the bravest chiefs posted in the first nullah, nearly half the light company were struck down.

Beyond the first nullah, a second and greater one was seen, lined still more strongly with men, while the village became suddenly alive with warriors, whose matchlocks could also reach the advancing line. While about to lead the gallant 22nd to the charge, the General observed the cavalry on the right making a headlong

dash at the enemy's left wing, in consequence of having seen some of them moving in apparent confusion towards the centre. The right flank of the British army was thus left uncovered; and, had the wood been filled with Beloochees, the consequences might have been serious. "The whole body of cavalry was at full speed, dashing across the smaller nullahs, the spurs deep in the horses' sides, the riders pealing their different war-cries, and whirling their swords in gleaming circles. There the fiery Delamain led the gorgeous troopers of the 3rd Cavalry; there the terrible Fitzgerald careered with the wild Scindian horsemen, their red turbans streaming amid the smoke and dust of the splendid turmoil." *

No enemy appearing from the wood, the heroic General hurried back and regained the 22nd at the moment it was rushing to storm the first nullah. Riding to the first rank, he raised that clear, high-pitched cry of war which had at Meeanee sent the same fiery soldiers to the charge. It was responded to with ardour, led by Major Poole, who commanded the brigade, and Captain George, who commanded the corps. They marched up till within forty paces of the intrenchment, and then stormed it like British soldiers. The regiments were well supported by the batteries commanded by Captains Willoughby and Hutt, which crossed their fire with that of Major Leslie. The second brigade, under Major Woodburn, consisting of the 25th, 21st, and 12th regiments, under Captains Jackson, Stevens, and Fisher respectively, bore down into action with excellent coolness.

*. Conquest of Scinde, by Sir W. Napier.

They were strongly sustained by the fire of Captain Witley's battery. On the right of it again were the 8th and 1st regiments, under Majors Browne and Clibborne, which advanced with the regularity of a review up to the intrenchments. Lieutenant Coote, of the 22nd, was the first to gain the summit of the bank, where, wresting a Belooch standard from its bearer, he waved it in triumph, while he hurried along the narrow ledge, staggering from a deep wound in his side. Then, with a deafening shout, the soldiers leaped down into the midst of the savage warriors. At that point, a black champion, once an African slave, and other barbarian chiefs fell, desperately fighting to the last.

Onward the brave 22nd fought its bloody way amid the dense masses of the enemy, ably supported by the 25th Native Infantry ; and now the British line began to overlap the village of Dubba, while Stack's cavalry were completely victorious on the right, and Leslie's horse artillery, crossing the nullahs with sweeping discharges, committed fearful havoc among the dense masses of the Beloochee army. The other regiments bringing up their right shoulders, continued the circle from the position of the 25th, and lapped still further round the village. In this charge the 21st Sepoys stabbed every Beloochee they came up with, whole or wounded, calling out Innes ! Innes ! at every stroke of death they dealt.

In consequence of the rapidity of this charge, some confusion ensued, and while the General was endeavouring to restore order, a Belooch field magazine exploding, killed all near him, broke his sword, and wounded him in the hand. Still the enemy fought on

fiercely; surprising feats of personal prowess were displayed. Four or five of the enemy fell beneath the iron hand of Fitzgerald, whose matchless strength renders credible the wildest tales of the days of chivalry. McMurdo was engaged in three successive hand-to-hand combats, his opponents having the advantage of shields to aid their swordsmanship. He killed two in succession, but the third, with an upward stroke, cut him from the belly to the shoulder, and would have killed him, had he not cleft the man to the brows, and thus lessened the force of the blow. As it was, he received a desperate wound. Three other officers also performed surprising deeds of personal prowess. The General proved that he possessed humanity, as well as courage of the most heroic order. Near the village, a chief retiring with that deliberate rolling stride and fierce look which all those intrepid fatalists displayed in both battles, passed near the General, who covered him with a pistol; but then remembering Meeanee, when in the midst of their warriors no hand had been raised against him, he held his finger. His generosity was fruitless, for a Sepoy plunged his bayonet into the man with the terrible cry of Blood! blood!

Much to the General's satisfaction, sixteen wounded prisoners were taken, whereas at Meanee the lives of only three had been saved.

Slowly and sullenly the enemy retired, some going off with their leader to the desert, others towards the Indus; but the latter were intercepted by the victorious cavalry of the right wing, and driven in masses after their companions into the wilderness. Meanwhile the General in person led the Bengal and Poona

horse, under Major Storey and Captain Tait, through the valley of Dubba against the retreating masses, putting them to the sword for several miles, but not without resistance, in consequence of which the brave Captain Garrett and others fell. The Lion himself was seen, and very nearly captured, by Fitzgerald and Delamain, as he was escaping on his elephant.

On his return with the cavalry, the General was received with three hearty cheers by his troops. In this bloody battle, which lasted three hours, the British lost two hundred and seventy men and officers, of which number one hundred and forty-seven were of the gallant 22nd regiment, who had sustained the brunt of the fight. Though fought near Dubba, this battle is best known as that of Hyderabad, which name is inscribed on the colours and medals of the soldiers by whom it was won.

Sir Charles Napier had resolved to make the battle a decisive one. Having arranged for sending his wounded to Hyderabad, re-organised his army, and ascertained that the enemy had retreated towards Meerpoor, in eight hours he was again marching in pursuit. During the battle the thermometer stood at 110 degrees, and the heat was daily increasing. On that day his troops had marched twelve miles to find the enemy, fought for three hours, and had been employed for eight in collecting the wounded, burying the dead, and cooking rather than in resting; but all were eager for a fresh fight, and, as it was discovered, several of the 22nd regiment concealed their wounds, that they might take part in it, instead of being sent back to Hyderabad.

Their names are recorded—John Durr, John Mul-

downey, Robert Young, Henry Lines, Patrick Gill, James Andrews, not severely hurt; Sergeant Haney, wound rather severe; Thomas Middleton, James Mulvey, severely wounded in the legs; Silvester Day, ball in the foot. It was only discovered that they were wounded on the march, when, overcome by thirst, they fell fainting to the ground. Captain Garrett and Lieutenant Smith were killed in the battle; and Lieutenants Pownoll, Tait, Chute, Coote, Evans, Brennan, Bur, Wilkinson, McMurdo, and Ensign Pennefather were wounded.

The next day the Poona horse were at the gates of Meerpoor. The Lion fled with his family and treasure to Omercote, and the gates of the capital were at once gladly opened to the victors. While the General remained at Meerpoor, he sent forward the camel battery of Captain Whitley, supported by the 25th Sepoy Infantry, under Major Woodburn. There was but little water, and a risk of the Indus rising, so that it would have been dangerous to have gone with the whole army. He promised the Lion terms if he would surrender at once. News was brought him that the Indus was rising. He despatched orders to Captain Whitley to return. That officer had just received information that the Ameers had again fled, and that Omercote might be captured. He was then distant twenty miles from that place, and forty from Meerpoor. A young officer, Lieutenant Brown, who had already distinguished himself, undertook to ride these forty miles to obtain fresh instructions. He reached Meerpoor without a stop, and borrowing one of the General's horses, rode back again under a sun whose beams fell like flakes of fire, for the thermometer

stood at above 130 degrees. He bore orders to attack Omercote. The little band pushed forward, and on the 24th Omercote opened its gates.

Thus was this important place reduced ten days after the battle of Hyderabad, though a hundred miles distant, and in the heart of the desert. This capture may be said to have completed the conquest of Scinde. The Lion was still at large, but he was finally hunted down and crushed by different columns sent against him, under Colonels Roberts, Chamberlayne, and Captain Jacob. Scinde was annexed to British India, and Sir Charles Napier was appointed its first governor, independent of the Presidencies, with directions to abolish slavery, and to tranquillise and bring out the resources of the country he had so bravely acquired.

THE GWALIOR CAMPAIGN.

BATTLE OF MAHARAJPOOR,

29th December, 1843.

THE loss of British prestige in the defiles of Afghanistan had induced many of the native princes of India to fancy that the power of England was on the wane, and that they might assume a tone of authority and independence, which they would not before have ventured to exhibit. Among others, the Mahratta Court at Gwalior adopted a line of policy inimical to British interests, and contrary to the engagements into which their princes had entered.

Lord Ellenborough, foreseeing that they would make an attempt to emancipate themselves alto-

gether from British influence, assembled an army on the frontier facing the Mahratta territory, and called it the "Army of Exercise." It was gradually increased, and placed under the command of Sir Hugh Gough. Various insulting acts having been committed by the Mahratta government against the English, and no apology having been made, the Governor-General ordered the army to enter the Mahratta territory.


General Grey took the lead with a division of infantry and a brigade of cavalry, and crossing the Jumna at Calpee, threatened the Gwalior territory from the south, while two divisions of infantry, and two brigades of cavalry, with the usual compliment of artillery, moved down from the northward under the command of Sir Hugh Gough himself. General Grey, having advanced from Bundelcund, reached Panniar, about twelve miles from Gwalior, on the 28th of December. The enemy, estimated at about twelve thousand in number, took up a strong position on the heights near the fortified village of Mangore. Although the British troops were much fatigued by their long march, the enemy were immediately attacked and driven from height to height, till their rout was completed. The British loss was two hundred and fifteen killed and wounded.

Sir Hugh Gough advanced, and found the enemy awaiting him at a strong post which they had selected on the evening of the 28th. It was reconnoitred; but, during the night, the Mahratta forces left their intrenched position and took up another three or four miles in advance of it. The British troops numbered about fourteen thousand men, with forty pieces of artillery. The Mahrattas mustered eighteen

thousand men, including three thousand cavalry and one hundred guns. The Mahratta army had under Scindia been carefully organized by European officers, and was therefore composed of well-disciplined men, equal in bravery to any of the natives of India.

On the morning of the 29th, no fresh reconnoissance having been made, the British forces found themselves in the presence of an enemy they fancied some miles off. Many ladies, on their elephants, were on the field when the action commenced by the gallant advance of Major-General Littler's column upon the enemy, in front of the village of Maharajpooor.

The enemy's guns committed severe execution as they advanced; and though the Mahrattas fought with the most desperate courage, nothing could withstand the headlong rush of the British soldiers. Her Majesty's 39th Foot, with their accustomed dash, ably supported by the 56th Native Infantry, drove the enemy from their guns into the village, bayonetting the gunners at their posts. Here a sanguinary conflict took place. The fierce Mahrattas, after discharging their matchlocks, fought sword in hand with the most determined courage. General Valiant's brigade, with equal enthusiasm, took Maharajpooor in reverse, and twenty-eight guns were captured by this combined movement. So desperately did the defenders of this strong position fight, that few escaped. During these operations, Brigadier Scott was opposed by a body of the enemy's cavalry on the extreme left, and made some well-executed charges with the 10th Light Cavalry, most ably supported by Captain Grant's troops of horse artillery, and 4th Lancers, capturing some guns and taking two standards, thus threatening the right flank of the enemy.



On this, as on every occasion, Sir Henry, then Captain Havelock, distinguished himself. The 56th Native Infantry, who had been brigaded with her Majesty's 39th, were advancing on the enemy, but at so slow a pace as to exhaust the patience of Sir Hugh Gough.

"Will no one get that Sepoy regiment on?" he exclaimed.

Havelock offered to go, and riding up, enquired the name of the corps.

"It is the 56th Native Infantry."

"I don't want its number," replied he. "What is its native name?"

"Lamboorunke pultum—Lambourn's regiment."

He then took off his cap, and placing himself in their front, addressed them by that name; and in a few complimentary and cheering words, reminded them that they fought under the eye of the commander-in-chief. He then led them up to the batteries, and afterwards remarked, that "whereas it had been difficult to get them forward before, the difficulty now was to restrain their impetuosity."

In conformity with the previous instructions, Major-General Valiant, supported by the 3rd cavalry brigade, moved on the right of the enemy's position at Chouda. During the advance, he had to take in succession three strong intrenched positions, where the enemy defended their guns with frantic desperation. Here her Majesty's 40th regiment lost two successive commanding officers, Major Stopford and Captain Coddington, who fell wounded at the very muzzles of the guns. It captured four regimental standards. This corps was ably and nobly supported by the 2nd Grenadiers,

who captured two regimental standards, and by the 2nd and 16th Grenadiers, under Lieutenant-Colonels Hamilton and M'Larey. High honour did both regiments win. Major-General Littler, with Brigadier Wright's brigade, after dispersing the right of the enemy's position at Maharajpoor, steadily advanced to fulfil his instructions to attack the main position at Chouda, was supported most ably by Captain Grant's troop of horse artillery, and the 1st regiment of light cavalry. This column had to advance under a severe fire, over very difficult ground; but when within a short distance of the enemy, the gallant 39th regiment, as before, rushing forward, led by Major Bray, and gallantly supported by the 56th regiment, under Major Dick, carried every thing before them, and thus gained the intrenched main position of Chouda.

The battle of Maharajpoor was now virtually won. The loss on both sides had been severe. The British had one hundred and six killed, of whom seven were officers, and six hundred and eighty-four wounded, and seven missing, making a total loss of seven hundred and ninety-seven. The Mahrattas are supposed to have lost between three and four thousand men.

In consequence of this victory and that of Panniar, the Mahratta Durbar submitted to the British Government. Lieut.-Colonel Stubbs was appointed governor of the fort of Gwalior, which commands the city. The Mahratta troops were disbanded, and a British contingent was formed, to be maintained at the cost of the Gwalior government, which was compelled to pay forthwith the expenses of the campaign.

CONQUEST OF THE PUNJAB.

BATTLE OF MOODKEE,

18th December, 1845.

ON the death of Runjeet Sing, the Lion of Lahore, chief of the Sikhs, and ruler of the Punjab, in 1839, the throne was seized by his reputed son, Sher Sing. He was a good-natured voluptuary, and utterly unable to manage the warlike troops raised by his father. He was disposed to be friendly with the English, but was assassinated by Ajeet Sing on the 15th of September, 1843, and Dhuleep Sing was proclaimed maharaja, and Heera Sing was raised to the dangerous office of vizier.

The new vizier soon found that he could not, more than his predecessor, content the army. His only chance was to give it employment, or probably rather to induce it to engage in a contest with the British, which he hoped might terminate in its dispersion. Probably, like other rulers nearer England, he was prepared for either contingency. Should the army be successful, he would take advantage of their success—if destroyed, he would not be ill-pleased. The Sikhs, indulging themselves with the idea of the conquest of British India, virtually declared war against the English on the 17th of November. They commenced crossing the Sutlej on the 11th of December, and on the 14th of that month a portion of the army took

up a position a few miles from Ferozpoor. The Sikhs, it should be understood, had some territory on the eastern side of the Sutlej, and it is supposed that they had from time to time sent across guns, and buried them there to be ready for their contemplated invasion of British India. At length, on the 13th of December, the Sikh army crossed the Sutlej, and threatened Ferozpoor; but were held in check by the bold front showed by the garrison of that place under Major-General Sir John Littler.

Meantime, the army of the Sutlej, under Sir Hugh Gough, was advancing on them. After a trying march of one hundred and fifty miles, with little rest, and a scarcity of water, on the afternoon of the 18th of December, the information was received by the British army that the Sikhs were advancing on Moodkee, which they had just reached. The troops immediately got under arms, the horse artillery and cavalry were pushed forward, the infantry, accompanied by field batteries, moving on in support. Before long the enemy were found advancing in order of battle, with twenty thousand infantry, the same number of cavalry, and forty guns. The country over which the two armies were advancing to the conflict is a dead flat, covered at short intervals with a low, but thick jungle, and dotted with sandy hillocks. The enemy screened their infantry and artillery behind this jungle and such undulation as the ground afforded. Meantime, the cavalry, under Brigadiers White, Gough, and Mactier, advanced rapidly to the front in columns of squadrons, and occupied the plain, followed by five troops of horse artillery, under Brigadier Brooke, who took up a forward position, having the cavalry on his left flanks.

The British infantry now forming from echelon of brigade into line, the enemy opened a severe cannonade on them, which was vigorously replied to by the batteries of horse artillery under Brigadier Brooke. A gallant charge of the 3rd Light Dragoons, the 5th Light Infantry, and 4th Lancers, turned the left of the Sikh army, put the whole cavalry to flight, and sweeping along the whole rear of the infantry and guns, silenced them for a time. After this, Brigadier Brooke pushed on his horse artillery, and while the cannonading was resumed on both sides, the infantry under Major-Generals Sir Harry Smith, Gilbert, and Sir John McCaskill, attacked in echelon of lines the enemy's infantry, almost invisible among wood and the approaching darkness of night. The enemy made a stout resistance; but though their line far outflanked the British, that advantage was counteracted by the flank movements of the cavalry. The roll of fire from the British infantry showed the Sikhs that they had met a foe that they little expected, and their whole force was driven from position after position at the point of that never-failing weapon, the bayonet, with great slaughter and the loss of seventeen pieces of artillery.

Night only saved them from worse disaster, for this stout conflict was maintained for an hour and a half of dim starlight, amidst a cloud of dust from the sandy plain, which yet more obscured every object. The victory was not, however, obtained without severe loss to the British. Sir John McCaskill was shot through the chest, and killed on the field; the gallant Sir Robert Sale, the brave defender of Jellalabad, received so severe a wound in the leg, that he shortly after died

from its effects; many other officers and men were killed, making in all two hundred and fifteen, and six hundred and fifty-seven were wounded. The enemy's sharp-shooters had climbed into trees, and from thence killed and wounded many officers. The victorious army returned to camp at midnight, and halted on the 19th and 20th, that the wounded might be collected, the captured guns brought in, and the men refreshed.

BATTLE OF FERROZSHAH,

21st December, 1845.

THE Sikhs had intrenched themselves in a camp a mile in length, and half a mile in breadth, with the village of Ferozshah in the centre. They numbered nearly sixty thousand men, and a hundred and eight pieces of cannon of heavy calibre in fixed batteries.

The Umbala and Sir John Littler's forces having formed a junction, now arrived, making the British army to consist of sixteen thousand seven hundred men, and sixty-nine guns, chiefly horse artillery. The united forces advanced at about four o'clock in the afternoon of the 21st to attack the entrenched camp of the Sikhs. Sir Henry Hardinge had offered his services to Sir Hugh Gough as second in command, and was actively engaged in the operations of this and the following day. The divisions of Major-General Sir J. Littler, Brigadier Wallace, and Major-General Gilbert, deployed into line, having the artillery in the centre, with the exception of three troops of horse artillery, one on either flank, and one in support. Major-General Sir H. Smith's division and the cavalry

moved in a second line, having a brigade in reserve to cover each wing. Sir Hugh Gough directed the right wing, and Sir Henry Hardinge the left wing of the army.

The infantry advanced under a terrific storm of shot and shell from upwards of a hundred Sikh guns, forty of them of battering calibre; but nothing stopped the impetuous onset—the formidable intrenchments were carried—the men threw themselves on the guns, and with matchless gallantry wrested them from the enemy. No sooner, however, were the Sikhs' batteries in the power of the British, than the enemy's infantry, drawn up behind their guns, opened so tremendous a fire on them, that, in spite of their most heroic efforts, a portion only of the intrenchment could be carried.

Sir Harry Smith's division advancing, took and retained another point of the position, and her Majesty's 3rd Light Dragoons charged and took some of the most formidable batteries; yet the enemy remained in possession of a considerable portion of the great quadrangle, whilst the British troops actually intermingled with them held the remainder, and finally bivouacked upon it, exhausted by their gallant efforts, greatly reduced in numbers, and suffering extremely from thirst, yet animated by that indomitable spirit which they had exhibited throughout the day. When ever moonlight, however, exhibited the British position, the enemy's artillery never failed severely to harass them.

Sir John Littler's division, which had advanced against the strongest part of the work, suffered severely, especially her Majesty's 62nd regiment, which

had seventeen officers killed and wounded out of twenty-three.

It was not till they had done all that men could do, did they retire. The 3rd Dragoons in this desperate charge lost ten officers, and one hundred and twenty men out of four hundred. When the Sikhs found that Sir Harry Smith had retired from the village, they brought up some guns to bear upon the British. The fire of these guns was very destructive. When the Governor-General found this, mounting his horse, he called to the 80th regiment, which was at the head of the column, "My lads, we shall have no sleep until we take those guns." The regiment deployed immediately, and advancing, supported by the 1st Bengal Europeans, drove a large body of Sikhs from three guns, which they captured and spiked, and then retiring, took up its position again at the head of the column as steadily as if on parade. "Plucky dogs," exclaimed the Governor-General; "we cannot fail to win with such men as these." His aide-de-camp, Lieut.-Colonel R. Blucher Wood, was severely wounded in the attack. For the rest of the night the column was unmolested; but its position was one of great danger, one hundred and fifty yards only from an overpowering foe, while neither the Governor-General nor Sir Hugh Gough could tell in what direction Sir John Littler and Sir Harry Smith were to be found. It was suspected, also, that the Sikh army had been greatly reinforced by Tej Singh. The two generals, therefore, agreed to hold their ground, at earliest dawn to attack the enemy, taking their batteries in reverse, and to beat them, or to die honourably on the field. The whole of Sir Henry Hardinge's personal staff had been

disabled, except his son, Captain A. Hardinge, who had had his horse killed under him.

Of that memorable night he himself has given us a most graphic description :—" It was the most extraordinary of my life. I bivouacked with the men, without food or clothing, and our nights are bitterly cold. A burning camp in front—our brave fellows lying down under a heavy cannonade, which continued during the whole night, mingled with the wild cries of the Sikhs, our English hurrah, the tramp of men, and the groans of the dying. In this state, with a handful of men who had carried the batteries the night before, I remained till morning, taking very short intervals of rest, by lying down with various regiments in succession, to ascertain their tempers and revive their spirits. I found myself again with my old friends of the 29th, 31st, 50th, and 9th, and all in good heart. My answer to all and every man was, that we must fight it out, attack the enemy vigorously at daybreak, beat him, or die honourably on the field.

" The gallant old General, kind-hearted and heroically brave, entirely coincided with me. During the night I occasionally called on our brave English soldiers to punish the Sikhs when they came too close, and were imprudent; and when morning broke we went at it in true English style. Gough was on the right. I placed myself, and dear little Arthur by my side, in the centre, about thirty yards in front of the men, to prevent their firing, and we drove the enemy without a halt from one extremity of the camp to the other, capturing thirty or forty guns as we went along, which fired at twenty paces from us, and were served obstinately. The brave men drew up in an excellent

line, and cheered Gough and myself as we rode up the line, the regimental colours lowering to me as if on parade. The mournful part is the heavy loss I have sustained in my officers. I have lost ten aides-de-camp hors-de-combat, five killed, and five wounded. The fire of grape was very heavy from one hundred pieces of cannon. The Sikh army was drilled by French officers, and the men the most warlike in India."

This letter describes the commencement of the struggle on the 22nd. The line was supported on both sides by horse artillery, while from the centre was opened a fire by such heavy guns as remained effective, aided by a flight of rockets. The British, however, in the advance suffered much from a masked battery which opened on them, dismounting the guns and blowing up the tumbrils. But nothing impeded the charge of the undaunted British, led on by their two heroic generals, till they were masters of the field. Their rest was short; in the course of two hours Sirdar Tej Sing, who had commanded in the last great battle, brought up from the vicinity of Ferozpoor fresh battalions, and a large field of artillery, supported by thirty thousand Ghorechuras, hitherto encamped near the river. He drove in the British cavalry, and made strenuous efforts to regain the position at Ferozshah.

Scarcely had this attempt been defeated, when more Sikh troops and artillery arrived, and a fresh combination was made against the flank of the British, with so formidable a demonstration against the captured village that it was necessary to change the whole front to the right, the enemy's guns all the time keeping up an incessant fire, while those of the British were silent for want of ammunition. Under these circum-

stances Sir Hugh Gough ordered the almost exhausted cavalry to threaten both flanks of the enemy at once, while the whole infantry prepared to advance. With the swoop of a whirlwind the gallant 3rd Dragoons and other cavalry regiments rushed on their foes. The Sikhs saw them coming, while the British bayonets gleamed in front. Their courage gave way—abandoning their guns, they fled from the field, retreating precipitately towards the Sutlej, and leaving large stores of grain and the matériel of war behind them. Thus in less than four days sixty thousand Sikh troops, supported by one hundred and fifty pieces of cannon, were dislodged from their position and severely punished for their treacherous commencement of the war.

The regiments which bear the word Ferozshah on their colours are the 3rd Light Dragoons, 9th, 29th, 31st, 50th, 62nd, and 80th regiments; while they and the 1st European Light Infantry of the Honourable East India Company's Service received the Governor-General's thanks for their courage and good conduct.

BATTLE OF ALIWAL,

28th January, 1846.

WHILE the British army were resting after the desperate encounters in which they had been engaged, and Sir Hugh Gough was watching the enemy, Sindar Runjoor Sing Mujethea crossed from Philour, and made a movement, which not only threatened the rich and populous town of Loodiana, but would have turned the right flank, and endangered the communication

with Delhi. Sir Harry Smith was accordingly despatched to the relief of Loodiana. Having first captured the fort of Dhurmkothe, he fought his way past the enemy to that city, where his presence restored confidence and order. This part of his duty being accomplished, and having under him ten thousand men and twenty-four guns, he next proceeded to attack the Sirdar, Runjoor Sing, who was strongly entrenched at Aliwal, about eight miles to the westward of Loodiana, with fifteen thousand men, and fifty-six guns. The Sikh force had advanced a short distance from their entrenched camp, when Sir Harry Smith, on the 28th, with his small army, advanced to meet them.

The regiments of cavalry which headed the advance of the British troops opened their glittering ranks to the right and left, and exhibited the serried battalions of infantry, and the frowning batteries of cannon.

The scene was magnificent, yet few could have failed to experience a sense of awe as the shock of battle was about to commence. The lines were not truly parallel. That of the Sikhs inclined towards and extended beyond the British right, while the other flanks were for a time comparatively distant.

It was perceived by Sir Harry Smith, that the capture of the village of Aliwal was of the first importance, and the right of the infantry was led against it. The Sikh guns were keeping up a heavy fire, and Major Lawrenson, not having time to send for orders, at once galloped with his horse artillery up to within a certain distance of the enemy's guns, unlimbered, and his fire drove the enemy's gunners from their guns. This promptitude of the gallant officer saved many lives. The defenders of the village were chiefly hill-

men, who, after firing a straggling volley, fled, leaving the Sikh artillerymen to be slaughtered by the conquerors. The British cavalry of the right made at the same time a sweeping and successful charge, and one half of the opposing army was fairly broken and dispersed. The Sikhs on their own right, however, were outflanking the British, in spite of all the exertions of the infantry and artillery; for there the more regular battalions were in line, and the brave Sikhs were not easily cowed. A prompt and powerful effort was necessary, and a regiment of European lancers, supported by one of Indian cavalry, was launched against the even ranks of the Lahore infantry. The Sikhs knelt to receive the orderly, but impetuous charge of the English warriors; but at that critical moment the unwonted discipline of many failed them. They rose, yet they reserved their fire, and delivered it at the distance of a spear's throw, in the faces of the advancing horsemen, the saddles of many of whom were quickly emptied. Again and again the cavalry charged and rode through them, but it was not till the third charge, led by Major Bere, of the 16th Lancers, that the Sikhs dispersed; and even then, the ground was more thickly strewn with the bodies of victorious horsemen, than of beaten infantry. Upwards of one hundred men of the 16th were either killed or wounded. An attempt was made by the enemy to rally behind Boondree, but all resistance was unavailing. The Sikh guns, with the exception of one, were captured, and they were driven headlong across the river. This gun was carried across the river, when Lieutenant Holmes, of the irregular cavalry, and Gunner Scott, of the horse artillery, in the most

gallant way, followed in pursuit, and, fording the river, overtook and spiked it.

All the munitions of war which Runjoor Singh had brought with him were captured, and the Sikh force were thrown into the most complete dismay. The victory was decisive and complete. The loss of the British was 151 killed, and 413 wounded; that of the enemy far greater.

SOBRAON,

10th February, 1846.

WHILE Sir Hugh Gough was waiting for reinforcements from Delhi, as also for the arrival of Sir Charles Napier, who was moving up the left bank of the Sutlej, the Sikhs were strongly fortifying themselves at a bridge they had formed across that river at Sobraon. Their lines were encompassed by strong walls, only to be surmounted by scaling-ladders, while they afforded protection to a triple line of musketry. These formidable works were defended by 34,000 men, and seventy pieces of artillery, while their position was united by a bridge of boats to a camp on the opposite side, in which was stationed a reserve of 20,000 men, and some pieces of artillery, which flanked some of the British field-works. Altogether, a more formidable position could scarcely have been selected, and a Spanish officer of Engineers in their service assured them that it could not be taken.

As soon as Sir Harry Smith had returned from Aliwal, and the heavy artillery had arrived from Delhi, Sir Hugh Gough determined to attack the Sikh position—his army now consisting of 6,533 Eu-

ropeans, and 9,691 natives, making a total of 16,224 rank and file, and ninety-nine guns. On Tuesday, the 10th of February, at half-past three o'clock in the morning, the British army advanced to the attack, fresh like lions awaked out of sleep, but in perfect silence, when the battering and disposable artillery were at once placed in position, forming an extended semicircle, embracing within its fire the works of the Sikhs. A mist, however, hung over the plain and river; and it was not till half-past six, when it cleared partially away, that the whole artillery fire could be developed. Then commenced the rolling thunder of the British guns. Nothing grander in warfare could be conceived than the effect of the batteries when they opened, as the cannonade passed along from the Sutlej to little Sobraon in one continued roar of guns and mortars, while ever and anon the rocket, like a spirit of fire, winged its rapid flight high above the batteries in its progress towards the Sikh intrenchment. The Sikh guns were not idle, and replied with shot and shell; but neither were well directed, nor did much damage. At first it was believed that the whole affair was to be decided by artillery; but, notwithstanding the formidable calibre of the British guns, mortars, and howitzers, and the admirable way in which they were served, aided by a rocket battery, it could not have been expected that they could have silenced the fire of seventy pieces behind well-constructed batteries of earth, planks, and fascines, or dislodge troops, covered either by redoubts or epaulments, or within a treble line of trenches.

“For upwards of three hours this incessant play of artillery was kept up upon the mass of the enemy.

The round shot exploded tumbrels, or dashed heaps of sand into the air; the hollow shells cast their fatal contents fully before them, and devious rockets sprang aloft with fury to fall hissing among a flood of men: but all was in vain, the Sikhs stood unappalled, and flash for flash returned, and fire for fire."

It was determined, therefore, to try what the British musket and bayonet could effect. The cannonade ceased, and the left division of the army, under Brigadier Stacey, supported on either flank by Captains Harford and Fordyce's batteries, and Lieut.-Colonel Lane's troop of horse artillery, advanced to the attack. The infantry, consisting of her Majesty's 10th, 53rd, and 80th regiments, with four regiments of Native Infantry, advanced steadily in line, halting only occasionally to correct when necessary, and without firing a shot; the artillery taking up successive positions at a gallop, until they were within three hundred yards of the heavy batteries of the Sikhs. Terrific was the fire they all this time endured; and for some moments it seemed impossible that the intrenchment could be won under it. There was a temporary check; but soon persevering gallantry triumphed, and the whole army had the satisfaction of seeing the gallant Brigadier Stacey's soldiers driving the Sikhs in confusion before them within the area of their encampment. The check was chiefly on the extreme left, where they were exposed to the deadly fire of muskets and swivels, and enfilading artillery; but their comrades on the right of the first division, under Major-General Sir Harry Smith, headed by an old and fearless leader, Sir Robert Dick, forming themselves instinctively into masses and wedges, rushed forward, with loud shouts

leaped the ditch, and swarming up, mounted the ram-parts, where they stood victorious amid the captured cannon.

It was now that Lieutenant Tritteon, bearing the Queen's colour, was shot through the heart, and Ensign Jones, who carried the regimental one, was about the same time mortally wounded. The regimental colour falling to the ground was seized by Sergeant McCabe, and then rushing forward, he crossed the ditch and planted it on the highest point of the enemy's fortifications. There he stood under a tremendous fire, and maintained his position unhurt, though the colour was completely riddled with shot. Lieutenant Noel had seized the Queen's colour, the staff of which was shattered in his hand, and the men cheering, rushed gallantly into the works, and drove the enemy towards the river, into which they were headlong precipitated.*

But for some time the Sikhs fought with steadiness and resolution, and turned several guns in the interior on their assailants. Several times the British line was driven back, and the fierce Sikhs rushing on, slaughtered without mercy all who remained wounded on the ground. Each time that with terrific slaughter the British were thus checked, with their habitual valour and discipline they rallied and returned to the

* Sergeant McCabe, on the recommendation of Sir Harry Smith, who declared that the deed was one of the most daring he ever witnessed, and that he considered it tended much to shorten the struggle, was appointed to an ensigncy in the 15th Royal Irish regiment. Captain McCabe of the 32nd, to which regiment he was afterwards promoted, died of wounds received while leading his fourth sortie at Lucknow, on 1st October, 1857.

charge. At length the second line moving on, the two mingled their ranks, and supported by a body of cavalry, which, under Sir Joseph Thackwell,* had been poured into the camp, everywhere effected openings in the Sikh entrenchments. In vain the brave Sikhs held out. Each defensible position was captured, and the enemy was pressed towards the scarcely fordable river, but none offered to submit, and everywhere they showed a front to the victors, and stalked sullenly away, while many turned and rushed singly forth to encounter a certain death amid the hosts of the victors. The foe were now precipitated in masses over the bridge, shattered by shot, into the Sutlej, which a sudden rise had rendered hardly fordable. In their efforts to reach the right bank through the deepened waters, they suffered a dreadful carnage from the horse artillery, which poured in rapid succession volleys among them till the river was red with the mangled bodies of men and horses; and it is supposed that fully one third of the Sikh army perished thus or in the battle. Vast quantities of munitions of war were captured, numerous standards, and sixty-seven guns with two hundred camel swivels. This desperate fight began at six in the morning; by nine the combatants were engaged hand to hand, and by eleven the

* "Major-General Sir Joseph Thackwell has established a claim on this day to the rare commendation of having achieved much with a cavalry force, when the duty to be done consisted entirely of an attack on field works, usually supposed to be the particular province of infantry and artillery. His vigilance and activity throughout our operations, and the superior manner in which the outpost duties have been carried on under his superintendence, demand my warmest acknowledgment."—*Sir H. Gough's Despatch.*

battle was gained. Sir Robert Dick, who had commanded the 42nd Highlanders in Spain, was among the slain, as was Brigadier Taylor, C.B., the beloved Colonel of the 29th regiment, who commanded the third brigade of the second division.

The 3rd, 9th, and 16th Light Dragoons, 9th, 10th, 29th, 31st, 50th, 53rd, 62nd, and 80th Foot received the thanks of Parliament, and have Sobraon on their colours. Two days after this, the British army, now joined by Sir Charles Napier, reached Lahore, and on the 22nd a brigade of troops took possession of the palace and citadel of that capital of the humbled Sikhs.

In the four battles the British lost 92 officers and 1259 men killed, and 315 officers and 4570 men wounded.

BATTLES IN THE PUNJAB, 1848.

THE Punjab lies between the Indus and the Sutlej, with the river Chenab in the centre. In the southern part is the province of Mooltan, governed in 1848 by Dewan Moolraj. The chief city of the province, a strongly fortified place, is also called Mooltan. A Sikh force in the Company's service was sent into the Punjab in 1847, and Lieutenant Herbert Edwardes was attached to it as Political Agent, and invested with a very considerable amount of authority. Young as he then was, and with little experience, either of fighting or diplomatising, he never failed to act with judgment and courage. He had soon ample exercise for both qualities. The government determined to

supersede the above-mentioned Moolraj, and to place a new Nazim, Sirdar Khan Sing, as Governor of Mooltan. This latter personage was accompanied to Mooltan by two officers, Mr. Vans Agnew, of the civil service, and Lieutenant Anderson, of the 1st Bombay European Fusileers, and a considerable body of troops. Moolraj, however, had no intention of losing his government, and either prompted by his own ambition, or instigated by evil councillors, he resolved to rebel. By bribes he won over the native troops who had accompanied the commissioners, and whom there can be little doubt he instigated his followers to murder. Both Mr. Agnew and Lieut. Anderson were set upon and cruelly cut to pieces—not, however, till they had written to Lieutenant Edwardes to warn him of their danger. Lieutenant Edwardes was at that time with a small force at the distance of five days' march from Mooltan. He sent a messenger to say that he would instantly set out with all the men he could collect to their assistance, while he directed Lieutenant Taylor, who was with General Courtlandt, to join him. The heat was intense ; but he pushed on, though he learned too soon that the lives of his countrymen had already been sacrificed. Moolraj was in open rebellion, collecting troops from all sides. Edwardes set to work to raise an army to oppose him, and recruiting went on actively on both sides. Edwardes did his utmost to persuade the people that it would be to their true interest to join the British. By May he had raised a force of between five and six thousand men, to which were united about fifteen hundred Sikhs, under General Courtlandt, while he was ably supported by Bhawal Khan, Newab of Bhawalpoor, with nearly twelve thou-

sand followers. With this force, having crossed the Chenab on the 19th of June, he encountered the army of Moolraj, some eighteen to twenty thousand strong, horse and foot, and twenty guns, near the village of Kineyree. The battle began at a little after seven A.M. and was not decided till half-past four P.M. It was hotly contested, and both parties fought with desperation. Out of ten guns, the enemy succeeded in carrying only two into Mooltan, to which place they retreated, leaving five hundred men dead on the field of battle. It was an important victory, but as Lieutenants Edwardes and Taylor were the only British officers present, I will not further describe it. The warning uttered to Moolraj by the murdered officers, that their countrymen would amply avenge their deaths, was about to be fulfilled.

Soon after this, Lieutenant Edwardes' force was joined by Lieutenant Lake, and other British officers. On the 1st of July was fought the battle of Suddoosam, where Dewan Moolraj, in spite of the assurances of his soothsayers that it would be an auspicious day to him, was again completely beaten, and driven up to the very walls of his capital. In this battle fell a gallant soldier, Captain Macpherson, in the service of the Nawab of Bhawalpoor, under Lieutenant Lake. The next day a serious accident happened to Lieutenant Edwardes. His pistol exploded as he was putting it into his belt, and the ball passing through his right hand, deprived him for ever of the use of it. His sufferings were great till the arrival of Dr. Cole, a young and excellent English surgeon, who won the affection of all the wounded natives he attended. The four chief leaders in these actions received the thanks

of the Governor in council, and all the credit they so fully deserved; nor was a brave Irishman, Mr. Quin, who volunteered to serve under Lieutenant Edwardes, and rendered him most efficient aid, overlooked.

There can be little doubt, that from the ill-defended condition of Mooltan, these successes might have been followed up by the capture of the city itself, had the victorious army been allowed at once to attack it; but the higher authorities decided otherwise, and Lieutenant Edwardes' force was directed to wait till the arrival of a regular army to commence the siege.

Moolraj, consequently, was allowed time to complete the defences of Mooltan, which he rendered very formidable. It may surprise some of my readers to find Lieutenant Edwardes acting as a General, and General Courtlandt serving under him as a Colonel of a Sikh regiment. The latter had been a General in the Sikh army, and now, though received in the British service, he still retained his former rank, though he did duty as a colonel, while the appointment held by Lieutenant Edwardes made him his superior officer in the field. Lieutenant Edwardes' rise, owing to his talents and indefatigable industry, had been rapid. He landed in India in January, 1841, without either friends or interest, and devoted his time to the study of languages, history and policy of British India, and would have, in 1845, received some high appointment in the civil service, had not Sir Hugh Gough made him an aide-de-camp on his personal staff—an appointment which served as a stepping-stone to his subsequent success.

No sooner had Sir Frederick Currie, the resident at Lahore, received information that Moolraj had shut

himself up in Mooltan, than he dispatched General Whish, with a train of heavy siege guns, to invest it. Meantime the fort was surrounded, and closely invested by the troops under Lieutenant Edwardes and the Nawab of Bhawalpoor, and had thus at their command the revenues and resources of the whole district. Lieutenant Edwardes was now joined by Lieutenant Lumsden and a young lad, Hugo James, who had come out to seek for a cadetship—a gallant boy. As he had come out to learn the art of fighting, his chief afforded him every opportunity of doing so, and “used to give him a few hundred men to take into any ugly place that wanted stopping up.”

Steamers had found their way up the mighty Indus into the Chenab, and two of their officers, Captain Christopher and Mr. McLawrin, frequently joined their mess. The steamers were employed in capturing the boats and otherwise harassing the enemy. The English leader had a great cause of anxiety from the approach of a large Sikh force, under Rajah Sher Sing, whose fidelity he had every reason to doubt. The Sikhs advanced, however, and encamped before the city, and Moolraj lost no time in endeavouring to corrupt both their leaders and common soldiers. With the latter he succeeded too well, as the sequel will show. Meantime, Moolraj was actively recruiting, and numbers from the Sikh country flocked to his standard. Thus matters went on till the arrival of General Whish, under whom the right column of the British army encamped at Seetul-Ke-Maree, on the 18th of August, 1848. Moolraj, hearing of his approach, resolved to attempt surprising him before he reached the city. Accordingly, on the night of the 16th, he sent out a

strong force, accompanied by artillery horses ready harnessed, to bring away the guns they expected to capture. Now it happened that on that very day Lieutenant Edwardes, not wishing to have the Sikh force between him and General Whish, had exchanged positions with it, and both armies, according to custom, had in the evening fired a *feu de joie* on the occasion, prolonged by General Courtlandt's gunners in honour of their approaching friends. This heavy cannonade put the British camp on the *qui vive*, and the General ordered all the tents to be struck, and the troops to get under arms, in case it should be necessary to march to Mooltan, and assist in the supposed engagement with the enemy. Scarcely had this been done than the rebel detachment reached the British camp, and instead of finding all plunged in sleep, except the usual sentries, they were received with such a rattling fire, that after fruitlessly assailing the pickets, they fled in confusion, as many as possible mounting the artillery horses, which they had brought for so different a purpose. In the affair the British had only six men and two horses wounded, and none killed, while the enemy lost forty killed, many more wounded, and some taken prisoners. It is one of the numberless examples to be brought forward of the importance of being on the alert in the neighbourhood of an enemy. How disastrous might have been the consequences had General Whish's army not been aroused and prepared for an enemy on that occasion.

Moolraj made every attempt to destroy his enemies; and contriving to send three traitors into the camp of the irregulars, who got employed as cooks, Lieutenant Edwardes, Lake, Lumsden, Courtlandt, Hugo James,

and Cole, who were dining together, were very nearly all poisoned. The wretches were shaved, flogged, and turned out of the camp, when they fled to Mooltan as fast as their legs could carry them.

SIEGE OF MOOLTAN.

AND now the avenging army arrived before Mooltan. General Whish's head quarters were with the right column, the left was under Brigadier Salter, and arrived on the 19th August, 1848, while the heavy siege guns, under Major Napier, with the sappers and miners, commanded by Captain H. Siddons, did not reach head quarters till the 4th of September. The European regiment attached to each column came as far as practicable by water. The irregular force under Edwardes and Lake being encamped the distance of six miles from that of General Whish, it was necessary to move it closer up to the latter, to prevent the enemy's cavalry from passing between them. The very position taken up, it was found, was within gunshot of Mooltan; but as it was an important one to hold, Lieutenant Edwardes resolved to keep it. It was not obtained without some fighting, where Lake and Pollock greatly distinguished themselves. Hugo James and Captain Christopher accompanied Lieutenant Edwardes into the field, and greatly assisted him in carrying orders. The latter rode about with a long sea telescope under his arm, just as composedly as if he had been on the deck of his own vessel. Encamping within shot of the enemy's walls is unheard of in

regular warfare ; and the irregulars soon found it anything but pleasant. One Sunday, during the service held by the chief for the benefit of all the Christians under him, the little congregation was disturbed by about twenty shot falling round the tents in the space of a very few minutes ; and when at length one found its billet, and smashed a man's thigh at the door, a general rush was made to the guns, and the whole strength of the artillery bent upon the Bloody Bastion until its fire was silenced.

On another occasion, Major Napier had one night gone over to visit Edwardes. They were sipping tea, and breathing the cool night air, while Lake, exhausted with his day's work, was fast asleep in his bed, under the same awning as themselves, when the rebel gunners, seeming to awake, one shot buried itself hissing in the sand by Napier's side, and then another passed close by his friend.

A third fell at the head of Lake's bed, and his servant immediately got up, and with great carefulness turned his bed round. Lake gave a yawn, and asked, sleepily, "What's the matter?" "Nothing," replied the bearer, "it's only a cannon ball!" Lake went to sleep again. Five minutes later, another fell at his feet, when the good bearer again shifted his master's bed. Once more Lake asked, half asleep, "What's the matter *now*?" and was told in reply, "*Another* cannon ball—nothing more!"—on which he said, "Oh!" and returned calmly to the land of dreams. Various plans were suggested for carrying on the siege against the place, which, it was discovered, was very formidable, and not easily to be taken. Constant skirmishes took place. The European soldiers took

the night duty in the trenches, to avoid the heat of the day.

On the night of the 9th September, it became necessary to dislodge the enemy from a position they had taken up among some houses and gardens in front of the trenches; and four companies of her Majesty's 10th regiment, a wing of the 49th Native Infantry, the rifle company of the 72nd Native Infantry, and two of General Van Courtlandt's horse artillery guns accordingly advanced, and a very sharp night fight ensued. Ignorance of the localities, and the darkness and confusion consequent on a hastily planned night attack, rendered the gallant efforts of the troops useless; and, after a considerable loss in killed and wounded, they were withdrawn. Lieutenant-Colonel Pattoun, of the 32nd Foot, led the attack with great gallantry. Lieutenant Richardson, Adjutant of the 49th Native Infantry, an officer of herculean frame, rushed at the barricaded door of the house most strongly occupied by the enemy, and with a mighty effort dashed it in among the rebel inmates, who threw themselves forward to oppose his entrance. Seeing that the party was too strong for him, he seized the foremost Sikh soldier in his arms, and with his body thus shielded, backed out of the enclosure, when he hurled the half-strangled rebel back among his friends. He did not escape, however, without some severe wounds about his head and arms.

Captain Christopher had from the first arrival of the steamers at Mooltan shown the usual willingness of his profession to co-operate with his brother officers on shore. On the night in question he had already once conducted some reinforcements to Colonel Pat-

toun's assistance, but the fighting at the outposts still raged with unabated fury. Another reinforcement came up, but had no guide. "Will no one show us the way?" asked the officer of the party, looking round on the tired occupants of the trenches. "I will," replied Christopher; and putting himself at their head, he steered them with the steadiness of a pilot through ditches and gardens, under a roaring fire of musketry. Ere he reached the spot, a ball hit him on the ankle, and shivered the joint to pieces. He was borne out of the fight, but never recovered from the wound; and three weeks afterwards was numbered with the brave who fell at the siege.

The British army continued forming their approaches for the attack, and the rebels at the same time laboured without ceasing to strengthen their position. On the 12th of September, General Whish determined to clear his front. The action commenced at seven A.M. by the irregulars, under Lumsden, Lake, and Courtlandt, making an attack to distract the attention of the enemy on the left, when they expelled the enemy from an important village, and captured their magazine and hospital. Two British columns now advanced to do the real business of the day: the right, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Pattoun, the left by Lieutenant-Colonel Franks; while three squadrons of cavalry, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Wheeler, protected the British flanks. Both the rebels and British troops fought desperately. Moolraj's entrenched position was fiercely assailed, and fiercely defended. Scarcely a man of its defenders escaped to tell their chief how calmly the young English engineer, Lieutenant Grindall, planted

the scaling-ladders in their grim faces; how vainly they essayed to hurl it back; how madly rushed up the grenadiers of the 32nd; with what a yell the brave Irish of the 10th dropped down among them from the branches of the trees above; and how like the deadly conflict of the lion and tiger in a forest den, was the grapple of the pale English with the swarthy Sikhs in that little walled space the rebels thought so strong.

Full three hundred of Moolraj's dead soldiers lay in a heap in that enclosure. Beside them, stretched on his back, with his fist fixed in death on his faithful firelock, lay a noble soldier of that noble corps, the 10th, with a small round wound in his forehead, but a smile of victory on his lip that would never fade again.

On this day fell Major Montizambert, of the 10th; Colonel Pattoun, Quarter-Master Taylor, Lieutenant Cubitt, and Ensign Lloyd; while Major Napier, the chief engineer, was among the wounded. Altogether, thirty-nine men were killed, and two hundred and sixteen wounded. This victory of Dhurum Sálah gained the besieging army a distance to the front of some eight or nine hundred yards, and brought them within battering distance of the city walls. Everybody expected that in a few hours Mooltan would be won, when the astounding news reached General Whish, that Rajah Sher Sing and his whole army had gone over to the enemy. A council of war was on this immediately held, when it was decided that the siege of Mooltan should be raised, and that the British army should retire to a short distance, and there, holding a dignified attitude, wait for reinforcements. Rajah Sher Sing was, however, received with sus-

picion by Moolraj, and so, in a short time, he marched off to join his father and other insurgent chiefs. It was soon evident that the greater part of the Sikh population was insurgent. The only remedy for this state of things, it was agreed, was the annexation of the Punjab—Mooltan, however, must first be taken.

The interval was not passed idly. Lieutenant Taylor prepared all sorts of contrivances for facilitating siege operations, and General Courtlandt's sappers, and Lieutenant Lumsden's guides, prepared the enormous number of 15,000 gabions, and 12,000 fascines. Moolraj was also actively employed in strengthening his defences, and in endeavouring to gain over the neighbouring chiefs to his cause. One of the most important features in the scenery round Mooltan was the Wulle Muhommud canal, which runs past the western side of the city, and the eastern of the village of Sooruj Koond. The water had been drained off by Lieutenant Glover, by damming up the mouth at the Chenab. The enemy were intrenched within this canal under the walls of the city, and General Whish determined to attack them on the 7th of November, and to drive them out at the point of the bayonet. The attack was to be made at daylight, on both sides of the canal, by a strong British brigade on the east, and by the irregular force on the west, each division carefully keeping on its own side of the canal, to prevent the friendly irregulars from being mistaken for the foe. On the very day before, some 220 men of one of General Courtlandt's regiments, called the Kuthár Mookhee, who had been placed in an advanced battery, deserted to the enemy, and endeavoured to carry off Lieutenant Pollock with them; but he was

rescued by the rest of the regiment, who remained faithful; and, in spite of this defection, he, assisted in a true comrade spirit by Lieutenant Bunny, of the Artillery, and Lieutenant Paton, of the Engineers, held the post with unflinching constancy till day. In consequence of this desertion, it was not deemed prudent to trust the other regiments of the same force with the posts which had been assigned to them. Lieutenant Edwardes, with his irregulars, was to supply their place; but, when all was prepared, the enemy himself attacked the British position, and the very men whose fidelity had been doubted gave such evident proof of their loyalty, that they were allowed to take part in the action.

The enemy were soon repulsed, and the British advanced, as had been intended. It was at this time that a body of Rohillas irregulars, disregarding the order they had received, to keep on the west side of the canal, crossed over and captured a gun on the eastern bank, when they were mistaken by the Sepoys for some of Moolraj's troops, who instantly fired on them. Two had been shot down, when Private Howell, of her Majesty's 32nd Foot, perceiving what was going on, leaped down the canal, and putting himself in front of the Rohillas, faced the British troops, and waved his shako on the end of his bayonet, as a signal to cease firing. By his presence of mind and courage many friendly lives were saved. Brigadier Markham afterwards presented Howell with fifty rupees at the head of his regiment, sent to him by Lieutenant Edwardes. On this occasion, Lieutenants Lake and Pollock, and Mr. Hugo James, again distinguished themselves, and especially did so Dr. Cole, who not only attended to those who were hurt on his own

side, but saved the lives of many wounded Sikhs on the field of battle—an act only to be performed by one who adds the courage of a soldier to the humanity of a physician.

Brigadier Markham led the British column. Proceeding with the force under his command across the bridges over the nullah, on the right of the allied camp in the Sooruj Koond, in open column, flanking the enemy's position, they brought their shoulders forward to the left, and proceeded directly across their rear. When they had advanced sufficiently far to ensure overlapping the most distant part of their position, they wheeled into line three guns on the right, and three on the left, the whole of the cavalry (with the exception of a small party with the guns) on their right flank. The reserve, in quarter-distance column, in rear of the centre of the right brigade, advanced steadily in *échelon* of brigade, at fifty paces distant from the right, under a smart fire of grape and round shot. General Markham, observing a large body of the enemy moving on his right, ordered the cavalry to attack them, to prevent them removing their guns. Major Wheeler advancing in the most brilliant manner, charged the enemy, cutting up numbers of them, and prevented the removal of the guns; then swept the whole British front, and then, reforming speedily and in good order on the left, moved off to cover the right. As the cavalry cleared the front, the horse artillery opened their fire, the line charged, and took the position, with the whole of the guns, on the bank of the nullah, driving the enemy across and up it with considerable loss. The action lasted about an hour. After the enemy's batteries had been destroyed, the troops returned to camp.

Never was there a more perfect triumph of discipline and good soldiership than in the battle of Sooruj Koond. The British troops, who were manœuvred as on parade, turned a large army out of a strong intrenchment, and routed them, with the loss of five guns, before they even understood the attack. The four leaders, Lieutenant-Colonels Franks and Brooks, and Major Wheeler, and Brigadier Markham, were all comparatively young, and no men could have behaved with more judgment, as well as gallantry and spirit.

On the 21st of December, a Bombay division, commanded by Brigadier the Hon. H. Dundas, C.B., of her Majesty's 60th Rifles, arrived before Mooltan, with Colonel Cheape as Chief Engineer, raising the army under General Whish to upwards of fifteen thousand men.

On the 27th of December, the united British force resumed the long-suspended siege of Mooltan.

The plan adopted was to make a regular attack upon the north-east angle of the citadel, and to expel the enemy only from so much of the suburbs as were actually required for the operations of the besiegers.

The portion of the suburbs so required consisted of some high brick-kilns, the cemetery of Moolraj's fathers, called Wuzeerabad, and Moolraj's own garden house, Am Khas. To seize these positions was the object of the opening attack on the 27th of December. While one British column was effecting it, three others were ordered to make diversions to distract the enemy, with discretionary orders to follow according to the effect produced on the enemy, even to the taking of the positions, if facilities offered. The third column was

composed of the whole disposable force of the Irregulars. Facilities did offer, and Brigadier Dundas captured, occupied, and crowned with guns some most important positions which commanded the city. The whole of the suburbs were now occupied by the British army, and it was resolved to take the city also. On this occasion Major Edwardes says that Lieuts. Lake, Pollock, Pearse, and Young all distinguished themselves, as did his writer, the brave Mr. Quin, who led on the Sooraj Mookhee regiment; but the palm was carried off by a new volunteer, Mr. McMahon, who had joined him only a few days before, and who now earned his title to be brought especially to notice, by encountering in single combat the leader of the enemy's infantry, a powerful Sikh, whom he killed with one blow which divided his head.

His men at last thinking themselves responsible for his safety, made him prisoner, and brought him back, with bent and dripping sword, to where Major Edwardes and Sir Henry Lawrence were standing directing the movements of the troops.

On the 30th of December, a shell from a mortar laid by Lieutenant Newall, of the Bengal Artillery, pierced the supposed bomb-proof dome of the Grand Mosque in the citadel, which formed the enemy's principal magazine, and descending into the combustibles below, blew the vast fabric into the air.

On the 2nd of January, 1849, the breach in the Rhoonee Boorj, or Bloody Bastion of the city, was declared practicable, and a second at the Delhi gate was thought sufficiently good to allow of an attempt being made on it as a diversion. General Whish determined to try both, and a party from the Bengal

division was told off for the Delhi gate breach, and one from the Bombay division for the breach at the Bastion. The Irregular force was to assist both by a diversion on the left. The diversion was commenced at one P.M., and the assault by a signal from the batteries at three P.M. The storming party destined to attack the Delhi gate was led by a fine soldier, Captain Smyth, of the Grenadier company of her Majesty's 32nd regiment. Off they started with hearts beating high, but no sooner had they emerged from the suburbs, than they found themselves on the edge of a deep intervening hollow, after crossing which under a heavy fire of matchlocks, they discovered, to their surprise, that the city wall in front, about thirty feet in height, was unbreached and totally impracticable. This disagreeable fact had hitherto been concealed by the hollow, both from the breaching battery and the engineers. The gallant band had therefore to retire; but without loss of time hurried round to the breach at the Bloody Bastion, to assist their more fortunate comrades in the city.

The Bloody Bastion was assaulted by three companies of the 1st Bombay Fusiliers, under Captain Leith.

They found the breach easy to be surmounted, but it was intrenched inside, and a most bloody struggle ensued, in which the brave Captain Leith was severely wounded, and had to be carried to the rear; but his place was at once taken by Lieutenant Gray, and the red coats pushed onwards. The first to mount was Colour Sergeant John Bennet, of the 1st Fusiliers, who having planted the colours of Old England on the very crest of the breach, stood beside them till the flag and staff were riddled with balls. On rushed

the Fusiliers; they remembered the legends of their ancient corps, and closing with the rebels, soon made the city of Mooltan their own. "Then arose from every crowded height and battery whence the exciting struggle had been watched, the shouts of applauding comrades; and through the deafening roar of musketry, which pealed along the ramparts, and marked the hard-earned progress of the victorious columns through the streets, both friend and foe might distinctly hear that sound never to be forgotten—the 'Hurrah!' of a British army after battle."

Thus fell the blood-stained city of Mooltan. Where are now the citizens who hooted on the murderers of Anderson and Agnew?—the idolators who, with fresh painted foreheads and garlands of flowers in their hands, prostrated themselves with joy before their unconscious gods, and thanked them for the death of the Christians? Silent, shame-stricken, hiding in holes and corners, invisible, or kneeling in the mud for mercy—mercy from the Christian conqueror, to whose countrymen they had shown none!

Thus Major Edwardes, who may well say "*Quorum pars magna fui*," describes the fall of Mooltan.

No sooner did Moolraj discover that the city was captured, than leaving three-fourths of his army to the mercy of the victors, he retired with three thousand picked men into the citadel, intending to hold out till he could make advantageous terms for himself. The garrison who could escape made the best of their way over the city walls, and fled to their homes. Never did a city present a more awful scene of retribution than did that of Mooltan. Scarcely a roof or wall which had not been penetrated by En-

glish shells, and whole houses, scorched and blackened by the bombardment, seemed about to fall over the corpses of their defenders. The citadel itself was now closely invested, and incessantly shelled; so that there was scarcely a spot within the walls where the besieged could find shelter. In this siege the blue jackets of Old England, as well as the red coats, took a part. Commander Powell, of the Honourable East Company's Navy, at the head of a body of seamen, worked one of the heavy batteries, from the commencement to the termination of the siege. "It was a fine sight to see their manly faces, bronzed by long exposure to the burning sun of the Red Sea, or Persian Gulf, mingling with the dark soldiers of Hindoostan, or contrasting with the fairer, but not healthier, occupants of the European barrack. They looked on their battery as their ship; their eighteen pounders as so many sweethearts, and the embrasures as port-holes. 'Now, Jack, shove your head out of that port, and just hear what my little girl says to that 'ere pirate, Moll Rag' (Moolraj?) was the kind of conversation heard *on board* of the sailor battery by those passing."

The citadel still held out, but by the 19th two breaches had been effected, and the assault was fixed for six A.M. on the 22nd. Before that hour the traitor sent in his submission, asking only for his own life and the honour of his women. The answer from General Whish was that the British government "wars not with women and children, and that they would be protected, but that he had neither authority to give Moolraj his life nor to take it." Thus Moolraj was compelled to make an unconditional surrender.

This second siege of Mooltan occupied twenty-seven

days, and the British loss was 210 men killed, and 982 wounded. One of the last acts of the victors was to disinter the bodies of Agnew and Anderson, and to carry them to an honoured resting-place on the summit of Moolraj's citadel, through the broad and sloping breach which had been made by the British guns in the walls of the rebellious fortress of Mooltan.*

* I am chiefly indebted to that valuable work, "A Year in the Punjab," by Major Edwardes, for the preceding account of the capture of Mooltan. That work concludes by some admirable hints to the young soldier. He tells how he raised and kept together his army of irregulars. "I found five different countries oppressed by one tyrant, and removed him. I found three chiefs in exile, and restored them. Those countries and those chiefs rallied round me in my hour of need, and were my army. I had fixedness of purpose—a determination to make many barbarians' wills give way to one that was civilized. No man assisted me without being rewarded, and no man opposed me without being punished. This was well known; and when I held up my hand for soldiers, the soldiers came.

"The army thus raised was fed and paid out of the revenues of the country which it conquered.

"Irregular troops are either successful, or defeated at once. So I threw my whole strength into the advance, and never let them stop, but kept them always moving, if it was but an inch.

"The force was kept together during nine months of varying success by regular pay and kind treatment. The officers sat twice a-day with me in Durbar; I learned to know them all—their character, their circumstances, their prejudices, and their wants; and by living the same life that they did, wearing the same dress, talking the same language, and sharing with them all dangers and fatigues, they became attached to me, and I to them. I believe that when the war was over, and we had seen our mutual enemy subdued, to part was a mutual sorrow."

What became of Moolraj? it will be asked. He was found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged; but recommended to mercy

THE PUNJAB CAMPAIGN,

1848—49.

AFFAIR AT RAMNUGGUR,

November 22.

THE Sikhs and Afghans having formed a combination against the British power, a large force was quickly assembled at Ferozpoor, under the immediate orders of Lord Gough, the Commander-in-Chief.

Shere Singh and Chuttar Sing having effected a junction on the 21st of October, their forces amounted to thirty thousand. On the 21st of November Lord Gough joined the British army assembled at Saharum. The Sikh forces were found posted at Ramnuggur. In front of this place flows the Chenab river, which has in mid channel a small island, on which, protected by a grove of trees, was placed a battery of six guns, with some four hundred men. The enemy also having boats on the river, and command of the fort, had pushed across a considerable number of infantry and cavalry. The British army having arrived in front of this strong position, a reconnoissance was made in

as the "victim of circumstance," and banished across the seas. The brave and talented General Courtlandt was received into the British service. Lake, Lumsden, Taylor, Young, and Pearse were promoted, and their names have since become better known to fame. Young Hugo James received a cadetship; the brave Mac Mahon was rewarded according to his deserts. Nor was the gallant Irishman, Mr. Quin, overlooked; though I cannot discover that he obtained that rank in the army which was undoubtedly the reward he would have coveted.

force with cavalry and horse artillery. The Sikhs, confident in their numbers and the strength of their position, sent across their cavalry, who rode as if in defiance before the British army. A charge of the 3rd Light Dragoons, aided by light cavalry, had chastised on one point the presumption of the Sikhs. William Havelock, the Colonel of the 14th, entreated to be allowed to attack another body of the enemy, and to this Colonel Cureton consented. The Commander-in-Chief also riding up, said, "If you see a favourable opportunity of charging—charge." The gallant old Colonel soon made the opportunity. "Now, my lads," he exclaimed, boldly leading his dragoons to the onset, "we shall soon see whether we can clear our front of those fellows or not." The Sikhs made a show of standing the charge, and some of them stood well. Captain Gall, while grasping a standard, had his right hand cut through by the stroke of a Sikh sword, and Lieutenant Fitzgerald's head was cleft in two by a blow from one of the enemy's weapons; but the mass of the Sikhs opened out right and left, and gave way before their victors. Colonel Cureton, however, on seeing the 14th charge, exclaimed, "That is not the body of horse I meant to have been attacked:" and riding to the front, received in his gallant breast a matchlock ball, which killed him on the spot.

"Again the trumpets of the 14th sounded, and overturning all who opposed them, onward in the direction of the island that gallant regiment took their course. The Sikh battery opened on them a heavy fire, and there was a descent of some four feet into the flat; but Havelock, disregarding all difficulties,

and riding well a-head of his men, exclaimed, as he leaped down the declivity, 'Follow me, my brave lads, and never heed the cannon shot.' These were the last words he was ever heard to utter. The dragoons got among broken ground filled with Sikh marksmen, who kept up a withering fire on the tall horsemen, throwing themselves flat on their faces whenever they approached. After many bold efforts, the 14th were withdrawn from the ground, but their commander never returned from that scene of slaughter." In this unfortunate cavalry affair eighty-seven men were killed, and a hundred and fifty wounded.

ACTION OF SADOOLAPOOR,

3rd December, 1848.

MAJOR-GENERAL THACKWELL, with her Majesty's 24th and 61st regiments of Infantry, and 3rd Light Dragoons, five regiments of Native Infantry, two of light and one of irregular cavalry, three troops of horse artillery and two light field batteries, crossed the Chenab, to attack Sher Sing at Sadoolapoor. After sustaining and returning a heavy cannonade of four hours, darkness came on ; and though the cavalry were ready to charge, no opportunity occurred for their so doing. Sir Joseph, having the example of Moodkee and Ferozeshuhur before him, wisely determined to avoid storming the enemy's position at night. He would not in the dark precipitate his brave troops, broken and wearied, into a labyrinth of tents, waggons, and tumbrels, among exploding mines and expense magazines. "At midnight the Sikhs

retreated, and at daybreak on the 4th, it was found that Sher Sing had already deserted his camp, blown up his magazines, and was in full retreat on the Jhelum." On the 7th of November, a gallant attack was made on the position of the enemy on the eastern side of the grand canal by the troops under Brigadier-General F. Markham. In this spirited affair the 10th and 32nd regiments shared. The latter was commanded by Major Inglis.* The enemy's strongly intrenched position was carried, and four of his guns captured, without firing a shot.

BATTLE OF CHILIANWALA,

13th January, 1849.

AFTER the fall of the fortress of Attock, which had so long and so gallantly been defended by Major Herbert, Lord Gough determined to attack the force of Sher Sing, then posted in his front at the village of Chilianwala, before he could be joined by his son, Sirdar Chuttur Sing.

The British army was marched round to take the village in the rear, and it was late in the day before they reached the ground where it was proposed they should encamp, it being Lord Gough's intention to attack early in the morning. While, however, the Quarter-Master General was in the act of taking up ground for the encampment, the enemy advanced some horse artillery, and opened a fire on the skirmishers in front of the village. Lord Gough imme-

* Afterwards the heroic defender of Lucknow.

diately ordered them to be silenced by a few rounds from the heavy guns, which advanced to an open space in front of the village. Their fire was instantly returned by that of nearly the whole of the enemy's field artillery, thus exposing the position of his guns, which the jungle had hitherto concealed.

It now became evident that the enemy intended to fight, and Lord Gough drew up his forces in order of battle. Sir Walter Gilbert's division was on the right, that of General Campbell on the left; the heavy guns were in the centre, under Major Horsford, which commenced the engagement by a well-directed and powerful fire on the enemy's centre. The cannonade had lasted about an hour, when Major-General Campbell's division was ordered to advance against the enemy. Part of it was victorious, but the brigade of General Pennycuik met a terrific repulse. "Its advance was daring in the extreme, but over-impetuous. The order to charge was given at too great a distance from the enemy, consequently its British regiment, the gallant 24th, outstripped its native regiments, mistaking the action of their brave leaders, Brigadier Pennycuik and Lieut.-Colonel Brookes, who waved their swords above their heads, for the signal to advance in double quick time. The 24th, consequently, led by Colonel Brookes, rushed breathless and confused, upon the enemy's batteries. Close to their position, it received a deadly shower of grape; and, while shattered by its fatal effects, was torn to pieces by a close fire poured in by the Bunno troops from behind a screen of jungle. The brigade was thrown into utter confusion. The most desperate efforts of the officers availed not to restore order.

Colonel Brookes, with numbers of his brave 24th men, fell among the guns. Brigadier Pennycuik was slain at the commencement. His son, Ensign Pennycuik, when he saw his father fall, rushed forward, and striding over his prostrate body, attempted to keep his assailants in check; but the fierce Sikhs rushed on, and hacked the gallant youth to pieces. Besides these brave chiefs, five captains, three lieutenants, and three ensigns of the 24th, were killed, while many more were wounded; making in all twenty-three officers, and 459 men. The Sikhs, seeing their advantage, cut down their opponents with savage fury, and at length compelled the shallow remnant of the regiment to fly in disorder."

The cavalry brigade was also brought forward in a way contrary to all the rules of warfare. Advancing in line through a dense forest, they came suddenly upon a strong body of Ghorchurras, intoxicated with the stimulating drug which the heroes of the east call to the aid of their valour. These fanatics, riding furiously towards them, killed some, and wounded others, among whom was their brave colonel. At this moment a voice was heard to shout, "Threes about!" It was a fatal order. Wheeling round, the British dragoons fled, panic-struck, followed by the Ghorchurras, even among the ranks of the artillery. It was now that their chaplain, who was attending to some of the wounded in the rear, seeing them approach, grasped a sword, and leaped on a charger standing near him. "My lads," he exclaimed, "you have listened to my preaching, listen to me now. About, and drive the enemy before you!" Saying this, he placed himself at their head, and, encouraged

by his gallant example, they once more wheeled about, and uniting with the rest of the regiment, who had been rallied by their colonel, charging furiously, drove back the enemy, and retrieved their honour. Among the officers slain on this occasion, was Lieutenant A. J. Cureton, the son of Colonel Cureton, who was killed at Ramnuggur.

On the extreme left, however, the cavalry under Sir Joseph Thackwell was victorious wherever they encountered the enemy. The left brigade, under Brigadier Mountain, distinguished itself, while the right attack of infantry, under Sir Walter Gilbert, was perfectly successful: indeed, the disasters of that fatal evening were caused, in the first place, by engaging so late in the day, and, in the case of the 24th regiment, from the over-impetuosity of the officers; and in that of the 14th Light Dragoons, from being suddenly attacked on unfavourable ground, and from receiving wrong orders during the confusion into which they were consequently thrown. Completely did the regiment afterwards retrieve its honour in subsequent actions. The Sikhs retreated, the British remained masters of the field. Their loss was, however, very great. Twenty-six European officers, and 731 men killed, and sixty-six officers and 1,446 men wounded, was a heavy price to pay for so small an advantage. Never, indeed, had a British army in India, prepared for battle, suffered what was more like a defeat, than on this disastrous occasion.

BATTLE OF GOOJERAT,

21st February, 1849.

AFTER the battle of Chilianwala, the Sikhs were joined by a body of 1,500 Afghan horse, under Akram Khan, a son of Dost Mohamed Khan. Compelled, however, by want of supplies, they quitted their intrenchments, and took up a fresh position with 60,000 men, and fifty-nine pieces of artillery, between Goojerat and the Chenab. From this they probably intended marching on Lahore, but were prevented by a brigade under Major-General Whish, who was detached to guard the fords above and below Wuzeerabad, while Lord Gough advanced towards them—the whole army burning to avenge the loss of their comrades who had fallen on the 13th of January, many of whom, when lying wounded, had been cruelly slaughtered by the Sikhs. This time Lord Gough took good care to commence the action at an earlier hour in the day. At half-past seven in the morning, on the 21st of February, the sky clear and cloudless, and the sun shining brightly on the extended line of bayonets and sabres, with the precision of a parade, the British army advanced to meet the foe. The Sikh artillery opened at a long distance, thus exposing the position of their guns. With good judgment Lord Gough therefore halted the infantry out of the range of fire, and pushed forward the whole of his guns, which were covered by skirmishers.

The Sikh guns were served well and rapidly; but the terrific fire of the British artillery at length compelled the enemy to fall back, when the infantry

were deployed, and a general advance directed, covered by artillery.

A village in which a large body of the enemy's artillery was concealed, lay directly in the line of Sir Walter Gilbert's advance. This was carried by the 3rd Brigade, under General Penny, in the most brilliant style, the enemy being driven from their cover with great slaughter. Here the 2nd European regiment distinguished itself. At the same time a party of Brigadier Harvey's Brigade, most gallantly led by Lieutenant-Colonel Franks, of the 10th Foot, drove a large body of the enemy from another village. The infantry continued to advance, while the heavy guns as well as field batteries kept pace with them, unlimbering in successive positions for effective action. The rapid advance and admirable fire of the horse artillery and light field batteries, strengthened by two reserved troops of horse artillery under Lieutenant-Colonel Brind, broke the enemy's ranks at all points. The other villages were stormed, the guns in position carried, fifty-three pieces falling into the hands of the victors, the camp with baggage and standard captured, and the whole army of Sher Sing routed in every direction. The cavalry had hitherto been restrained from taking too active a part in the action, though the brigades on either flank were occasionally threatened and attacked by large masses of the enemy's horsemen. Each time, however, by their steady movements and spirited manœuvres, ably supported by the horse artillery attached to them, the British cavalry put the foe to flight. A large body of Goorchuras, with some Afghan cavalry, appearing on the right, a bril-

liant and successful charge was made on them by some troops of the 9th Lancers with the Scinde horse, when several standards were captured. The 14th Light Dragoons and other cavalry regiments, by their bold front and gallant conduct, whenever the enemy approached, contributed much to the success of the day.

The enemy on all sides now took to flight. The right wing and General Campbell's division passed in pursuit to the eastward of Goojerat, and the Bombay division to the westward.

"Then from either flank the horse, unbroken and in perfect order, swept forward to do the work of final retribution. The two columns speedily got into communication. Onward they moved in union, cutting down, dispersing, riding over, and trampling the flying or scattered infantry, capturing guns and wag-gons, strewing the paths with dead and dying, forward they moved in their irresistible course, and converted a beaten army into a shapeless, hideous mass of helpless fugitives."

The Sikh army were soon dispersed over the country, the ground strewed with the dead and wounded, and their weapons and military equipments, which they cast from them in the hopes that they might be taken for peasants or camp followers instead of soldiers.

For twelve miles did the avenging horsemen pursue the foe; and it was not till half-past four that they drew rein, when they returned exultingly to camp. Such was the battle of Goojerat, one of the most important and decisive ever fought in India. By it the power of the Sikhs was completely broken, while it taught a lesson to the Afghans, who now for the

first time had united to them, and made them feel that it was their best policy to obtain the friendship rather than the enmity of England. This great battle was won chiefly by artillery, though the infantry by their gallant advance drove back the enemy, and the cavalry, by their brilliant charges and their rapid pursuit, entirely broke and destroyed the force of the enemy. The flying army were followed up by Sir Walter Gilbert, Sir Colin Campbell, and Colonel Bradford, in three different directions. On the 3rd of March Sir Walter Gilbert came up with a portion of the fugitives, which still held together under Sher Sing and Chutta Sing, at Hoormuck, on the 11th of March, when they surrendered, and, three days afterwards, the remainder of their forces, amounting to sixteen thousand men, laid down their arms at Rawul Pindee, and forty-one pieces of artillery were given up. Dost Mahomed was pursued as far as the Khybur Pass.

In consequence of these operations, the Punjab was annexed to the Government of India.

Goojerat is borne by the 3rd, 9th, and 14th Light Dragoons, and the 10th, 24th, 29th, 32nd, 53rd, 60th and 61st regiments—while the army received the thanks of Parliament. Sir Charles Napier had been hurried out to take command, but found on his arrival that the work to be done had been achieved, and that the brave Lord Gough's last battle was a crowning victory.

THE BURMESE WAR OF 1852-3.

ON the termination of the first war with Burmah, in February, 1826, a treaty was entered into by the King of Ava at Yandaboo, by which it was agreed that there should be perpetual peace between him and the East India Company; that he would admit a British envoy and suite to his court, and send one to Calcutta; that he would not interfere with Ava, and would cede certain provinces to the Company, and pay an indemnity for the war. The King of Ava having, however, in 1852 ill treated certain British subjects residing at Rangoon, and refused all redress, an expedition was dispatched from Madras on the 28th of March of that year, under the command of Major-General Godwin, who had taken an active part in the first Burman war.

A large river, the Irrawaddy, flows from north to south through Burmah. It has several mouths. On the shores of one of them is situated the important town of Rangoon. Higher up is Proome—Martaban is on the shore of the gulf of that name. Ava, the capital, is situated in the interior.

The first service performed on the arrival of the expedition in the Irrawaddy, was the destruction of some stockades intended to impede their progress up the river; the next was the capture of Martaban.

The troops landed at 7 A.M. on the 5th of April, prepared to assault the place. Major Lockhart commanded the wing of the 80th regiment; Captain Campbell that of the 18th, of which regiment Captain Gillespie commanded the grenadiers. He was the first on the walls, the soldier following receiving several wounds. Captain Christie commanded the storming party of the 80th regiment.

Lieutenant-Colonel Reignolds commanded the whole force, which, after some skirmishing, took possession of the city. The whole operations scarcely took an hour to accomplish.

On the 11th of April Rangoon was bombarded by the fleet, and on the following day, the troops, now joined by the 51st regiment, landed, and after some tolerably warm skirmishing with the enemy who were hid in the jungle, took a strong outwork called the White Horse Redoubt. The stockade was carried by four companies of the 51st Light Infantry, under Lieutenant-Colonel B. Maur, but so intense was the heat that two officers were killed by sun-strokes, and the final attack was put off till the 14th, when Rangoon was stormed and captured. Two officers and fifteen men were killed, and fourteen officers and 118 men were wounded. Colonel B. Maur was compelled to quit the field by a stroke of the sun, and Major Errington took his place. Captain Wood, who commanded the 18th regiment, was especially mentioned for his gallantry.

On the 19th of May, a force, of which 400 of the 51st formed a part, under Major Errington, proceeded to the attack of Bassein, the chief Pagoda, which they carried in gallant style. A strong mud

fort, called the Citadel, was next attacked by a party composed of a company of the 51st, and of two Madras Native Infantry regiments under Captains Rice and Bothwick. Captain Rice led on his men in gallant style, when he was shot through the lower part of the neck: Lieutenant Carter took his place, and leading on his men, was the first on the parapet. While bravely cheering them on, a musket ball struck him, and falling, he rolled down the exterior slope. He was not killed, and calling to his men, he ordered them to carry him into the work. Major Errington was also wounded. Although the defence was obstinate, the whole of the fort was in the possession of the British forty minutes after they had landed.

GALLANT DEFENCE OF MARTABAN,

26th May.

THE 49th Madras Native Infantry had been left to garrison Martaban, under Major Hall, when it was attacked by a strong force of Burmese. The garrison, however, strengthened by men of the 51st regiment, drove back the enemy in gallant style, and pursued them for some distance.

CAPTURE OF PROOME AND PEGU.

IN September a force, consisting of the 18th and 80th regiments, left Rangoon for Proome, where they arrived on the morning of the 9th of October. The

troops were landed in the evening in a suburb to the north of the town, and as they advanced towards the positions they were to occupy for the night, they were received by a sharp fire of musketry and gingalls. The grenadiers of the 80th, under Captain Christie, and two companies of the same regiment, under Captain Welch, accompanied by Brigadier Reignolds, charged the enemy, and gallantly drove them from their position. From this commencement, it was expected that there would be some warm work in taking the place; but the next morning, when the troops landed, it was found to be evacuated. One man was killed, and eight wounded.

On the 21st of November Pegu was captured by a force under Brigadier McNeill, with a loss only of six killed, and thirty-one wounded. To the success of all these operations the Navy materially contributed.

Proome was attacked on the 8th of December by a strong force of the enemy, but the Burmese were quickly repulsed.

Pegu was constantly attacked by the enemy, but they were each time repulsed, as before, by Major Hill. A body of twelve thousand men was therefore sent to his relief, who, after a toilsome march, drove the enemy before them and entered the city.

The last expedition undertaken was that under Sir John Cheape against the strong hold of Myattoon, a robber chief. The left wing was commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Sturt, of the 67th Bengal Native Infantry, and the right by Major Wigstone, of the 18th Royal Irish. The fortress had previously been assailed by a force of naval and military men, who had been driven back with the loss of Captain

Lock, Royal Navy, and other officers. On the present occasion the robbers held out bravely; but after a struggle of four hours, the fort was stormed and captured. Twenty-two men were killed, and fourteen officers and ninety-four men wounded.

The province of Pegu was attached to the British dominion, and on the 30th of June the termination of the war was officially announced. Although through the campaign there had not been much fighting, there had been a good deal of suffering and endurance, while the result altogether had been highly satisfactory. The 18th, 51st, and 80th regiments have the word Pegu on their colours.

The fleet was under the command of Admiral Austen, and Commodore Lambert, of her Majesty's ship Fox.

In the volume in which the deeds of our Blue Jackets are recorded, a full account of all the operations in which the navy took a part will be found.

WARS IN SOUTHERN AFRICA, 1846—1847 AND 1850—1853.

THE Kaffirs had for long been accustomed to levy black mail on the settlers whose farms were near the borders of Cape Colony ; but in the year 1834 their depredations assumed so formidable a character that not only the property, but the very existence of all the inhabitants was in danger, many, indeed, having been murdered by the savages, against whom it was therefore necessary to send a force of regular troops. These, although seldom amounting to a thousand men, brought the war to a conclusion in about the space of a year.

Notwithstanding the lessons they had received, in about ten years after this, the Gaika Kaffirs renewed their outrages on life and property on the frontier settlers. To put a stop to these proceedings, the government, in 1846, declared war against them, and a force organised in two divisions was sent in pursuit of them. The first division was commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Richardson, 7th Dragoon Guards. He had under him three troops of his own corps, part of the reserved battalion of the 91st regiment, two guns of the Royal Artillery, and one company of the Cape Mounted Riflemen.

Colonel Somerset, of the Cape Mounted Riflemen, commanded the second division, which was composed of one troop of the 7th Dragoon Guards, two guns

of the Royal Artillery, two companies of the 91st, and the head quarters of the Cape Mounted Riflemen, the whole force not exceeding seven thousand men. We mention the composition of the force to show the sort of troops employed. And when the nature of the country is considered, and the fierce, cunning character, and vast number of the hordes against whom they were sent, the service on which those gallant men were employed will be seen to be of no ordinary nature. There were, in the first place, supposed to be not less than sixty thousand Kaffirs in the field—a considerable number of them armed with muskets, and others mounted mostly on horses stolen from the settlers. The Amatolas, the chief scene of the war, is excessively mountainous and rocky, intersected by deep ravines, and covered with dense forests and brushwood, and affording a succession of lurking places to the Kaffirs. There are a few open spots, but in these the cunning enemy seldom ventured to expose themselves. No country could have been more unsuited for the operations of heavy cavalry, while it was only with the greatest difficulty, and often with severe loss, that waggons, conveying ammunition and provisions, could travel through it. The enemy, too, were ever active and watchful; and if not brave, according to English notions, at all events persevering in their own system of warfare, which is to form ambushes, into which they were ever attempting to lead the troops, to rush out suddenly, when unexpected, and to fire from behind walls, trees, or brushwood, or any places where they can find shelter. It was always difficult to ascertain where even their main body was to be found, and impossible, after an attack, to ascertain

where they might next appear. Had it not been from the impossibility of moving their cattle as fast as they could move themselves, they might never have been subdued. It was found at length that the most speedy way to conquer them was to march against their strong holds and cattle pens; and by driving off the herds on which they depended for subsistence, to starve them into submission. It was only indeed acting against savages in a novel form, on the general principle of warfare. Napoleon's armies were defeated over and over again, but he soon again renewed the contest. It was not till his means were utterly exhausted that he gave up the struggle to maintain his empire as hopeless.

On the 15th of April Colonel Somerset assembled his forces on the Deba flats, and while part of one division, under Major Campbell, marched into the Amatola valley, Colonel Somerset proceeded round the Amatola mountains to unite with it. Major Campbell advancing into the valley, soon found himself in front of a large body of Kaffirs, who opened a heavy fire on his men. A hill, clothed with thick bush, was to be surmounted. Bravely the British troops pushed on—thousands of Kaffirs were on every side of them, concealed among the trees, and rocks, and shrubs on the mountain slopes, shouting their war-cries of "Tzapa! Tzapa!" "Come on! Come on!" It was only surprising that the whole party were not cut off. Four of the 91st were killed, two were wounded, and several fainted from the excessive fatigue of climbing the steep mountain. On the top a body of Kaffirs appeared on the left side, but Major Campbell suspecting that it was only a ruse to direct attention

from the opposite scrub, ordered his men to look out, when a still heavier fire was opened on them both on the right and in front. The Cape corps now coming up, and a gun being got into position, the enemy were driven from their shelter, and compelled to take to flight, while eighteen hundred head of cattle discovered below were captured.

A troop of the 7th Dragoons formed part of a division which had been left in charge of the baggage. The baggage was during the day attacked by the Kaffirs, and a young settler was killed. Captain Bambrick, an old Waterloo officer, commanded the troop. He was sent in pursuit of the party of Kaffirs. On he went, fearless of a foe he looked on as despicable. The Kaffirs fled to the bush. He dashed after them some way a-head of his troop. Too late he saw his mistake. He had ordered his men to return, and was observing, "There is no place for cavalry," when he was struck by a shot. Directly afterwards he was surrounded by the savages, and must have been soon killed, as his horse with his saddle covered with blood galloped from the wood and rejoined the troop. Several other officers were wounded, and Captain Sandes, commanding an escort, was set upon by Kaffirs and cut to pieces on the same day; Colonel Hare, the Lieutenant-Governor, who was not many miles off, narrowly escaping a similar fate. While the troops were in the Amatolas, thousands of Kaffirs poured into the colony, and committed numberless outrages; Graham's Town itself, in which was a very slender garrison, being seriously threatened.

During these operations, corps of Fingoes, which had been formed co-operated with the British troops, and

behaved with considerable bravery. They were, indeed, of great service. Corps of Dutch Boers were also speedily formed, and several of volunteers, who did good service; Mr. Norden, a merchant, who commanded one of them, being killed while leading on his men. One of the most frightful passes in the mountains is known as Trumpeter's Drift. It was here that a German missionary, Schultz, had been murdered in the previous year.

On the 8th of May Colonel Richardson was ordered to Bathurst, to co-operate with Colonel Somerset for the protection of Lower Albany. His road lay through the pass. Captain Schonswar had charge of the advance guard of waggons. When Colonel Richardson reached the defile, he found the advanced guard hotly engaged with the Kaffirs. The waggons being drawn up, it was represented to the Colonel that it would be impossible to advance down a steep declivity, with dense woods on every side, the path being so narrow that the waggons could only proceed in single file. "We are ordered to Trumpeter's," was his answer; and, as his men were falling rapidly about him, he ordered them to dismount, each man of the centre file taking charge of the horses, while the rest were extended in skirmishing order. In like manner they had to fight their way through the bush down to the river, and up the hill on the other side, the whole time exposed to the fire of the enemy, who were generally concealed in the bush. In some places the Kaffirs attempted to stop the progress of the troops, by rushing into the road in front, when the dragoons were forced to clear the way through them. Often they would approach

within five yards to fire and drop down in the bush directly they had discharged their pieces.

One savage made a dash at Mr. Butter, of the 9th. The English officer had not time to raise his rifle to his shoulder, but, discharging it at hazard, he shot the Kaffir dead when close upon him. In this way the troops were hotly engaged from nine o'clock till noon—the enemy in vain endeavouring to attain their object of capturing the ammunition waggons. A fresh supply of ammunition was brought up to the men engaged, from the waggon, by a party under a very heavy fire. Several men were wounded, but none were killed, though thirty or more Kaffirs were slain during the day. Such was the harassing style of warfare carried on during the whole of the campaign in Kaffirland. Fort Peddie, under charge of Colonel Lindsay, was attacked by nine thousand Kaffirs, though defended by only 150 British troops, and 100 Fingoes. The enemy advanced at first boldly, but shot and shell being sent among them, they were put to flight; Sir Harry Darell's troop of the 7th Dragoons galloping out in chase with a few Cape Mounted Rifles, accompanied by the body of Fingoes, who behaved admirably. These incidents will give an idea of the excessively harassing style of fighting in which our gallant troops engaged in the Kaffir wars were engaged. To no officer, probably, did the colony owe so much as Colonel Somerset, who, by his bravery, sagacity, perseverance, and enterprise, ultimately brought the struggle to a conclusion; the chief, Sandilli, together with his brother, and eighty of his followers, having surrendered in October, 1857.

Several British officers lost their lives through the treachery of the foe during the war.

A party had been sent to guard an important post on the Kei River. Among them were Captain Gibson and Dr. Howell, of the Rifle Brigade, and the Honourable Mr. Chetwynd, 73rd regiment. Being in want of provisions, the officers above-named, with four mounted Hottentots and forty men, went in search of some cattle which they had secured, when those on horseback went ahead of the rest of the party. They had got some distance when they were set on by an overwhelming force of Kaffirs. Two Hottentots escaped. The rest were shot down, fighting to the last, with the greatest courage. Mr. Chetwynd was shot through the heart, and Captain Gibson's body was found with six musket balls through it.

In September of the same year, five officers—Captain Baker, Lieutenant Faunt, Ensign Burnop, Dr. Campbell, of the 73rd regiment, and Dr. Lock, 7th Dragoon Guards—left Fort Wellington to determine the locality of a mountain near the Kei. On their return through a narrow ravine, they were set upon by overwhelming numbers of Kaffirs. They defended themselves bravely, fighting to the last, but were literally hacked to pieces, and their bodies cut limb from limb. Sir Harry Smith was sent out as Governor of the Cape Colony in 1847. Peace was maintained with the Kaffirs till 1850, when they again gave indubitable signs of their intention of rebelling; and accordingly Sir Harry Smith determined to be beforehand with them, and Colonel Mackinnon, who had a force of about seven hundred

men, was directed to commence operations on the Keiskamma river for the purpose of securing Sandilli. He was, however, attacked in the Keiskamma defile, and it was not without great difficulty and loss that he fought his way out. The Governor, Sir Harry Smith, was in the meantime at Fort Cox, when he was completely hemmed in by the Kaffirs. Colonel Somerset, who was stationed at Fort Hare with a small body of troops, made a vain attempt to relieve him, but was forced back on 29th December, with the loss of Lieutenants Melvin and Gordon, 91st regiment, killed in action.

On the 21st January, Fort Hare was attacked by a force of six thousand Kaffirs. They were repulsed after a sharp action, in which the Fingoes most bravely aided the British. The Kaffirs appeared at first everywhere successful, and the position of the English troops appeared very critical. Sir Harry Smith, however, with a flying escort, fought his way out of Fort Cox, and the British forces being formed in two divisions, one under Colonel Somerset, and the other under Colonel Mackinnon, took the field in earnest. The Hottentots in Lower Albany revolting, Colonel Somerset marched against them, and speedily surrounding their chief stronghold, after a severe battle, compelled them to submit.

The army now pushed into the Amatola and Fish River Bush, where the 2nd Queen's Royal Regiment lost Captain Oldham, four sergeants, and nineteen men killed; and four corporals and nineteen men wounded. The regiment gained great credit by the way in which they scoured that difficult country in search of the foe. Among the brave men who fell in this desperate

style of warfare, was Lieutenant-Colonel Fordyce, commanding the 74th, on the 6th of November. He was hit while giving directions to a company of his regiment, who were skirmishing in the bush. He lived but a few minutes after being struck. While being borne from the field on a stretcher, his last words were, "Take care of my poor regiment, I am ready." Thus died an excellent officer, and a truly Christian man. Lieutenants Norris, Carey, Gordon, and Ensign Rickets were also killed about the same time.

On the 1st of January, 1852, Major Eardley Wilmot was killed; Surgeon Davis, 43rd, on the 14th February; and the Honourable H. Wrottesley, of the 43rd, on the 11th March. Sir George Cathcart relieved Sir Harry Smith in the command at the Cape, and Sir Charles York came out to command the 2nd division of the army acting in British Kaffraria. Many more troops arrived out, till in September a force of three thousand men, and four guns, were collected to clear the Kaffir fastnesses, sleeping on the ground they had gained during the day. Thus they pushed on, not, however, without suffering considerable loss; Captain Hern, of the 12th, and several men being killed, and others wounded. At length the Orange River territory was reached, and on the 20th December the troops were engaged with the Basutos, under their chief, Moshesh, who had with him a force of six thousand well-armed horsemen under considerable organization. The battle lasted from morning till night, when the Kaffirs, after suffering terrible loss, gave way, and Moshesh directly after sued for peace. In this action, Captain Faunce, 73rd, and thirty-seven men were killed; and Ensign the Honourable Hugh Annesley,

43rd, and Captain Edward Wellesley, 73rd regiments, and thirteen men, were wounded. Peace was proclaimed on the 12th March, 1853. The result of the war was of the utmost consequence to the colony. The Hottentot rebellion was extinguished—the Basutos, Tambookies, and other tribes, were subdued, and the Kaffirs were completely driven out of the Waterkloof, Fish River, and other strongholds within the colony; the Gaika people were removed to the banks of the Kei, and Sandilli, Macomo, and many lesser chiefs, surrendered at discretion.

Sir George Grey, in complimenting the troops, made a remark, the truth of which all must feel. "The field of glory opened to them in a Hottentot rebellion and Kaffir war is possibly not so favourable and exciting as that which regular warfare with an open enemy in the field affords; yet the unremitting exertions called for in hunting well-armed, yet skulking savages through the bush, and driving them from their innumerable strongholds, are perhaps more arduous than those required in regular warfare, and call more constantly for individual exertion and intelligence. The British soldier, always cheerfully obedient to the call, well knows, that when he has done his duty, he is sure to obtain the thanks and good opinion of his gracious Queen."

A dreadful accident, which occurred during this war, exhibits in a degree never surpassed, the courage, heroism, and discipline of British soldiers. Her Majesty's steamer *Birkenhead* was on her passage from Simon's Bay to Algoa Bay, with 630 souls on board, consisting of the ship's company, drafts from several regiments, and boys, women, and children. At about ten minutes past two A.M., the weather being

fine, with a heavy swell on shore, she struck. Mr. Salmond, the master, came on deck, and ordering the engines to be stopped, the boats to be lowered, and an anchor to be let go, directed the military officers, Major Seton, of the 74th regiment, and Captain Wright, of the 91st, to send the troops to the chain pumps; the order was implicitly obeyed, and perfect discipline maintained. As soon as Mr. Salmond heard that there was water in the ship, he directed the women and children to be put in the cutter in charge of Mr. Richards, master's assistant, which was done.

In ten minutes after the first concussion, and while the engines were turning astern, the ship struck again under the engine-room, and broke in two. Major Seton had called all the officers about him, and impressed on them the necessity of preserving order and silence among the men. Sixty were put on the chain pumps, and told off in three reliefs; sixty were put on to the tackles of the paddle-box boats, and the remainder were brought on the poop, so as to ease the fore part of the ship. "The order and regularity that prevailed on board from the time the ship struck till she totally disappeared, far exceeded anything that I thought could be effected by the best discipline," says one of the survivors. "This is more to be wondered at, seeing that most of the soldiers had been but a short time in the service. Every one did as he was directed, and there was not a cry or a murmur among them until the vessel made her final plunge. I could not name any individual officer who did more than another. All received their orders, and had them carried out as if the men were embarking, instead of going to the bottom; there was only this difference, that I

never saw any embarkation conducted with so little noise and confusion. Four hundred and thirty-eight men and boys perished on this sad occasion. Major Seton standing among his men, and refusing to leave them, perished with the rest." No heroes of whom we read in the page of history ever met their fate with more heroic courage than did these British soldiers embarked on board the Birkenhead, and well worthy is the account to be placed among the gallant deeds of our Red Coats.

THE WAR WITH RUSSIA,
1854—1855.

THE settled resolve of the Russian Government to crush the power of the Turks, and to take possession of Constantinople, was the cause of the declaration of war by England and France against Russia.

The war became at once popular among the British people when the news was spread that a Russian fleet, consisting of six men of war and several smaller vessels, had darted out of Sebastopol, and, taking advantage of a dense fog, had entered the harbour of Sinope, where they found a Turkish squadron of eight frigates, two schooners, and three transports, totally unprepared for battle. Admiral Nachimoff, the Russian commander, fiercely attacked them, and though the Turks fought bravely, so great was their disadvantage, that in a few hours 5,000 men were massacred, and every ship, with the exception of two, was destroyed. To prevent the recurrence of such an event, the allied fleets of England and France entered the Black Sea on the 3d of January, 1854. War was not officially declared against Russia till the 28th of March. The Guards and other regiments had, however, embarked early in February; first to rendezvous at Malta, and subsequently at Varna, on the Turkish shore of the Black Sea. The British troops, under Lord Raglan, amounted to 26,800 men of all arms; that of the French, under Marshal St. Arnaud, to nearly the same number, 26,526; and there were also

7,000 Turks, under Selim Pasha, making in all 60,300 men and 132 guns, sixty-five of which were British.

On the morning of the 14th September, the fleet conveying this magnificent army anchored off the coast, near Old Fort, distant about eighteen miles south of Eupatoria. The first British troops which landed in the Crimea were the men of No. 1 company of the 23d Welsh Fusiliers, under Major Lystons and Lieutenant Drewe. The landing continued during the whole day, without any casualties. The first night on shore the rain fell in torrents, and the troops, who had landed without tents or shelter of any sort, were drenched to the skin. On the following morning the sun shone forth, and the disembarkation continued. No enemy was encountered till the 19th, when two or three Russian guns opened fire, and a body of Cossacks were seen hovering in the distance. The Earl of Cardigan instantly charged them, and they retreated till the British cavalry were led within range of the fire of their guns, when four dragoons were killed, and six wounded—the first of the many thousands who fell during the war.

The evening of the 19th closed with rain.

BATTLE OF THE ALMA,

20th September.

WET and weary the allied troops rose on the morning of the 30th of September, 1854, to march forward to the field of battle. On their right was the sea, on which floated the British fleet; before them was the river Alma, down to which the ground sloped, with villages, orchards, and gardens spread out along its banks.

"On the other side of the river, the ground at once rose suddenly and precipitously to the height of three or four hundred feet, with table-land at the top. This range of heights, which, particularly near the sea, was so steep as to be almost inaccessible, continued for about two miles along the south bank, and then broke away from the river (making a deep curve round an amphitheatre as it were, about a mile wide), and then returned to the stream again, but with gentler slopes, and features of a much less abrupt character." The road crossed the river by a wooden bridge, and ran through the centre of the valley, or amphitheatre. Prince Menschikoff had posted the right of his army on the gentler slopes last described, and, as it was the key of his position, great preparations had been made for its defence. About half-way down the slope a large earthen battery had been thrown up, with twelve heavy guns of position; and higher up, on its right rear, was another of four guns, sweeping the ground in that direction. Dense columns of infantry were massed on the slopes, with large reserves on the heights above. A lower ridge of hills ran across the amphitheatre, and, at various points batteries of field artillery were posted, commanding the passage of the river and its approaches. In front of this part of the position, and on the British side of the river, was the village of Bourtiuk.

On their left, close to the sea, the acclivities were so abrupt, that the Russians considered themselves safe from attack. The river, which ran along the whole front, was fordable in most places, but the banks were so steep, that only at certain points could artillery be got across. A numerous body of Russian

riflemen were scattered among the villages, gardens, and vineyards spread along the banks. The Russian right was protected by large bodies of cavalry, which constantly threatened the British left, though held in check by the cavalry under Lord Lucan. The right of the allies rested on the sea, where, as close in shore as they could come, were a fleet of steamers throwing shot and shell on to the heights occupied by the Russian left.

“At about eleven A.M. the allied armies advanced, the whole front covered by a chain of light infantry. On the extreme right, and about 1,500 yards in advance of the line, was the division of General Bosquet; next, on his left, was that of General Canrobert; then the Prince Napoleon’s, with General Forey’s in his rear, in reserve. The English then took up the alignment, commencing with the 2nd division (Sir De Lacy Evans), then the light division (Sir G. Brown), and, in rear of them, the 3rd and 1st divisions respectively—the whole in column; Sir G. Cathcart, with the 4th division, being in reserve on the outward flank; the English cavalry, under the Earl of Lucan, considerably further to the left, also protecting the exposed flank and rear.”*

The French advancing gained the heights, took the enemy somewhat by surprise, and almost turned his left. He then, however, brought forward vast masses of troops against them, and it became necessary for the British more completely to occupy them in front.

The two leading English divisions (the light and

* From a work most clearly written, in an excellent and impartial spirit, and highly valuable, by Lieutenant-Colonel John Adye, C.B., R.A.

second) which had advanced across the plain in alignment with the French columns, on coming within long range of the enemy's guns, deployed into line (two deep), and whilst waiting for the further development of the French attack, were ordered to lie down, so as to present as small a mark as possible. The Russian riflemen now opened fire, and the village burst into flames. Lord Raglan, with his staff, passing the river, perceived the position of the enemy on the heights he was about to storm. He instantly ordered up some guns, which, crossing the river, opened fire, and afterwards moving up the heights, harassed the Russian columns in their retreat.

Now, with skirmishers and rifles in advance, the two leading divisions advanced towards the enemy, General Codrington's brigade leading straight for the Russian intrenched battery. The two brigades of the 2nd division were separated by the burning village. The brigade of General Pennefather moved to the left of the village, close to the Sebastopol road, and found itself in the very focus towards which the Russians were directing their heaviest fire, both of artillery and musketry. Still undaunted, though suffering terrible loss, they pressed the Russians hard, and fully occupied their centre. While other operations were going on, the light division, under Sir George Brown, having moved across the plain in a long thin line, became somewhat broken among the vineyards and inequalities of the ground; as they approached, however, they found some shelter; and at length the word was given to charge. They sprang from their cover, and with a rattling fire rushed at the foe; and General Codrington's brigade, 33rd and 23rd regiments,

and 7th Fusiliers, with the 19th on their left, and the 95th on their right, were now in direct line, and in full view of the great Russian battery. The whole British line now opened a continuous fire—the Russian columns shook—men from the rear were seen to run: then whole columns would turn and fly, halting again and facing about at short intervals; but with artillery marching on their left flank, with Codrington's brigade streaming upwards, and every moment pouring in their fire nearer and nearer as they rushed up the slope, the enemy's troops could no longer maintain their ground, but fled disordered up the hill. The Russian batteries, however, still made a fearful havoc in the English ranks, and a wide street of dead and wounded the whole way from the river upward, showed the terrific nature of the fight.

“ Breathless, decimated, and much broken, the men of the centre regiments dashed over the intrenchment and into the great battery in time to capture two guns. But the trials of the light division were not over. The reserves of the enemy now moved down. The English regiments, their ranks in disarray and sorely thinned, were forced gradually to relinquish the point they had gained, and doggedly fell back, followed by the Russian columns. It seemed for a moment as if victory was still doubtful; but succour was close at hand. The three regiments of Guards (having the Highland brigade on their left) were now steadily advancing up the hill, in magnificent order. There was a slight delay until the regiments of Codrington's brigade had passed through their ranks, during which time the struggle still wavered, and the casualties were very great: but when once their front

was clear, the chance of the Russians was at an end, and their whole force retreated in confusion. The several batteries of the different divisions, after crossing at the bridge, moved rapidly to their front, and completed the victory by throwing in a very heavy fire, until the broken columns of the enemy were out of range. And now from rank to rank arose the shout of victory. Comrades shook hands, and warm congratulations passed from mouth to mouth, that the day was won, and right nobly won. What recked then those gallant men of the toil, and thirst, and hunger, and wounds they had endured! Those heights on which at early morn the legions of Russia had proudly stood, confident of victory, had been gained, and the foe, broken and damaged, were in rapid retreat.

"The joy and excitement of the British troops was intense, as Lord Raglan rode along the line formed on the heights they had just won," says Colonel Adye. "It was a great victory, not only in its immediate results, but in its general effect on the Russian army." Colonel Adye most ably defends Lord Raglan and Sir George Bullar, as well as other superior officers, from the ignorant, unworthy attacks made on them at the time. He especially dwells on the judgment and coolness displayed by Lord Raglan throughout the action; and he explains that it was Sir George Bullar's duty to act exactly as he did in watchfully guarding the left flank of the British line, threatened by a powerful force of infantry and cavalry, and in not allowing his own ardour or that of his troops to rush forward to the fight. It has been acknowledged in all ages that true heroism is exhibited as much by the soldier while he calmly stands at his post, as when he climbs

the breach, or charges headlong among the foe. Noble deeds were done that day; but where all played the part of heroes, it is difficult to select especial instances of gallantry.

The Royal Welsh Fusiliers especially distinguished themselves by their heroic valour; and no less than 210 officers and men, upwards of a quarter of their number, were killed or wounded during the battle. The brave young Lieutenant Anstruther carried the colours; and when he fell dead under the terrific fire from the chief redoubt, they were picked up by Private Evans, and by him given to Corporal Luby. From him they were claimed by the gallant Sergeant Luke O'Connor, who bore them onwards amid the shower of bullets, when one struck him, and he fell; but quickly recovering himself, and refusing to relinquish them, onward once more he carried them till the day was won, and he received the reward of his bravery by the praises of his General on the field, and the promise of a commission in his regiment; and a better soldier does not exist than Captain O'Connor of the 23rd.

Captain Bell, of the same regiment, seeing the Russians about to withdraw one of their guns, sprang forward, and putting a pistol to the head of the driver, made him jump off, and springing into the saddle in his stead, galloped away with it to the rear, but was soon again at his post, and, all the officers above him having been killed or wounded, had the honour of bringing the regiment out of action. Colonel Chester and Captain Evans were both killed near the redoubt. Captain Donovan, of the 33rd, captured another gun; but the horses not being harnessed to it, the driver took to flight, and it could not be removed. Nine-

teen sergeants of that regiment were killed or wounded, chiefly in defence of their colours. The colours of the Scotch Fusilier Guards were carried by Lieutenants Lindsay and Thistlethwayte. The staff was broken and the colours riddled, and many sergeants fell dead by their side, yet unharmed they cut their way through the foe, and bore them triumphantly up that path of death to the summit of the heights. The action lasted little more than two hours; in that time twenty-five British officers were killed, and eighty-one wounded; and of non-commissioned officers and men, 337 were killed, and 1550 were wounded. But death was not satiated, and many brave officers and men died from cholera, even on the field of victory. One man must not be forgotten, that of the good and brave Dr. Thompson, who, with his servant, remained on the field, to attend to the wants of upwards of two hundred Russians who had not been removed.

Lieutenant Lindsay, who carried the colours of the Scotch Fusilier Guards, stood firmly by them, when as they stormed the heights their line was somewhat disordered, and by his energy greatly contributed to restore order. In this he was assisted by Sergeants Knox and M'Kechie, and Private Reynolds. Sergeant Knox obtained a commission in the Rifle Brigade for his courage and coolness on this occasion.

And now came the work of removing the sick and wounded to the ships, and this was done in great part by the aid of the seamen, by means of hammocks and cots slung on spars—many for a distance of two or three miles. Of the wounded alone there were nearly two thousand, and soon there were as many more sick; while one thousand wounded Russians, whom their

countrymen had neglected, had to be cared for. The two hundred spoken of above, were the worst cases, and the most remote from the sea. It was necessary also to bury the dead; and these duties, which could not be neglected, occupied two days.

ADVANCE ON BALACLAVA,

23rd September.

ON the morning of the 23rd of September the armies again advanced towards Sebastopol; but so completely disorganized was the Russian army that no opposition was offered, and that masterly flank movement was performed which took them round the head of the harbour through Mackenzie's farm to Balaclava. On the 25th, Lord Raglan, with the advanced guard, came suddenly on the rear-guard and baggage of a large Russian force, and a troop of horse artillery and some cavalry pushing on, captured a considerable amount of baggage and provisions, and some ammunition waggons.

Balaclava was reached the next morning, and the brave governor, after having been shelled by the Agamemnon, and being surrounded by the land forces of his foe, capitulated, and was sent, with his small garrison, a prisoner to Constantinople. The French took possession of the harbour of Kamiesh, while the English occupied that of Balaclava.

SIEGE OF SEBASTOPOL,

Commenced 17th October.

AND now commenced one of the most extraordinary sieges to be found recounted in the page of modern

history. Five bombardments took place; three sanguinary battles were fought under these walls, and numerous sorties and skirmishes occurred. Sixty guns and mortars were landed and brought into position by the British; but the Russians were not idle, and not only was the Malakoff tower strengthened, but the Redan and other formidable batteries were thrown up. The French were on the left, and had fifty-three guns and mortars in position.

At half-past-six A.M., on a beautiful morning on the 17th of October, the English and French batteries suddenly opened, completely taking the enemy by surprise; but though the guns from the top of the Malakoff tower were overthrown by the English guns, the Russians kept up a steady fire from the earthen batteries round, and from the Redan and Barrack batteries.

The French siege guns were, however, of less use, and totally inadequate for the work; consequently at half-past ten A.M. they ceased firing, one of their magazines also having blown up and killed or wounded a hundred men. This undoubtedly was one of the main causes of the failure of the attempt. The fleets at the mouth of the harbour were warmly engaged, and suffered considerably.

The Russians lost Admiral Kermiloff, killed, and Admiral Nachimoff, of Sinope celebrity, was wounded, with about 500 men killed and wounded.

The English lost 44 killed and 266 wounded.

The French were greatly in want of guns, whereas the Russians had the means of increasing their garrison to any extent, and by sinking their ships, they added 500 to the fortifications and obtained their crews to

work them. Sickness and fighting had sadly reduced the English forces, who now numbered only 16,000 men, though the French had still 35,000 fit for service, yet they also soon suffered greatly from sickness and want of food and shelter.

To those who have not before them a plan of Sebastopol, a slight description of the place and the surrounding country will be necessary. It is situated on the south side of an inlet of the sea, with another smaller inlet running up on the east side called Dock-yard Creek, and one on the west, some little distance from the intrenchments, called Quarantine Bay. Thus it has water on three sides. Ships of war were stationed in each of these smaller inlets, with their guns bearing on the ravines leading down to them. On the north side of the harbour, at the mouth, was Fort Constantine, with several batteries, and further inland the Star Fort, while across the harbour's mouth was a line of powerful ships of war.

Only one side, therefore, remained open to attack. At the commencement of the siege, on the east was a round stone tower, built on commanding ground, and mounting four guns, called the Malakoff, and on the west a crenelated wall terminated by another tower overlooking the Quarantine Harbour, and between them, at one or two intermediate points, there were a few earthworks not completed, and apparently not armed.

Now these defences do not appear to be very formidable, and it is probable that had the Allies left their sick and wounded to the tender mercies of the Cossacks, and pushed on at once after the battle of the Alma, they might have entered the city, but they

would have entered a trap in which they would have met certain destruction. The Russian fleet commanding the town would have thundered down on them, and they in their turn would have been subjected to an immediate attack from the powerful Russian forces hastening towards the place. It was therefore decided by the allied chiefs to wait till their siege trains were landed, and then to lay regular siege to the place.

The river Chernaya ran into the head of the harbour from the east, running under the heights of Inkerman. A range of hills and high ground extended from its mouth to the town and small harbour of Balaclava, with a broad valley intervening, in which the British cavalry was encamped, with a line of Turkish redoubts in their front, and the village of Kadikoi on their right. On the northern end of this range of heights above Inkerman, the Guards with the 2nd division were posted, while the French under General Bosquet were encamped extending along the whole line of heights, till they were terminated by the valley where the cavalry camp was pitched. The other three English divisions faced Sebastopol itself. Balaclava harbour is surrounded by heights, on which some powerful batteries were placed, and only one mountain road led up to them near the sea. Some way below them was the village of Kamara. The weakest points of the position were at the two ends of the long range of heights at Inkerman and Balaclava, and on both these the Russians made their fiercest attacks.

In the valley the only infantry regiment was the gallant 93rd Highlanders, posted in front of the village of Kadikoi.

BATTLE OF BALACLAVA,

25th October.

THE enemy had for some days before the 25th of October been observed hovering in the neighbourhood of Balaclava; and on the morning of that day reinforcements of twenty thousand infantry, forty guns, and a strong force of cavalry arrived, under General Liprandi. The heights above Balaclava were now garrisoned by the marines landed from the fleet, and they, with the 93rd and a few detachments from other regiments, were under the immediate command of Sir Colin Campbell. Early in the morning the Russians, in great force, attacked the Turkish batteries, which they succeeded in capturing, the English gunner in each, with noble self-devotion, spiking the guns before he attempted to escape. One large body of the enemy now attacked the 93rd, under Lieutenant-Colonel Ainslie, but were bravely repelled. Another, and the most powerful, turned towards the cavalry. As they did so, General Scarlett ordered Lord Lucan to charge, although the ground was far from favourable for the operation. It was the moment every trooper ardently longed for. Nothing could stop their impetuosity—but all descriptions would be tame after that of Mr. Russell, for never has there been sketched a more vivid picture. “As lightning flashes through the cloud, the Greys and Enniskilleners passed through the dark masses of the Russians. The shock was but for a moment. There was a clash of steel, and a light play of sword-blades in the air, and then the Greys

and the Red-coats disappeared in the midst of the shaken and quivering columns. In another moment we saw them emerging with diminished numbers, and in broken order, charging against the second line. It was a terrible moment. 'God help them, they are lost!' was the exclamation of more than one man, and the thought of many. With unabated fire the noble hearts dashed at their enemy. It was a fight of heroes. The first line of Russians, which had been utterly smashed by our charge, and had fled at our flank, and towards the centre, were coming back to swallow up our handful of men. By sheer steel and sheer courage Enniskilleners and Scots were winning their desperate way right through the enemy's squadron, and already grey horses and red coats had appeared right at the rear of the second mass, when, with irresistible force, like one bolt from a bow, the 4th Dragoon Guards, riding straight at the right flank of the Russians; and the 5th Dragoon Guards, following close upon the Enniskilleners, rushed at the remnant of the first line of the enemy, went through it as though it were made of pasteboard, and put them to utter rout. This Russian horse, in less than five minutes after it met our dragoons, was flying with all its speed before a force certainly not half its strength. A cheer burst from every lip. In the enthusiasm officers and men took off their caps, and shouted with delight, and then, keeping up the scenic character of their position, they clapped their hands again and again. Lord Raglan at once despatched Lieutenant Curzon, his aide-de-camp, to convey his congratulations to Brigadier-General Scarlett, and to say, 'Well done!'

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We may suppose the heights overlooking the plain or valley crowded with eager spectators—the enemy below—the Russian hosts beyond.

This was not that desperate charge known as the Death Ride, which took place soon afterwards. The enemy held possession of the batteries from which the Turks had been driven, and it appeared that they were about to remove the guns, when Lord Lucan received a written order, through Captain Nolan, with comments from the aide-de-camp, which considerably altered the terms of the order to charge the enemy, and to recapture them. Lord Lucan at once saw the perilous and useless nature of the movement, but, believing he was bound to obey, forming his brigade in two lines, with heavy cavalry as their support, he gave the word to advance. On their right was Russian artillery, as there was on their left posted on the Fedhukine heights, while in front was the main body of the Russian army. Steadily on went those five hundred gallant men, almost to certain death, a perfect marvel of discipline and heroic courage. Suffering fearfully from the fire poured on them in three directions, they at length rushed through the enemy's guns, cut down the gunners, passed beyond them, and attacked cavalry in the rear, but, assailed by artillery, infantry, and cavalry, they at length retired. That any should have returned from that fearful ride seems a wonder. Never have Frenchmen rendered more efficient aid to British soldiers than did the Chasseurs d'Afrique on that occasion. Formed on the left of the cavalry, as the latter advanced to the charge, they rushed up the Fedhukine heights, turned the Russian flank, and

put the gunners to the sword. As it was, the cavalry lost 13 officers and 150 men killed, 27 officers and 154 men wounded, with 381 horses.

The Russian loss was far greater. Sir George Cathcart, with the 4th division, coming up, the enemy fell back, and abandoned the attempt. On the next day, the 26th October, the Russians made an attack on the 2nd division, that part of the British force which was posted above the ruins of Inkerman.

About eight thousand men, supported by artillery and skirmishers, advanced against this division, but so admirably did they sustain the attack, that when General Bosquet led up some French troops, they retreated and were chased down the ridge towards the head of the bay. This attack has been called the Little Inkerman.

BATTLE OF INKERMAN,

5th November.


THE allied commanders had decided on a general assault for the 7th of November, but the enemy, who had received immense reinforcements, anticipated their plans, and prepared for another terrific attempt to raise the siege, and to drive the Allies into the sea.

The camp of the 2nd division was on the extreme northern end of the heights, above the rivers of Inkerman, with Careening Bay on the left, and the river Chernaya in front. The extreme right of the British position, and the left of the French, was the weakest point. Sir De Lacy Evans had pointed it out, and Sir John Burgoyne had especially urged the French

General Biot to strengthen it; but he paid no attention to the advice, and at length the English, their strength already overtaxed, had erected a small work there, but no guns had yet been mounted. Of this the Russian Generals were fully aware when they formed their plan of attack. Two corps of the Russian army were detailed for the grand attack. One, under General Pauloff, was to march from the north side, and crossing the marsh from the causeway, was then to wind up the heights in front of the 2nd division, and force the English right. Simultaneously with General Pauloff's movement, the other corps, under General Soimonoff, was to leave Sebastopol by a road near the Malakoff, which would have brought it up in front of the British light division. Instead of this, by mistaking the ground, he moved to his left, and found himself in front of the English 2nd division, so that when General Pauloff's leading regiments arrived, the ground intended for their attack was already occupied, and the battle had begun. The Russians, confined, therefore, in a narrow space, encumbered each other during the day, and could not find sufficient room to deploy. It was dark and wet, and a thick fog lay on the ground as the day dawned on the 5th of November. It is said that Major Sir Thomas Troubridge, who commanded the outposts of the first brigade of the light division, after relieving the advanced sentries, went down before daybreak towards the Mamelon, and sweeping the ground with a field glass, descried the enemy on the opposite side of the ravine. While he hastened to get the 2nd division under arms to meet the threatened attack, the advanced pickets were surprised, but behaved with the greatest gallantry,

disputing every inch of ground with the Russian riflemen. One detachment, in falling back, held the Sand-bag battery for a short time, but were driven out by the enemy. The 2nd division, under General Pennefather, was formed at once on the ridge in front of their own camp, the other English divisions getting under arms and hastening to the front. The three regiments of Guards proceeded to the right, and General Bullar's brigade to the left of the 2nd division. General Codrington's brigade took up the ground in front of its own camp, on the left side of Careening Bay ravine, on the spot where it had been intended Soimonoff's corps should have deployed. On the noble Guards fell a large share of the work of that sanguinary day. Pressing forward, they drove the enemy out of the Sand-bag battery, and though fiercely assailed on both flanks, they maintained that forward position during the day, except for a short time. Once they had to retire before overwhelming numbers and a terrific fire of artillery, and the Russian soldiers, with unexampled barbarity, were seen to stab their comrades who lay wounded on the ground before their eyes. Burning with revenge, and reinforced by the 20th regiment, they again rushed forward and retook the redoubt. In vast masses the Russians pressed on—their artillery of heavy calibre supporting their advance, and often throughout the day the fortune of the fight seemed doubtful; but never did troops behave with more heroic courage. Shrouded by a thick fog, each man, and each company, and each regiment, felt that they must in a great part depend upon themselves. Meantime, Sir George Cathcart, with part of the 68th regiment, and a few other men, hearing that the ene-

my were attempting to force the extreme right, and that it was the point most open to danger, pushed rapidly forward, hoping to act on the flank of the Russian troops storming the Sand-bag battery. He had not gone far, when he discovered the enemy on his front, on his right flank below him, and on his left above him. At that moment he fell, shot through the head, while several of his staff were killed with him. General Torrens, who had come up, was also wounded; the men were withdrawn to the ground on the flank of the battery, which they, with other troops, continued to maintain. By this time several of the Russian Generals, with the officers of their staffs, and colonels of regiments, were killed, and their troops thrown into confusion. While the battle thus furiously raged, and numbers were falling, the Russians, five thousand strong, made a sortie against the left of the French batteries, and succeeded in spiking several guns; but the French troops rallying, charged them so furiously, that they were driven back with them; some of the French, carried on by their ardour, entering with them. The brave French General Lourmel was killed; but the Russians lost one thousand men. For several hours had the battle of Inkerman raged; the English, but eight thousand strong, supporting the whole brunt of the fight. The termination seemed doubtful; fresh troops were brought against them, but yet not a man who stood on those bloody heights ever dreamt of yielding. Yet overwhelmed at length, the Guards were pressed back. Not only were they assailed by the fire of the Russian field batteries, but by the guns of Sebastopol, and by those of the ships in Careening Bay. Suddenly the shrill tones of the French horns



were heard above the rolling and rattling of the firing. The regiments of the first brigade, which arrived with that dashing intrepidity for which the French are distinguished, immediately pressed forward into the thick of the fight, and almost reached the sand-bag battery, the contest for which had been so often renewed. But even these fresh troops found difficulty in maintaining themselves, and were almost surrounded. A second brigade, however, quickly reinforced them, and several French batteries coming up on the right of the English ones, the enemy were at length completely driven from the ground, and had now no alternative but a difficult retreat down precipitous slopes. Heavy masses were observed retiring over the bridge of the Chernaya, and ascending the opposite heights, abandoning on the field of battle five or six thousand dead and wounded.

"There is probably," says Colonel Adye, "no record of any battle in which such great numbers fought on so small a space. There are few which have been so stoutly contested, or in which the valour and perseverance of all the troops engaged have been throughout so conspicuous."

The conduct of the English infantry is immortal. Although enfeebled by previous fatigue and constant night watches, still, on the day of trial, for hours did eight thousand men resolutely maintain themselves against successive columns of attack of vastly superior numbers; and at last, when almost overpowered, they found an ever ready and gallant ally at hand to save them in their hour of need.

This battle, too, brought out conspicuously the sterling courage and unmatched steadiness of the English artillery. Repeatedly were the Russian columns close

to the muzzles of the guns, and were driven back by volleys of case. In some instances the batteries were actually run into, and the gunners bayonnetted at their posts. Their carriages were repeatedly struck; their casualties amounted to ninety-six men, and eighty horses were killed.

The casualties of the British army amounted to 2,590. Of these, 43 officers and 416 men were killed, and 101 officers and 1332 men were wounded, while nearly 200 were missing. The Russians lost fully 15,000 men.

That of the 25,000 British infantry landed in the Crimea, only 8,000 should have been forthcoming to take part in the battle, may seem surprising; but so it was. Three thousand had been killed; 5,000 sick; 3,000 in the trenches, and 6,000 of the 3rd division, and the troops at Balaklava. Of those present, the Guards had 1,300; 2nd division, 2,500; Light division, 2,000; and 4th division, 2,200.

And now let us do justice to the memory of as gallant a soldier as ever led the armies of old England to victory—by looking at the difficulties by which Lord Raglan was surrounded.

Of his already diminished numbers, 2,500 men were lying on the field of battle—eight of his Generals had fallen—the hospitals were full—cholera was in his camp—no recruits were coming—winter had arrived—the men had no shelter—no transport to bring them food—no clothing, for the Prince, with 40,000 great coats, and stores of all sorts, had gone down; never did an army with more heroic courage and endurance persevere to finally conquer, though its brave General sank under the load of anxiety pressed on him, and the unjust accusations brought against his fame.

CONTINUATION OF THE SIEGE.

AFFAIR AT THE OVENS,

20th November, 1854.

THE Russians had formed some rifle pits in front of their works, which caused many casualties among the troops in the trenches. These holes went by the name of "The Ovens." On the night of the 20th November, two hundred men of the Rifle Brigade, under Lieutenant Tryon, with Lieutenants Bouchier and Cuninghame, were sent to dislodge the enemy. The service was most effectively performed. Lieutenant Tryon, a gallant young officer, was killed, but Lieutenant Bouchier repulsed every attempt made by the Russians to retake the position, till daylight.

12th December.—An attack was made by the Russians on the British advanced pickets, but repulsed by detachments of the Rifle Brigade and 46th.

20th December.—The night very dark, the Russians approached near the right attack, but were repulsed, carrying off Lieutenant Byron as a prisoner. On the left attack the loss was more severe; Lieutenant Gordon, 38th regiment, shewing great gallantry, as did Lieutenant-Colonel Waddy, 50th. Major Möller fell mortally wounded, and two other officers were made prisoners.

The sufferings of the troops now became very severe, and many perished from cold and hunger in the trenches. In January a railroad was commenced from Balaclava to the camp.

12th January, 1855.—The Russians made a powerful sortie along the Woronzoff road, but were forced

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to retire. Frost severe. Snow came down, and lay eighteen inches deep. Fuel scarce.

February.—Sir Harry Jones arrived.

2nd March.—The Emperor of Russia died.

16th March.—General Simpson arrived to undertake the duties of Chief of the Staff.

22nd March.—During a storm at night the Russians attacked the French works opposite the Malakoff tower. They penetrated to the rear of the new French parallel, when they were met by detachments of the 77th and 97th; the latter commanded by that good soldier and real Christian, Captain Hedley Vickers, who fell mortally wounded, his men repulsing the enemy at the point of the bayonet. Both corps behaved with great firmness and promptitude. Another body of the enemy attacked the right of the British works, but were repulsed by detachments of the 7th and 34th regiments, under Colonel Tylden, of the Engineers. Another attack was made on the left, repulsed by Captain Chapman, 20th regiment.

SECOND BOMBARDMENT OF SEBASTOPOL,

9th April, 1855.

THE British lines opened fire early on the 9th, as some heavy mists cleared off, the French following, till before the whole south side of the fortress there was a blaze of fire; and this continued for nearly eight days with little intermission, but with small results, the Russians repairing the breaches as soon as formed.

19th April.—Attack on Russian rifle-pits. One of

them was taken at night with great gallantry, and with some loss; Colonel Egerton and Captain Lempriere, 77th regiment, being killed, and many officers wounded. "A drummer-boy of the 77th went with his comrades in the first rush against the enemy's pits, where he saw a Russian trumpet-boy trying to clamber over the parapet to get away. He was immediately collared by our drummer, who, having no arms, began to pummel him in true British fashion. The Russian boy, not understanding this mode of treatment, tried to grapple with him, but in this he signally failed, as the English boy threw him on the ground, made him a prisoner, and took his trumpet from him."*

9th May.—Two serious assaults were made by the enemy on the most advanced parallel of the right attack during the night, but they were most gallantly repulsed.

10th.—The Russians advanced and opened fire on the trenches, but were driven quickly back.

11th.—The enemy advanced in two columns from the Woronzoff road, on the left attack, but were driven back in the most heroic manner by the guard in the trenches.

22nd May.—An expedition sailed for Kertch, of English, French, and Turkish troops; ours under Sir G. Brown and Sir E. Lyons. It was entirely successful. The magazines were exploded, but vast stores of corn, grain, military equipments, and munitions of war, fell into the hands of the Allies.

A portion of the promised Sardinian army arrived.

* Staff Officer.

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The railway was finished. The Russians had not been idle, and had thrown up new and strong works.

THIRD BOMBARDMENT OF SEBASTOPOL,

6th June, 1855.

THE English had now been provided with fresh guns and mortars of heavier metal, with an ample supply of ammunition; hopes were entertained that the result of the third bombardment would be successful. The firing commenced at half-past two in the afternoon, and by half past four the Mamelon and Malakoff were nearly silenced.

The next day, at day-break, the firing re-commenced; and in the afternoon the French gallantly stormed the Mamelon, while the British, under Colonel Shirley, 88th, and Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell, 90th, obtained possession of the Quarries. The 55th regiment received special notice. Lieutenant Stone was killed charging the Russians, and Captains Cure, Elton, and Lieutenants Scott and Williams. During the night fierce attempts by large bodies of Russians were made to retake the Quarries, but each time gallantly repulsed. A large number of officers and men were killed or wounded.

9th June.—A heavy fire was opened, but discontinued for a short time for the burial of the dead.

FOURTH BOMBARDMENT.

17th June.—A heavy fire was commenced at day-break, and it was so satisfactory, that it was arranged

that the French should attack the Malakoff, and the British the Redan, the following morning.

18th.—The French commenced the attack at 3 A.M., but were received with a terrific fire, both from great guns and small; and Lord Raglan, on perceiving this, ordered the British columns to move out of the trenches towards the Redan.

Three columns were formed under Sir G. Brown. At the signal the flank columns advanced, preceded by covering parties of the Rifle Brigade, and by sailors carrying ladders, and soldiers carrying wool-bags; but no sooner did they appear beyond the trenches, than a murderous fire of grape and musketry was opened on them, and all in advance were killed or wounded; among the first were Major-General Sir John Campbell, who led the attack; Colonel Shadforth, of the 57th; and Colonel Yea, of the Royal Fusiliers. While the direct attack on the Redan was going on, Major-General Barnard was dispatched with a brigade of the third division down the Woronzoff Ravine, to support the attacking columns on his right; the other brigade, under Major-General Eyre, still further to the left, to threaten the works at the head of the Dock-yard creek. The troops bravely pushed on amid a tremendous fire, to which they were exposed all day in the position they had attained; but the French attack on the Malakoff not succeeding, the batteries resumed their fire, and the troops were withdrawn with a loss of 22 officers killed and 71 wounded, and 230 men killed and 1136 wounded. Several naval officers were wounded, and Lieutenant Kidd was killed.

24th June.—Major-General Estcourt, Adjutant-General, died.

28th June.—Lord Raglan, who had been for some time suffering from mental anxiety and bodily disease, breathed his last, to the deep regret of the whole army.

July and August.—Numerous sorties were made by the Russians, which were gallantly repelled.

16th August.—The French and Sardinian troops gained a brilliant success over the Russians at the Chernaya.

17th.—The fifth bombardment of Sebastopol, and the hot fire kept up by the Allies, enabled them to push on their work in a satisfactory manner.



SIXTH AND FINAL BOMBARDMENT.

THE Allies had now been nearly a year before Sebastopol. The batteries opened on the 5th September, and continued firing till noon of the 8th, when the French signal was given for the advance. Onward they rushed, and the Malakoff was taken by surprise without loss, its defenders being at dinner. The tricolour flying from the parapet was the signal for the British to advance. A column of the light division led, and that of the second followed. The men stormed the parapet, and penetrated into the salient angle. Here Major Welsford, 97th, who led the storming party, was killed, and Colonel Handcock was mortally wounded. A most sanguinary contest ensued, but it was found impossible to maintain the position. Colonel Windham hurried back, and brought up the right wing of the 23rd, when a most brilliant charge was made, but it was of no avail; 29 officers killed

and 125 wounded, with 356 non-commissioned officers and men killed, 1762 wounded, shewed the severe nature of the contest. Many gallant deeds were done, but the following men deserve especial notice, for bringing in wounded men from the advanced posts during daylight on the 8th—Privates Thomas Johnson, Bedford, Chapman, and William Freeman, of the 62nd. A considerable number performed the same merciful but dangerous work during the night. It was intended to renew the attack on the following morning with the Highland brigade under Sir Colin Campbell, but explosions were heard during the night, and when a small party advanced, the Redan was found deserted, and it was discovered, that by means of admirable arrangements, the whole Russian army were retiring by means of a bridge of boats to the north side, while they in the meantime sunk all the ships of war in the harbour.

Thus was Sebastopol won undoubtedly by the gallantry of the French, for the possession of the Malakoff at that time ensured the capture of the town, but Britons may well feel proud of the heroism displayed by their countrymen from first to last of that memorable siege, and it is an example of the stuff with which English Red-coats are filled—238 officers were killed, and fully 5,000 men, while upwards of 15,000 died of disease.

In October Kinburn was taken by General Spencer, and the supplies of the Russians being cut off, they were compelled to sue for peace.

While this most bloody war showed England's might, the undaunted bravery of her soldiers, and their admirable discipline and perseverance, it also

showed wherein her weakness lay—that her commissariat was imperfect, and that much of her machinery had grown rusty from want of use. She has profited by the terrible lessons she has received; and though there is still room for improvement, the British soldier need no longer fear that sad state of things from which so many of his gallant comrades suffered in the Crimea.

GALLANT DEEDS OF THE CRIMEAN WAR.

AND now I must tell of some few of the many gallant deeds done during that long and terrible year of warfare. First, how, at the bloody fight of Inkerman, Captain T. Miller, R.A., defended his guns with a handful of gunners, though surrounded by Russians, and with his own hand killed six of the foe who were attempting to capture them. How Sergeant-Major Andrew Henry, R.A., also nobly defended his guns against overwhelming numbers of the enemy, and continued to do so till he fell with twelve bayonet wounds in his body. How, at the desperate charge of the Guards to retake the Sand-bag battery, Lieutenant-Colonel the Honourable H. M. Percy, Grenadier Guards, in face of a hot fire, charged singly into the battery, followed by his men, and how afterwards, when he found himself with men of various regiments who had charged too far, nearly surrounded by Russians, and without ammunition, from his knowledge of the ground, he was enabled, though he was wounded, to extricate them, and to take them, under a heavy fire, to a spot where they obtained a supply of ammu-

nition, and could return to the combat; and how he engaged in single combat, and wounded, a Russian soldier. How Sergeant Norman and Privates Palmer and Baily were the first to volunteer to follow Sir Charles Russell to attempt retaking the Sand-bag battery. Onward dashed those gallant men; the Russians could not withstand the desperate onslaught, and fled from the battery.

I have described those two cavalry charges at Balaclava. Several noble acts of heroism resulted from them. First, I must tell how, when Lieutenant-Colonel Morris, 17th Lancers, lay desperately wounded on the ground, in an exposed situation, after the retreat of the Light Cavalry, Surgeon Mouat, 6th Dragoons, voluntarily galloped to his rescue, and, under a heavy fire from the enemy, dressed his wounds; and how Sergeant-Major Wooden, 17th, also came to the rescue of his fallen Colonel, and with Mr. Mouat bore him safely from the field. How, likewise, when Captain Webb, 17th Lancers, lay desperately and mortally wounded, Sergeant-Major Berryman, 17th Lancers, found him, and refused to leave him, though urged to do so. How Quarter-Master-Sergeant Farrall, and Sergeant Malone, 13th Light Dragoons, coming by, assisted to carry him out of the fire.

Worthy of note is the conduct of Private Parkes, 4th Light Dragoons. In that fearful charge Trumpet-Major Crawford's horse falling, he was dismounted, and lost his sword. Thus helpless, he was attacked by two Cossacks, when Parkes, whose horse was also killed, threw himself before his comrade and drove off the enemy. Soon afterwards they were attacked by six Russians, whom Parkes kept at bay; and he re-

tired slowly, fighting, and defending Crawford, till his own sword was broken by a shot.

Sergeant Ramage, 2nd Dragoons, perceiving Private McPherson surrounded by seven Russians, he galloped to his comrade's assistance, and saved his life by dispersing the enemy. On the same day, when the heavy brigade was rallying, and the enemy retreating, finding that his horse would not leave the ranks, he dismounted and brought in a Russian prisoner. He also on the same day saved the life of Private Gardner, whose leg was fractured by a round shot, by carrying him to the rear from under a heavy cross fire, and from a spot immediately afterwards occupied by Russians.

Officers and men vied with each other in the performance of gallant deeds. Major Howard Elphinstone, of the Royal Engineers, exhibited his fearless nature by volunteering, on the night of the 18th June, after the unsuccessful attack on the Redan, to command a party of volunteers, who proceeded to search for and bring back the scaling ladders left behind after the repulse; a task he succeeded in performing. He also conducted a persevering search close to the enemy for wounded men, twenty of whom he rescued and brought back to the trenches.

Lieutenant Gerald Graham, on the same day, several times sallied out of the trenches, in spite of the enemy's fire, and brought in wounded men and officers.

On that day, also, when assaulting the Redan, Colour-Sergeant Peter Leitch first approached it with ladders, and then tore down gabions from the parapet, and placed and filled them so as to enable those fol-

lowing to cross over. This dangerous occupation he continued till disabled by wounds.

Sapper John Perie was on that day conspicuous for his valour, in leading the seamen with ladders to storm the Redan. He also rescued a wounded man from the open, though he had himself just been wounded by a bullet in his side.

Private John Connors, 3rd Foot, distinguished himself at the assault of the Redan, on the 8th September, in personal conflict with the enemy. Seeing an officer of the 30th regiment surrounded by Russians, he rushed forward to his rescue, shot one, and bayoneted another. He was himself surrounded, when he spiritedly cut his way out from among them.

Few surpassed Lieutenant William Hope, 7th Fusiliers, in gallantry. After the troops had retreated, on the 18th June, Lieutenant Hope, hearing from Sergeant Bacon that Lieutenant and Adjutant Hobson was lying outside the trenches, went out to look for him, accompanied by Private Hughes, and found him lying in an old agricultural ditch running towards the left flank of the Redan. He then returned, and got some more men to bring him in. Finding, however, that he could not be removed without a stretcher, he ran back across the open to Egerton's pit, where he procured one; and, in spite of a very heavy fire from the Russian batteries, he carried it to where Lieutenant Hobson was lying, and brought in his brother officer in safety. He also, on the 8th of September, when his men were drawn out of the fifth parallel, endeavoured, with Assistant-Surgeon Hale, to rally them, and remained to aid Dr. Hale, who was dressing the wounds of Captain Jones, 7th Foot, who lay

dangerously wounded. Dr. Hale's bravery was conspicuous; for after the regiment had retired into the trenches, he cleared the most advanced sap of the wounded, and, aided by Sergeant Fisher, 7th Royal Fusiliers, under a very heavy fire, carried several wounded men from the open into the sap.

Private Sims, 34th regiment, showed his bravery and humanity on the 18th June, when the troops had retired from the assault on the Redan, by going into the open ground, outside the trenches, under a heavy fire, in broad daylight, and bringing in wounded soldiers.

Major Elton, 55th regiment, exhibited the greatest courage on several occasions. On the night of the 4th August, he commanded a working party in the advanced trenches, in front of the Quarries; and when, in consequence of the dreadful fire to which they were exposed, some hesitation was shown, he went into the open with pick and shovel, and by thus setting an example to his men, encouraged them to persevere. In March, he volunteered with a small body of men to drive off a body of Russians who were destroying one of the British new detached works, and not only succeeded in so doing, but took one of the enemy prisoner.

Colour-Sergeant G. Gardiner, 57th regiment, showed great coolness and gallantry on the occasion of the sortie of the enemy, 22nd March, when he was acting as Orderly-Sergeant to the field officers of the trenches, in having rallied the covering parties which had been driven in by the Russians, and thus regaining and keeping possession of the trenches. Still more conspicuous was his conduct on the 18th

June, when attacking the Redan. He remained and encouraged others to stay in the holes made by the explosion of shells, from whence, by making parapets of the dead bodies of their comrades, they kept up a continuous fire until their ammunition was exhausted; thus clearing the enemy from the parapet of the Redan. This was done under a fire in which nearly half the officers and a third of the rank and file of the party of the regiment were placed hors-de-combat.

Major Lumley, 97th regiment, especially distinguished himself at the assault on the Redan, 8th September. He was among the first inside the works, when he was immediately engaged with three Russian gunners, reloading a field-piece, who attacked him. He shot two of them with his revolver, when he was knocked down by a stone, which for the moment stunned him. On his recovery he drew his sword, and was in the act of cheering on his men, when he received a ball in his mouth, which wounded him most severely.

Sergeant Coleman, also of the 97th regiment, exhibited coolness and bravery unsurpassed, when, on the night of the 30th August, the enemy attacked a new sap, and drove in the working party. He, however, remained in the open, completely exposed to the enemy's rifle hits, until all around him had been killed or wounded—then, taking on his shoulder one of his officers, mortally wounded, he retreated with him to the rear.

Of the many anecdotes of heroism exhibited during the war, none is more worthy of note than one told of Ensign Dunham Massy, of the 19th regiment, then one of the youngest officers in the army. At

the storming of the Redan, he led the Grenadier company, and was about the first of the corps to jump into the ditch, waving his sword, and calling on his men to follow. They nobly stood by him, till, left for two hours without support, and seized by a fear of being blown up, they retired. He, borne along, endeavoured to disengage himself from the crowd, and there he stood almost alone, facing round frequently to the batteries, with head erect, and with a calm, proud, disdainful eye. Hundreds of shot were aimed at him, and at last, when, having succeeded in rallying some men, and leading them on up the side of the ditch, he was struck by a shot, and his thigh broken.

Being the last, he was left there with many other wounded. Hours passed by—who can tell the agony suffered by that mass of wounded men! Many were groaning, and some loudly crying out. A voice called faintly at first, and at length more loudly, “Are you Queen Victoria’s soldiers?” Some voices answered, “I am! I am!” “Then,” said the gallant youth, “let us not shame ourselves; let us show these Russians that we can bear pain as well as fight like men.” There was a silence as of death, and several times, when the poor fellows again gave way to their feelings, he appealed to them in a similar strain, and all was silent.

The unquailing spirit of the young hero ruled all around him. As evening came on, the Russians crept out of the Redan, and plundered some of the wounded—though, in some cases, they exhibited kind feelings, and even gave water. Men with bayonets fixed strode over Massy’s body. Sometimes he feigned death. A fellow took away his haversack. A Russian officer

endeavoured to disengage his sword, which he still grasped—nor would he yield it. The Russian, smiling compassionately, at length left him. When the works were blown up in the night by the retreating Russians, his left leg was fearfully crushed by a falling stone. He was found in the morning by some Highlanders, and brought to the camp more dead than alive from loss of blood. Great was the joy of all at seeing him, as it was supposed that he was killed. In spite of his dangerous wounds, he ultimately recovered.

Privates and non-commissioned officers vied with each other in acts of gallantry and dash, as well as of coolness and calm heroism.

Privates Robert Humpston and Joseph Bradshaw, Rifle Brigade, 2nd battalion, especially exhibited their cool bravery. A Russian rifle-pit situated among the rocks overhanging the Woronzoff Road, between the third parallel right attack and the Quarries, was occupied every night by the Russians, much impeding a new battery being erected by the British. These two men, seeing the importance of dislodging the enemy, at daybreak of the 22nd April started off of their own accord, made so furious an attack on the astonished Russians that they killed or put to flight all the occupants of the rifle-pit, and held it till support coming, it was completely destroyed.

Private B. McGregor, also of the same corps, finding that there were two Russians in a rifle-pit, who considerably annoyed the troops by their fire, he, being in the advanced trenches, crossed the open space under fire, and taking cover under a rock, dislodged them, and took possession of the pit, whence he fired on the enemy.

Several of the officers, too, of the Rifle Brigade exhibited conspicuous gallantry. At the battle of Inkerman Brevet Major the Honourable Henry H. Clifford led a dashing charge of his men against the enemy, of whom he killed one and wounded another; and one of his men having fallen near him, he defended him against the Russians, who were trying to kill him, and carried him off in safety.

Lieutenant Claude T. Bouchier and Lieutenant William J. Cuninghame highly distinguished themselves at the capture of the rifle pits on the 20th of November, 1854.

There were numerous instances in which, at the risk of their own lives, both officers and men saved the lives of their comrades, who lay wounded in exposed positions. Private John Alexander, 19th regiment, after the attack on the Redan on the 18th of June, knowing that many wounded men lay helpless on the ground, in spite of the storm of round shot, bullets, and shells still raging, went out from the trenches, and, with calm intrepidity, brought in, one after the other, several wounded men. He also, being one of a working party, on the 6th of September, 1855, in the most advanced trench, hearing that Captain Buckley, of the Scots Fusilier Guards, was lying dangerously wounded, went out under a very heavy fire, and brought him safely in. Sergeant Moynihan, of the same regiment, also rescued a wounded officer near the Redan, under a very heavy fire; and on the assault of the Redan, 8th of September, 1855, actually encountered, and with his own hand was seen to have killed, five Russians in succession.

Sergeant William M'Whceney, 44th regiment,

shewed probably as much bravery in saving the lives of his comrades, and in other ways, as any man in the army. At the commencement of the siege, he volunteered as a sharpshooter, and was placed in charge of a party of his regiment, who acted as sharpshooters. In the action on the Woronzoff road, the Russians came down in such overwhelming numbers, that the sharpshooters were repulsed from the Quarries in which they had taken post. On that occasion, Private John Kean, one of his party, was dangerously wounded, and would have been killed, had he not, running forward under a heavy fire, lifted the man on his back, and borne him off to a place of safety. On the 5th of December, 1854, he performed a similar act. Corporal Courtenay, also a sharpshooter, was, when in the advance, severely wounded in the head. Sergeant M'Wheeney then lifted him up, and, under a heavy fire, carried him to some distance. Unable to bear him further, he placed him on the ground, but, refusing to leave him, threw up with his bayonet a slight cover of earth, protected by which, the two remained till dark, when he brought off his wounded companion. He also volunteered for the advanced guard of Major-General Eyre's brigade, in the Cemetery, on the 18th of June, 1855. During the whole war, he was never absent from duty.

Private McDermot, also, at the battle of Inkerman, seeing Colonel Haly lying wounded on the ground, surrounded by Russians about to dispatch him, rushed to his rescue, killed the man who had cut down the Colonel, and brought him off.

In like way, at the same time, Private Beach, seeing Lieutenant-Colonel Carpenter lying on the ground,

several Russians being about to plunder, and probably kill him, dashed forward, killed two of them, and protected the Colonel against his assailants, till some men of the 41st regiment coming up, put them to flight.

Sergeant George Walters, 49th regiment, also highly distinguished himself at Inkerman, by springing forward to save Brigadier-General Adams, who was surrounded by Russians, one of whom he bayonnetted, and dispersed the rest.

Captain Thomas Esmonde especially exhibited his courage and humanity in preserving the lives of others. On the 18th of June, he was engaged in the desperate and bloody assault on the Redan. Unwounded himself, he repeatedly returned under a terrific fire of shell and grape, to assist in rescuing wounded men from the exposed positions where they lay. Two days after this, he was in command of a covering party to a working party in an advanced position. A fire-ball, thrown by the enemy, lodged close to them. With admirable presence of mind, he sprang forward and extinguished it before it had blazed up sufficiently to betray the position of the working party under his protection. Scarcely had the ball been extinguished, than a murderous fire of shell and grape was opened on the spot.

Lance-Sergeant Philip Smith, on the 18th June, after the column had retired from the assault, repeatedly returned under a heavy fire, and brought in his wounded comrades.

Several acts of coolness, similar to that recorded of Captain Esmonde, were performed.

On the 2nd September, Sergeant Alfred Ablet, of

the Grenadier Guards, seeing a burning shell fall in the centre of a number of ammunition cases and powder, instantly seized it, and threw it outside the trench. It burst as it touched the ground. Had it exploded before, the loss of life would have been terrific.

Private George Strong, also, when on duty in the trenches, threw a live shell from the place where it had fallen, to a distance.

Corporal John Ross, of the Royal Engineers, exhibited his calmness and judgment, as well as bravery, on several occasions. On the 23rd of August, 1855, he was in charge of the advance from the fifth parallel right attack on the Redan, when he placed and filled twenty-five gabions under a very heavy fire, and in spite of light-balls thrown towards him. He was also one of those who, in the most intrepid and devoted way, on the night of the memorable 8th September, crept to the Redan and reported its evacuation, on which it was immediately occupied by the British.

Corporal William Lendrim, of the same corps, also, on the 11th April, in the most intrepid manner, got on the top of a magazine, on which some sand-bags were burning, knowing that at any moment it might blow up. He succeeded in extinguishing the fire. On the 14th of February, when the whole of the gabions of No. 9 battery left attack were capsized, he superintended 150 French chasseurs in replacing them, under a heavy fire from the Russian guns. He likewise was one of four volunteers who destroyed the furthest rifle-pits on the 20th April.

Sergeant Daniel Cambridge, Royal Artillery, was among those who gallantly risked his own life to save

those of his fellow-soldiers. He had volunteered for the spiking party at the assault on the Redan, on the 8th of September ; and, while thus engaged, he was severely wounded : still he refused to go to the rear. Later in the day, while in the advanced trench, seeing a wounded man outside, in front, he sprang forward under a heavy fire, to bring him in. He was in the open, shot, and shell, and bullets flying round him. He reached the wounded man, and bore him along. He was seen to stagger, but still he would not leave his helpless burden, but, persevering, brought him into the trench. It was then discovered that he had himself been severely wounded a second time.

The gallantry of Sergeant George Symons was always conspicuous, but especially on the 6th of June, 1855, when he volunteered to unmask the embrasures of a five-gun battery, in the advanced right attack. No sooner was the first embrasure unmasked, than the enemy commenced a terrific fire on him ; but, undaunted, he continued the work. As each fresh embrasure was unmasked, the enemy's fire was increased. At length only one remained, when, amid a perfect storm of missiles, he courageously mounted the parapet, and uncovered the last, by throwing down the sand-bags. Scarcely was his task completed when a shell burst, and he fell, severely wounded.

Driver Thomas Arthur, of the same corps, had been placed in charge of a magazine, in one of the left advanced batteries of the right attack, on the 7th of June, when the Quarries were taken. Hearing that the 7th Fusiliers were in want of ammunition, he, of his own accord, carried several barrels of infantry ammunition to supply them, across the open, exposed to the enemy's

fire. He also volunteered and formed one of the spiking party of artillery, at the assault on the Redan.

Among the numberless acts of bravery performed at the battle of Inkerman, few are more worthy of record than one performed by Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Charles Russell, Bart., of the Grenadier Guards. The Sand-bag battery, the scene of so many bloody encounters during that eventful day, had been at length entered by a strong party of Russians, its previous defenders having been killed or driven out by overwhelming numbers. Sir Charles Russell, seeing what had occurred, offered to dislodge the enemy, if any men would accompany him. The undertaking seemed desperate; but notwithstanding this, Sergeant Norman and Privates Anthony Palmer and Bailey immediately volunteered; others afterwards followed their example. On they went, following the gallant Sir Charles at furious speed, and into the battery they rushed. Bailey was killed, but Palmer escaped, and was the means of saving his brave leader's life. The Russians were driven out, and the battery was held by the British.

Sir Charles Russell received the Victoria Cross. We now give an extract from a letter he wrote to his mother after the battle:—"After the brave band had been some time in the battery, our ammunition began to fail us, and the men, armed with stones, flung them into the masses of Russians, who caught the idea, and the air was thick with huge stones flying in all directions; but we were too much for them, and once more a 'mêlée' of Grenadiers, Coldstreams, and Fusiliers held the battery their own, and from it on the solid masses of the Russians still poured as

good a fire as our ammunition would permit. There were repeated cries of 'Charge!' and some man near me said, 'If any officers will lead us, we will charge;' and as I was the only one just there, I could not refuse such an appeal, so I jumped into the embrasure, and waving my revolver, said, 'Come on, my lads; who will follow me?' I then rushed on, fired my revolver at a fellow close to me, but it missed fire. I pulled again, and think I killed him. Just then a man touched me on the shoulder, and said, 'You was near done for.' I said, 'Oh no, he was some way from me.' He answered, 'His bayonet was all but into you when I clouted him over the head.' And sure enough, a fellow had got behind me and nearly settled me. I must add, that the Grenadier who accompanied me was publicly made a Corporal on parade next morning. His name is Palmer. I did not know it, but I said, 'What's your name? Well, if I live through this, you shall not be forgotten.'"

Corporal Shields, 23rd regiment Royal Welsh Fusiliers, among many brave men especially distinguished himself, and he was among the earliest recipients of the order of valour. He received also the Cross of the Legion of Honour from the Emperor of the French for the following brave action.

On the 8th of September, 1855, he was among the foremost at the desperate attack on the Redan, and one of the very few who reached the ditch at the re-entering angle. Finding that Lieutenant Dyneley, adjutant of the regiment, for whom he had a great regard, had not returned, he immediately set forward by himself to search for him, exposed to the hot fire of the enemy; who, although they must have known

that he was on an errand of mercy, continually aimed at him. After searching for some time, he found his young officer on the ground, desperately wounded, behind a rock, which somewhat sheltered him from the enemy's fire. Staunching the flow of blood as well as he could, he endeavoured to lift him on his back to carry him to the trenches, but the pain of being lifted in that way was more than Mr. Dyneley could bear. Reluctantly he was compelled to relinquish the attempt; and hurrying back to the trenches, he entreated one of the medical officers to render the young officer assistance. His appeal was not made in vain. Without hesitation, the brave Assistant Surgeon Sylvester, always ready at the call of humanity, volunteered to accompany him. Together they passed across the hail-storm of bullets the Russians were incessantly sending from their walls, when the surgeon knelt down and dressed the wounds of his brother officer, and did all that he could to alleviate his sufferings. Unwillingly they quitted him that they might obtain more succour, and in the evening Captain Drew and other volunteers accompanied Corporal Shields, who then for the third time braved the bullets of the enemy, and together they brought in the young lieutenant. Unhappily, his wound was mortal, and he died that night. While praising the brave corporal, we must not forget the heroism of the young surgeon.

Major Gerald Littlehales Goodlake, Coldstream Guards, gained the Victoria Cross for his gallantry on several occasions. A number of the best marksmen in each regiment had been selected to act as sharpshooters. With a party of these he set forth on

a night in November, 1854, towards a fort at the bottom of the Windmill Ravine, where a picket of the enemy were stationed. Approaching with all the caution of Indian warriors along a difficult and dangerous path, they suddenly sprung on the astonished Russians, who took to flight, leaving their rifles and knapsacks behind. A short time before this, on the 28th of October, he was posted in this ravine, which, with a party of his men, not exceeding thirty, he held against a powerful sortie of the Russians, made against the 2nd division of the British army.

In truth, young officers brought up in luxury and ease vied with soldiers long accustomed to warfare and the roughest work in deeds of daring and hardihood.

These are only some few of the many acts of heroism, coolness, and gallantry performed during the war, and for which the Victoria Cross has been awarded. Undoubtedly many more were performed, which have not been noted, in consequence of the death of the actors or witnesses, and some gallant men, though equally deserving, have not brought forward their claims; but even from the few examples here given, it is shewn of what materials the British soldier is formed.

We must not omit two important episodes in the war with Russia, when a few British officers exhibited an heroic valour unsurpassed in any age of the world. First we come to the defence of Silistria.

DEFENCE OF SILISTRIA,
1854.

SILISTRIA, situated on the south bank of the Danube, is the key of one of the chief approaches to Turkey in Europe, and its capture became an important object to the Russians, in their aggressive plans on that Empire. An army of not less than fifty thousand Russians was accordingly marched against it, and found it garrisoned by not more than eight thousand men under Moussa Pacha. By the 14th of April batteries were thrown up opposite the town, on the north bank of the Danube, and the siege commenced. The first assault was made on the 28th, but so fierce was the reception met with by the Russians, that three weeks elapsed before they again ventured on an attack.

About this time, two English officers, Captain Butler and Lieutenant Nasmyth, arrived as volunteers to assist the Turks in the defence, and to their scientific knowledge and heroic bravery its successful issue is mainly due. Captain Butler entered the army at sixteen, and joined the 90th Light Infantry, with which he served against the Kaffirs in 1846-1847 at the Cape. He obtained his Lieutenancy in the Ceylon Rifles, in which corps he remained for six years, and obtained his captaincy. Early in 1854 he returned to Europe, and was at Rome with his father, Lieutenant-General Butler, when the war breaking out, he immediately set forth to the spot where he considered his services would be of most value. Here he found Lieutenant Nasmyth, and together they commenced the task of improving the fortifications of Silistria. Two most important forts were

thrown up, known as Arab Tabia and Illauli Tabia, on some high ground on the south west, commanding the town.

Again and again, for two months and more, did the Russians bring their columns against these mounds of earth, and again and again did the brave defenders hurl them back with terrific loss. Over and over again the bastions were levelled by the Russian cannonade, and the defenders struck down in heaps; fresh troops supplied the places of the killed, and the works were night after night repaired. The spirit of the two young Englishmen was infused into all ranks, their efforts being nobly seconded by the brave Moussa Pacha, the Turkish commander. One or two other English officers afterwards joined them, and General Cannon, an officer in the Ottoman service, threw himself into the place with a body of troops on the 12th of June. One of the most desperate assaults was made by the Russians on the 20th of May, but they were repulsed with the loss of two thousand men. Ten days afterwards, another fierce attack was made with the same result. A great similarity may be perceived between the defence of Silistria and that which afterwards took place at Kars. In the latter case the British officers and leader had far more experience and authority, but their troops were very inferior to those who defended Silistria.

During the month of June Omar Pacha was making every effort in his power to succour the hard-pressed garrison, and on the 5th and 8th of July he was able to throw some considerable reinforcements into the place.

The Turks now assumed the offensive, and on the

13th made a sortie, and, descending unexpectedly on the Russians, sprung their mines, and inflicted a fearful blow in their ranks. On the 28th the Russian generals attempted by a rapid movement to surprise the garrison, but were again repulsed; and the following day, stung to madness by their repeated failures, they put themselves in the front ranks of their soldiers, believing that their example would stimulate them to renewed exertion. But once more the gallant Turks were successful—the Russians were hurled back, completely defeated, Count Orloff was killed, and nearly all the other principal generals desperately wounded—the troops took to flight, and the Turkish reinforcements falling on their rear completed the rout. Upwards of 30,000 Russians are said to have fallen during that memorable siege. The victory was not, however, won without great loss to the Turks, their brave general, Moussa Pacha, having been killed by a shell while sitting in front of his own quarters. The gallant Captain Butler also met a soldier's death. He, with Lieutenant Nasmyth, General Cannon, and other English officers, were, on the 13th June, making a reconnaissance of the enemy's position, preparatory to a sortie which had been arranged for that evening, when he was wounded in the forehead by a bullet. It was at first believed to be merely a flesh wound, but after a few days fever came on, and on the 21st he breathed his last, deeply regretted both by his countrymen and the Turks, whose cause he had espoused.

Captain Butler was the first Englishman who fell in battle during the war with Russia.

DEFENCE OF KARS,
1855.

ON the borders of the Turkish Empire, in the province of Armenia, is found the fortress of Kars. It is situated under a precipitous and rocky range of hills, running east and west, and in most parts impassable for artillery.

At the foot of its ancient fortress flows the river Karschai, through a deep gorge which besets the range spoken of above. On the south side a fine level plain stretches away for many miles, till it meets a range of easy sloping heights. The streets of the town are narrow and dirty, and the population appears sunk in the most abject penury. At some distance to the west is the town of Erzeroom. When war was declared against Russia, several English officers were sent out to assist the Turks, as there was no doubt that the Russians would invade their empire in that direction. Among these officers were some whose names have since become familiar to us as household words. General William Fenwick Williams—Colonel Lake—Major Teesdale—Major Thompson—and Dr. Sandwith.

To Colonel Lake had been committed the task of fortifying Kars, while Colonel Williams and the other officers were putting Erzeroom into a state of defence. While thus employed, news was brought that the Russian General Mouravieff, with a large, well-equipped army, was marching on Kars. Throwing themselves into the saddle, they galloped as fast as their steeds could carry them to the threatened city. Colonel Lake had done much, but much more had to be done. Night and day they worked, throwing up batteries, mounting guns, drilling and organizing levies and

inspecting stores. In the commissariat department it soon became evident that there had been woful speculation. Provisions for men and forage for horses, which ought to have been in the stores, were not there; the troops had not been paid for months, and they were abominably ill fed and ill clothed. The climate of Kars in winter is peculiarly severe: the poor fellows were but ill-prepared to withstand it. The enemy soon appeared. Still undaunted, the heroic Englishmen laboured on. General Williams and his subordinates soon gained the confidence of the motley defenders of the fortress, or rather of the wide extended lines which had been thrown up around Kars. He inspired all around him with his own noble spirit. Wretched as his Turkish soldiers had seemed, when the moment came they showed that they were worthy of their ancient renown. Some of their own chiefs were brave men, and there was among them the gallant old Hungarian, General Kmety. The Russians made their first attack on the 16th June, the feast of the Bairam, believing that the Turks would be off their guard; but the vicinity of danger had kept them awake, and they gave the enemy a reception for which he was little prepared. The Russians were driven back with great slaughter. Again and again they came on with like want of success. Day after day there was skirmishing, and often the Turks sallied out and met the foe in the open field. Another fierce attack was made in August, and again the Turks were victorious. But now a new foe came to aid the Russians—cholera, scurvy, and fever appeared in the Turkish camp, provisions became more and more scarce, and there was no provender for the cavalry. A large

body of them cut their way out and escaped, though with a fearful loss. At length the 29th September arrived, and once more, before dawn, the Russian host came on in dense masses, hoping to take the defenders of Kars by surprise; but their vigilant commanders were on the alert; Kmety, as he went his rounds, detected the sound of the approaching troops, and the thunders of the Turkish artillery drowned the loud hurrahs of the Russians as they rushed forward to climb the ramparts. All day the desperate fight continued; but ere night closed, victory had declared in favour of the Turks, and the Russians retired, leaving 6,300 on the field of battle. In vain, however, did General Williams look forward to relief—none appeared. Human endurance could last no longer, the brave defenders of Kars were rapidly sinking into the grave, and at length, on the 25th November, he resolved to capitulate to the chivalric Russian General Mouravieff. It was agreed that the troops were to march out and surrender themselves prisoners; “and write,” said the victor to his secretary, “that in admiration of the noble and devoted courage displayed by the army of Kars, the officers shall be allowed to retain their swords as a mark of honour and respect.”

Thus by the determined courage of these few Englishmen, was a powerful Russian army long kept in check till it was too late in the year for it to advance so as to effect any operations injurious to the Turkish empire—indeed, they did not yield till all that could have been desired was done; and as it turned out, the Russians gained nothing by their victory.

THE CAMPAIGN IN PERSIA,
1856—1857.

THE Persians hearing of the fall of Kars, and fancying that the power of Great Britain was on the decline, and that they would be supported by Russia, took possession of Herat, in direct infraction of their treaty with England. To convince them of their mistake, war was declared, and an expedition, under Major-General Stalker, was despatched to the Persian Gulf, which on the 3rd of December took possession of the island of Karrack. On the 7th, the troops landed at Ras Halala, about fifteen miles below Bushire. Their first exploit was an attack on the old Dutch fort of Reshire, on the 9th of December. The enemy made a stout resistance. Captain Augustus Wood, of the 20th Bengal Native Infantry, led the grenadier company, which formed the head of the assaulting column. He was the first to mount the parapet of the fort, when a considerable number of the enemy suddenly springing out on him from a trench cut in the parapet itself, attacked him furiously, firing a volley at his men when only a yard or two distant. Although seven bullets struck him, he at once rushed at his assailants, and passing his sword through the leader's body, being followed closely by his grenadiers, with their bayonets at the charge, quickly drove all before him, and established himself in the place. Brigadier Stop-

ford was unfortunately killed in the attack, and other officers were wounded. Captain Wood was so severely wounded, that he was compelled to leave the force for a time; but he returned to it even before his wounds were healed. He gained the Victoria Cross for his gallantry on that occasion.

The next morning the British force marched on Bushire, a town of some strength, and walled round; but some of the garrison ran away, and were drowned as they were escaping, and the remainder, two thousand strong, laid down their arms.

Meantime, a much larger force was organized at Bombay to unite with that of Brigadier-General Stalker, with Lieutenant-General Sir James Outram as Commander-in-Chief. General Stalker's division was considerably increased, and was called the first division, while a second division embarked under the command of Brigadier-General Havelock. Brigadier Hamilton, 78th Highlanders, commanded one of his Brigades, and Brigadier Hale the other.

These forces arrived at Bushire at the end of January. On the 3rd of February the army broke ground from the camp at Bushire, and marched on the village of Brásjoon, outside of which the enemy were said to be intrenched, and to have eighteen guns. Such was the case. A wall, with tower bastions, enclosed the whole, and detached square towers within overlooked all, while a ditch, fifteen feet deep, ran outside, and beyond it were gardens, with high thorn and cactus fences: altogether, it was a very formidable position. Shortly before one o'clock, on the 5th, the Persian videttes and reconnoitring parties were made out; but they very rapidly retreated. A smart brush,

however, took place between the rear-guard and a few of the British cavalry, in which Cornet Speers, of the 3rd Light Cavalry, and two or three troopers were wounded. By two o'clock the British were in possession of the intrenched camp, in which were large quantities of grain, camp equipage, and ammunition. The governor of the place also fell into their hands.

All the stores, guns, and ammunition which could not be carried off having been destroyed, the army commenced its return march to Bushire on the 7th, not expecting to encounter an enemy.

After moving a few hundred yards clear of the intrenchment, the troops were halted to witness the explosion of a large quantity of gunpowder, stated to be thirty-six thousand pounds. A very magnificent spectacle it occasioned. The evening was darker than usual, and the rush of one mighty column into the heavens, with cloud over cloud of bright, silvery-looking smoke, mingled with shells bursting like sky-rockets in the midst, attended by a report that made the hills echo again, and a concussion which shook the ground even where the advanced guard stood, formed altogether an event not likely to be forgotten by any who beheld it. The pile of ammunition was fired by Lieutenant Gibbard, of the horse artillery, and Lieutenant Hassard, the adjutant of the 2nd European Light Infantry, with rifles and shell bullets of Colonel Jacob's invention, from a distance of about one hundred and fifty yards. Both were thrown down by the shock of the concussion.*

* From Outram and Havelock's Persian Campaign, by Capt. Hunt, from which the account of the battle of Khoosh-Aub is chiefly taken.

The march was then renewed—the general belief being that the enemy were never likely to approach them. At midnight, however, a sharp rattle of musketry was heard, and it was supposed that the rear-guard were attacked. Colonel Honnor so ably handled the protecting troops, that he kept the enemy at bay for some time. In about half-an-hour, however, after the first shots had been fired the Persian cavalry advanced in great numbers, and the entire force was enveloped in a skirmishing fire. Horsemen galloped round on all sides, yelling and screaming like fiends, and with trumpets and bugles making all the noise in their power. One of their buglers got close to the front of a skirmishing company of the Highlanders, and sounded first the “Cease fire,” and afterwards “Incline to the left,” escaping in the dark. Several English officers having but a few years before been employed in organizing the Persian troops, accounted for their knowledge of the English bugle calls, now artfully used to create confusion. The silence and steadiness of the men were most admirable, and the manœuvring of regiments that followed in taking up position for the remaining hour of darkness, was as steady as on an ordinary parade; and this during a midnight attack, with an enemy’s fire flashing in every direction, and cavalry surrounding, ready to take advantage of the slightest momentary confusion. At length, having been roughly handled by the 78th, the cavalry, and horse artillery, the Persian horsemen kept at a respectful distance.

The army was then thrown into an oblong form—a brigade protecting each flank, and a demi-brigade the front and rear—field-battery guns at intervals, and

a thick line of skirmishers connecting and covering all ; the horse artillery and cavalry on the flank of the face fronting the original line of march, the front and flanks of the oblong facing outwards ; the baggage and followers being in the centre. When thus formed, the troops lay down, waiting for daylight in perfect silence, and showing no fire or light of any kind. Sir James Outram met with a severe accident while carrying out these admirable arrangements ; but they were well concluded by Colonel Lugard, the chief of his staff.

Scarcely was the formation completed, than the enemy brought five heavy guns to bear, and iron shot plunging into the 64th regiment, knocked down six men, and killed one of them. Another shot, first taking off a foot from Lieutenant Greentree, severely wounded Captain Mockler of that regiment. Several of the camp followers and baggage animals in the centre were killed ; but the orderly conduct of the troops saved them from many casualties, and as no musketry fire was allowed after the guns opened, the enemy had no opportunity of improving his original range.

As the morning approached, the enemy's fire slackened, and it was believed that he had retreated ; but as the mist cleared off, the Persians were seen drawn up in line, their right resting on the walled village of Khoosh-aub and a date grove, their left on a hamlet, with a round fortalice tower. Two rising mounds were in front of their centre, which served as redoubts, and where they had their guns ; and they had some deep nullahs on their right front and flank, thickly lined with skirmishers. Their cavalry, in considerable bodies, were on both flanks. Sooja-ool-Moolk, the best officer in the Persian army, was at their head. The

British army was drawn up in two general lines. The front line consisted of the 78th Highlanders, and a party of sappers on the right ; then the 26th Regiment of Native Infantry, the 2nd European Light Infantry, and the 4th Rifle Regiment on the left of all.

The second line had her Majesty's 64th regiment on its right, then the 20th regiment, Native Infantry, and the Belooch battalion on its left. The light companies of battalions faced the enemy's skirmishers in the nullahs, and covered both flanks and rear of their own army. A detachment of the 3rd Cavalry assisted in this duty, and, as the enemy shewed some bodies of horse, threatening a dash on the baggage, or wounded men, they were of considerable service.

The lines advanced directly the regiments had deployed, and so rapidly and steadily did the leading one move over the crest of the rising ground (for which the enemy's guns were laid), that it suffered but little ; the Highlanders not having a single casualty, and the 26th Native Infantry, their companion regiment in brigade, losing only one man killed, and but four or five wounded. The brigades in the rear, in consequence of the shot which passed over the regiments in front striking them, suffered far more, especially the 2nd European Light Infantry.

During this time the cannonade had been continuous ; but as the Persian fire in some degree slackened, the British artillery advanced to closer action, making most beautiful practice, and almost silencing the opposing batteries. Some bodies of horse soon presented an opportunity for a charge, and the squadrons of the 3rd Cavalry, and Tapp's irregulars, who had hitherto been on the right front, dashed at them,

accompanied by Blake's horse artillery, and made a sweeping and most brilliant charge, sabreing gunners, and fairly driving the enemy's horse off the field. The 3rd Bombay Light Cavalry was led by Lieutenant-Colonel Forbes. Lieutenant Moore, the Adjutant of the regiment, was, however, perhaps the first of all, by a horse's length. As the regiment approached the enemy, thrown into a somewhat disorderly square, his horse sprang into their centre, but instantly fell dead, crushing his rider, whose sword was broken by the concussion. The enemy pressed round him, but, speedily extricating himself, he attempted with his broken weapon to force his way through the throng: he would most certainly have lost his life, had not Lieutenant Malcolmson, observing his danger, fought his way through the crowd of Persians, and, giving him his stirrup, carried him safely out from among them. The thoughtfulness for others, cool determination, devoted courage, and ready activity shewn in extreme danger by this young officer, Lieutenant Malcolmson, were most admirable. Both these officers most deservedly gained the Victoria Cross.

Meantime the infantry lines were still advancing rapidly and in beautifully steady order, to sustain the attack, and were just getting into close action, when the enemy lost heart, and his entire line at once broke, and fled precipitately. The men cast away their arms and accoutrements, and, as the pursuit continued, even their clothing. Two or three of the *sirbar*, or regular battalions, on the extreme right, alone retired with any semblance of order. The 3rd Cavalry charged through, and back again, one of the battalions which attempted to receive them with

steadiness, and Colonel Forbes was severely wounded, while Captain Moore, a brother of the Adjutant, had his horse killed under him. The rout of the enemy was complete, and the troopers, as well as irregulars, were fairly exhausted cutting down the fugitives. More than seven hundred were left on the field, and many horses; while numbers more were slain in the pursuit. The British loss was only one officer and eighteen men killed, and four officers and sixty men wounded. Lieutenant Frankland, of the 2nd European Regiment, who was killed, was highly mentioned, as was Lieutenant Greentree, of the 64th, who lost his leg.

After this victory, as, in consequence of the impracticable character of the country, General Outram considered that it would be impossible to follow the enemy, the army returned, through the drenching rain, to Bushire.

An attack on Mohammerah, a strong place at the confluence of the Karoon and Euphrates rivers, was now arranged. General Havelock, who drew up the plan, was in command, but when the troops landed, the Persians fled from their intrenched camp. Meantime negotiations had been going forward, very considerably expedited by the success of the army; and on the 2nd of May a treaty of peace was signed at Bagdad, in which the Shah agreed to evacuate Herat, and to refrain from all interference in future in the internal affairs of Afghanistan.

INDIAN MUTINY, 1857—1858.

It is not in our province to discuss the probable causes of the Indian mutiny.

There is much to make us believe that certain ambitious Mahomedan chiefs, combining with some infidel Hindoo rulers, misled by false accounts of the result of the war with Russia, had formed the idea that the time had arrived for destroying the power of Great Britain in India, and thereby obtain the supreme rule for themselves, and unrestrained licence to oppress and tax the great mass of the population at their will.

For this purpose they made use of the prejudices and superstitions of the Hindoo soldiery, and the avarice and worst passions of the Mahomedans. A story that the cartridges issued to the troops were made with pig's or bullock's fat, the one being an abomination to the Mahomedans, the other to the Hindoos, who eating it would lose caste, was believed by the more ignorant and fanatical, but probably not by the more enlightened among the troops, who from long experience had no fears that their British masters had any wish to convert them to Christianity. No! ambition, avarice, and the prospect of an indulgence in unbridled licence was the true incitement to rebellion in the dark hearts both of Mahomedans and Hindoos.

Still less were the wishes and the attempts made by the true Christian men and women residing in India, to spread the glorious light of the gospel of love, and truth, and peace among the long-benighted inhabitants of that magnificent realm, the cause, even in the remotest degree, of the mutiny. On the contrary, had the British from the first exhibited in their lives and conversation the superiority of Christianity over all other religious faiths; had they shown the natives what Christianity really is—had they allowed enquirers for the truth to be instructed in the Christian faith—had they encouraged those who became Christians, instead of opposing and degrading them, they would have disarmed their worst foes, superstition and ignorance, and as far as man can judge, the terrible results of the Indian mutiny would have been prevented. Notwithstanding all opposition, Christian men have long been labouring in the east to make known the faith of Christ, among the chief champions of which, a Havelock and an Edwardes take high rank; names of which no soldier need be ashamed, nor whose example he may hesitate to follow. Scattered throughout India, there are already many native Christian communities—whole villages of Christians, even groups of villages, and Christian people in many cities and towns. Many individuals fell victims to the Sepoys, but in no instance did native Christians prove faithless to the English. Several sacrificed their lives for their sakes, and many offered to take up arms for their protection. Although several clergymen and other missionaries were murdered among other Europeans, when a whole community fell victims to Sepoy barbarity, yet, as a proof that no enmity was felt

against the missionaries at large, by far the greater number escaped, though living scattered about in all directions, and totally unprotected by human power. Let our Christian readers be assured, that it was not Christianity, but the want of it, which caused the mutiny in India. Let them look to the men who were especially raised up to save the land from anarchy and devastation, to preserve the rule of Britain—men eminent for their Christian piety and courage, true soldiers of the cross, who had all their lives boldly acknowledged their Saviour—not ashamed of their profession—Havelock, Edwardes, and others. We say confidently to those for whom we write, be Christians, show by your lives and conversation whom you serve, and we feel assured that you will secure the approbation of your superiors, the love of your comrades, and the respect of your foes—while the consistent conduct you exhibit will win many to the holy faith you hold.

The first signs of mutiny were exhibited at Berhampore, when the 19th Native Infantry refused to make use of the cartridges served out to them, though the same they had long been accustomed to use. They were accordingly, on the 3rd April, disbanded, and turned adrift to carry their grievances throughout the upper provinces.

On the 29th March, a sepoy of the 34th Native Infantry stationed at Barrackpore, half drunk, appeared in front of the lines uttering seditious cries, and when Lieutenant Baugh, the adjutant, and Sergeant-Major Hewson attempted to seize him, he wounded them both, while the rest of the men refused to aid them.

On the 3rd May the Oude irregular cavalry mutinied,

but a battery of guns, by order of Sir Henry Lawrence, being turned on them, they turned and fled in disorder.

The first serious outbreak, however, took place at Meerut, when eighty-five out of ninety men of the 3rd Light Cavalry refused to use the cartridges. They were condemned to a long imprisonment, and their sentence was read out on parade. The next day, Sunday, 10th May, while the Europeans were at church, news was brought that the 11th and 20th regiments of Native Infantry were assembling tumultuously on the parade ground. Colonel Finnis, who immediately rode out to quell the disturbance, was shot by a Sepoy while addressing the 20th regiment, and cut to pieces; thirty other Europeans were speedily slaughtered, and the cantonments given to the flames. Mr. Greathead, the commissioner, and his wife were saved by the fidelity of their servants. The British troops in the place were not called out till the mutineers had time to escape to Delhi, where on their arrival an outbreak took place, and the greater number of the British in the place were butchered with the most horrible barbarity. Such was the commencement of the Sepoy mutiny, of which atrocities are recorded from henceforth to darken the pages of the history of British India.

THE SIEGE OF DELHI,

30th May, 20th September, 1857.

It was not till many of the mutineers had fled to Delhi that the inhabitants of that city dared to rise

in arms against the British. At Delhi resided a pensioner of the British Government, the last representative of the Mogul Emperors—an old man, feeble in mind and body, yet capable of atrocious mischief—who had assumed the title of the King of Delhi. He, with his sons and some of his ministers, were undoubtedly promoters of the revolt. By agreement with this potentate, no British troops were quartered in the city, notwithstanding that the government had made the city the principal dépôt for military stores in India. The city was also inhabited by a large Mahomedan population, who clustered round the King, and clung to the traditions of their former greatness.

On the 11th of May there arrived at Delhi, early in the morning, several parties of mutineers from Meerut. They gave the signal of revolt. With scarcely a moment's warning, military officers, civil servants of the government, merchants, and others were set upon by the rebel Sepoys, and by the inhabitants of the city, and cut down without mercy. Ladies and children were butchered with every conceivable cruelty and indignity. Mr. Simon Fraser, the Commissioner, was murdered in the palace of the King; so was Captain Douglas, of the Palace Guards, and Mr. Jennings, the chaplain, and his daughter and another lady. The regiments outside the walls in cantonments revolted, and many of the British officers were killed, though some, with a few ladies, who got over the city walls, effected their escape.

“The magazine, which was within the city walls, not far from the palace, was of course in danger from the very beginning. The officers in charge had seen the mutineers crossing the bridge in the morning, and

Lieutenant Willoughby had gone in with Sir T. Metcalf to endeavour to get the gates closed. On his return he found eight of the officers attached to the establishment—Lieutenants Forest and Raynor, Conductors Buckley, Shaw, and Scully, Sub-Conductor Crowe, and Sergeants Edward and Stewart—with the native Lascars and servants. Preparations were instantly begun for the defence of the magazine till the arrival of relief from Meerut, which none doubted was at hand. The magazine consisted of a number of buildings enclosed by a high wall. The gates were closed and barricaded. Inside the gate, leading to the park, were placed two six-pounders, doubly charged with grape. The two sergeants stood by with lighted matches, ready, should that gate be attacked, to fire both at once, and fall back upon the body of the magazine. At the principal gate two guns were put in position with a chevaux-de-frise on the inside; and a little behind, but bearing on the same point, were two others. Further in were placed four more pieces, commanding two cross passages. A train was laid to the powder magazine, ready to be fired at a given signal. Arms were put in the hands of the natives in the establishment, which they took sulkily. They were getting insolent and disobedient—the Mussulmen particularly so. Scarcely had these arrangements been made, when the palace guards appeared and demanded the magazine in the name of the Badsha of Delhi. No answer was given.

“The King, they heard soon after, had sent word that ladders would be immediately brought from the palace to scale the walls. The natives in the magazine scarcely concealed their hostility. One man was seen

to be communicating with the mutineers outside through the gate, and ordered to be shot if he was observed doing so again. The enemy, who had thus learned what was ready for them, did not attempt to force the gates; but in a short time the scaling ladders arrived. On their being placed against the walls the whole of the Lascars deserted, climbing over the sloped sheds on the inside, and down the ladders. It was found that they had hid the priming pouches. The enemy now appeared in hundreds on the walls. The guns were immediately pointed at them, and worked as quickly as possible, considering the small number of the party. Nine Britons alone in that great Mahomedan city, betrayed and deserted, bravely thought only of holding their post till the death. The enemy kept firing down upon them. In a few minutes several of the little band were wounded; it was clear that in a few more they would all be shot. Willoughby then gave the signal for firing the powder store. Scully, who had distinguished himself in this dreadful emergency by his perfect coolness, in the most careful and methodical manner lighted the trains. The explosion took place almost immediately. The wall adjoining was thrown to the ground; numbers of the enemy were buried among the ruins; and thousands of bullets from the cartridges in store were hurled far off, striking down people in the streets. Wonderful as it may seem, half the gallant defenders of the magazine crept out alive, partly stunned, blacked, scorched and burnt, yet able to make their way through the sallyport by the river for the Cashmere gate. Lieutenants Forrest and Raynor and Conductor Buckley succeeded in escaping to Meerut. Willoughby

was seen at the Cashmere gate, and set out for Meerut with three more, who were all murdered in a village on the road. Scully, who was much hurt, was killed when trying to escape, by a Sowar. The explosion of the magazine was of course seen from the flag-staff tower, and was heard even at Meerut."

That afternoon, the Sepoys who remained in the lines either deserted or revolted—a general flight took place; the Brigadier was one of the last to leave; and thus was Delhi lost.

No sooner had the Europeans gone, than the treacherous old King hoisted the green flag, and proclaimed himself Emperor of India. He had imprisoned within his palace walls forty-nine Europeans, chiefly women and children. Having for a week allowed them to be treated with the greatest cruelty, he gave them up to be further ill treated, and finally murdered by his soldiery. Their bodies were piled in a rotting heap at the Cashmere Gate.

The day of vengeance was, however, not long delayed. On the 8th of June a small army, under Major-General Sir Henry Barnard, was collected at Allepore, one march from Delhi. It consisted of four guns, 2nd Troop, 1st Brigade, 2nd and 3rd Troops, 3rd Brigade Horse Artillery, 3rd Company, 3rd Battalion Artillery, and No. 14 Horse Field Battery; 4th Company 6th Battalion Artillery, detachment Artillery Recruits; Head-Quarters detachment Sappers and Miners; her Majesty's 9th Lancers; two squadrons her Majesty's 6th Dragoon Guards; Head-Quarters and six Companies, 60th Royal Rifles; Head-Quarters and nine companies of her Majesty's 75th regiment; 1st Bengal Fusiliers; Head Quarters and six com-

panies 2nd Fusiliers; Sinoor battalion Goorkhas. On the morning of the 8th this little army advanced from Alleepore towards Delhi. They encountered, strongly intrenched, a body of mutineers three thousand in number. The enemy's guns were well worked; the British artillery were unable to cope with them. There was only one thing to be done. The order was given to charge and capture the guns. With a ringing cheer, her Majesty's 75th rushed on amidst a hail-storm of musketry, and the Sepoys fled in terror to their next position; for they had constructed a line of defence from the signal tower to the late Maharajah Hindoo Rao's house, and disputed every inch of the ground. However, by nine o'clock the army of retribution was in possession of the parade-ground and cantonments.

The latter, indeed, were now covered with masses of blackened walls, while the compounds were strewed with broken furniture, clothing, and books. Here, at about a mile-and-a-half from the walls of Delhi, the army encamped, and waited for reinforcements.

The British advanced position was a strong brick-built house on the top of a hill overlooking the city. Near it three batteries were constructed, which played night and day on the city. The mutineers had also three batteries, which kept up a continual fire on the British camp. They also generally sallied out each afternoon with a couple of guns, and some cavalry—the greater portion of their force, however, consisting of infantry. The latter advanced skirmishing up, especially towards the large house, among rocky ground, covered with brushwood, which afforded them ample shelter. They always courted this system of desultory fighting, in

which the strength of the native soldiers is best brought out. The British soldiers, on the contrary, too often lost their lives from want of caution. Disdaining the advantages of cover, fluttered with fury and impatience, and worn-out or stupefied by the heat, they were often shot down as they pressed incautiously forward to close with their wily foes.

However, after a time, the British soldiers made a very visible improvement in skirmishing, and as they were also well manœuvred by their officers, they were perfectly able to cope with the enemy.

Hindoo Rao's hill was looked upon as the post of honour, and round it most of the affrays took place. It was held by Major Reid, with the Simoor battalion, and two companies of rifles.

His losses were afterwards filled up by the infantry of the guides. The Ghoorkhas were crowded into the large house from which the place took its name. Its walls were shattered with shells and round shot, which now and then struck through the chambers. Ten men were killed and wounded in the house by one shot, and seven by another, the same day. Nobody was then secure of his life for an instant. Through the whole siege Major Reid kept to his post. He never quitted the ridge save to attack the enemy below, and never once visited the camp until carried to it wounded on the day of the final assault.

The gallant Rifles here, as on every other occasion where they have had the opportunity afforded them, made good use of their weapons. On one occasion, ten riflemen at the Sammy house made such execution among the gunners at the Moree bastion, that the battery was for a time abandoned. The Goorkhas,

the inhabitants of the hill country of Nepaul, and who happily had remained faithful to the British standard, were great adepts at skirmishing, and gallant little fellows in the main. A story was told of a Goorkha and a rifleman, who had in a skirmish followed a Brahmin soldier. The last took refuge in a house, and closed the door. The rifleman tried to push it open, but the Goorkha went to the window, and coiling his compact little person into its smallest compass, waited for his enemy. Soon the point of a musket, then a head and long neck appeared: the Goorkha sprung up, and seizing him by the locks, which clustered out of the back of his pugarie, he cut off his head with his cookry, ere the Brahmin could invoke Mahadeo. The little man was brought along with his trophy by the rifleman, to receive the applause of his comrades.

The annoyance which the batteries on Hindoo Rao's hill caused to the city was so great that the mutineers commenced the construction of a battery off the right of it, to enfilade the whole British position. It was necessary to prevent this. About four hundred men of the 1st Fusiliers, and 60th Rifles, with Tomb's troop of horse artillery, thirty horsemen of the guides, and a few sappers and miners, were got ready. The command was given to Major Tombs. Their destination was kept secret. Orders were given and countermanded, to confound the enemy's spies. Major Reid descended from Hindoo Rao's with the Rifles and Goorkhas, while Tombs advanced towards the enemy's left, and our batteries poured their fire on the Lahore gate, whose guns might have reached our squadrons. At first their cavalry, seeing the few-

ness of our sowars, prepared to charge them, but recoiled at sight of our troops coming up behind. Their infantry, taken by surprise, fled without offering the least resistance—many leaving their arms and clothes behind them. Some threw themselves into a mosque. The walls of its courtyard were loopholed, and they began to fire at our men. Tombs had two horses killed under him. His bold bearing and loud voice made him the aim of the enemy. He ordered the riflemen to go up and fire into the loopholes till the doors could be forced. A train of gunpowder was got ready—a bag was attached to the gates; they were blown open, and thirty-nine Sepoys were killed in the mosque. A nine-pounder gun was taken. Major Reid, on his side, was also successful. He destroyed a battery and magazine, and set a village and serai on fire. The whole British loss was three killed and fifteen wounded—Captain Brown, of the Fusiliers, dangerously.

Sir Henry Barnard showed his admiration of the gallantry and conduct of Tombs in the most enthusiastic manner. Visiting the mess-tent of the Umballa artillery, he gave the highest and most enthusiastic praise to the young officer, declaring that he had never seen greater coolness and courage, and a more perfect knowledge of his profession, than had been shown by Major Tombs.

Tombs, on first entering the Company's army, had served with great distinction in the wars of the Punjab, and his talents had been marked by the keen and wise eye of Sir Charles Napier. He had been made Brevet-Major when only a lieutenant of artillery. His gallantry at Ghazeodeenugger had made him conspicuous from the beginning of the siege of Delhi.

In one of the first skirmishes, and it was a very severe, one which took place under Hindoo Rao's Hill, Lieutenant Quintin Batty was mortally wounded through the stomach, the ball coming out at his back. He was a joyous, boyish, but noble fellow, whose every thought was honour. He was carried into camp, and was well aware that his last hour was approaching. A comrade went to see him. He smiled, and quoted the old tag, which, when so quoted, ceases to be trite. "Well, old fellow, '*Dulce et decorum est pro patriâ mori*:' you see it's my case. It is sweet and proper to die for one's country." Poor fellow! he did not survive his wound twenty-four hours. He was a good swordsman, and an excellent rider; and his impatience for an opportunity of distinguishing himself had been remarked at every station he had passed on the march.

Several accounts have been published, describing the way in which Major Tombs saved the life of Lieutenant Hills. The following is among them:—

"On the morning of the 9th of July, an outlying post of the British camp was unwisely confided to the care of a picket of the 9th Irregulars, who had hitherto remained true to their colours. A large body of rebel cavalry came down and talked them over, and were shown by them the way into the camp. A body of cavalry who were in their way—an in-lying picket—proved for the moment unsteady, and thus the rebels reached the post at which two of Major Tombs's guns were placed. This post—a mound to the right of the camp, was under charge of Lieutenant Hills. At about eleven o'clock there was a rumour that the enemy's cavalry were coming down on his post. Instantly

Lieutenant Hills hurried to the spot, to take up the position assigned to him in case of alarm; but before he reached the spot, and before there was time for his guns to form up, he saw the enemy close upon them. Issuing rapid orders to his sergeant, he charged single-handed the head of the enemy's column, cut the first man down, struck the second, and was then ridden down, horse and all. Rapidly recovering himself, however, he was attacked by three of the enemy. One he killed outright, another he wounded; but in a combat with a third he was brought to the ground. At that moment his commanding officer, Major Tombs, galloped up, having crossed the path of the enemy's cavalry, and escaped the certain death which would have been his fate, had he met them. Seeing the critical position of his subaltern, he nobly charged his assailants, shot one and sabred the other, and then dragged the Lieutenant out from under his horse, receiving, as he did so, a sword cut on his head; but the thick turban he wore saved it from injury. The enemy passed on to the native troop of horse artillery, in the hopes of getting them to join; but, failing this, galloped out of camp.

In the meantime, Captain Fagan, who had been writing in his tent, hearing the noise, started up; and, without waiting for his sword, led a few foot artillerymen, who were ready armed, in pursuit. Fifteen of the enemy were shot down by the party, and the Captain returned with a sword and a Minnie carbine, of which he had relieved a *ressaldar* of the 8th Cavalry.*

* In consequence of their behaviour on this occasion, the 9th Irregulars were sent away, while the *Golundazees* who composed

DEATH OF CAPTAIN D'OYLEY.

NONE but Europeans now remained in the camp.

Notice having been received in the camp that the Nemuch brigade was advancing upon Agra, the only city in the Doab which remained faithful to the British, a force was sent out to oppose them. It consisted of 450 of the 3rd Europeans, Captain D'Oyley's battery, and about fifty mounted volunteers. It was determined to attack the enemy, who were several thousand strong. They came in front of the village, with eleven guns. The British force met them with half a battery on each wing, supported by the volunteer horse. A long artillery fight took place and the enemy was driven back, but not followed up. The foot were kept alternately advancing and lying down. Two tumbrels were blown up, and a gun dismounted. The enemy sent some cavalry to turn our flank, but they were met by our guns and some volunteer horse. It was now that Captain D'Oyley was mortally wounded, but still he continued giving his orders. At last, beginning to faint away, he said, "They have done for me now. Put a stone over my grave, and say that I died fighting for my guns." The enemy were ultimately driven out of the village, but the British ammunition fell short, and advantage could not be taken of the success which had been obtained.

Renny's artillery were ordered to be disarmed. This latter measure was considered unnecessary. The brave fellows served in the batteries during the remainder of the siege; and, at the time of the assault, were sent in with the stormers to turn the guns captured in the bastions upon the enemy.

GALLANTRY OF BRIGADIER CHAMBERLAIN.

BRIGADIER CHAMBERLAIN's gallantry was on all occasions very conspicuous. On the 14th of July, a desperate attack was planned by the enemy on the British batteries.

They came out in great force to storm the pickets under Hindoo Rao's, and the Subzi Mundi. The British, however, under good cover, kept them back for several hours, making great havoc among them, and losing only twelve men, when Chamberlain appeared. He ordered the infantry and two troops of horse artillery into the Subzi Mundi. The Ghoorkas descended from the fatal hill, a cheer running along the gardens, thickets, and rocks, to the length of the British line. The enemy were supported by the fire from their walls; grape thrown from their large guns fell up to eleven hundred yards, but our men pushed on.

A native officer was seen sitting on his horse, waving his arm to cheer his men. Our troops recoiled from a wall lined with the enemy, when Chamberlain, leaping his horse over it among them, dared his men to follow. Influenced by his example, they charged, and drove the enemy through the gates with immense slaughter. The British force was, however, compelled to fall back in some confusion, by the tremendous fire from the walls; and a large body of horse was advancing against them, when some infantry, consisting of the 1st Fusiliers and Guides, collected by Majors Jacob, Hodson, and Greville, and a few horsemen, came to their rescue, and again turned the enemy. There was great difficulty in getting off the wounded. Many soldiers were seen bearing their comrades in

their arms; and Lieutenant Thompson, of the horse artillery, was shot through the leg while trying to save one of his men from falling into the hands of the enemy. Seventeen men were killed, and sixteen officers and 177 men wounded. Among the latter was Brigadier Chamberlain, who had his arm shattered below the shoulder. He received his wound at the time he leaped the wall and charged the enemy who had sheltered themselves behind it. Captain Norman was appointed, in consequence, to carry on the duties of the Adjutant-General.

On the 31st July, another fierce attempt was made by the rebels to gain the rear of the British camp, followed by another attack the next day, but both were vigorously repulsed.

A welcome reinforcement a few days after this arrived, of two thousand Europeans and Sikhs under Brigadier-General Nicholson.

On the 24th of August General Nicholson obtained a brilliant victory over the enemy at Nujjuffghur, about twenty miles from Delhi, and thus prevented an attack which had been intended by the rebels on the rear of the British camp.

On the morning of the 4th of September the long-expected siege-train arrived from Meerut, and now all felt sure that the moment for storming the central stronghold of the mutiny was not far off.

The most gallant action fought at this time was that of Nujjuffghur. Information had been received in camp that seven thousand of the enemy had marched from Delhi with the object in view of taking the British army in the rear. Immediately a force consisting of one thousand Europeans and two thousand

native troops, under the gallant Brigadier-General Nicholson, were dispatched to meet the enemy, who were found posted at Nujjuffhur. The Brigadier formed the 1st and 61st Europeans in line, reminding them in a short speech of the renown gained by several regiments in the Crimea from reserving their fire till they were close on the foe. The word was given, "Line will advance." Steadily as on parade they stepped off with fixed bayonets, and not till close to the enemy did they utter their hearty British cheer, and rush fiercely forwards towards the Serai they were ordered to attack, on which four guns were mounted. The Sepoys fled, and their guns were captured—a bridge was next taken, and in all thirteen guns fell into the hands of the victorious column, while ammunition and stores were destroyed, and numbers of the enemy were killed or wounded. Towards the termination of a severe engagement in the Subze Mundi, near Delhi, on the 10th of July, Lieutenant Wilberforce Greathead had, with part of artillery and others, thrown himself into a serai, where they were surrounded by a host of rebels, who opened a hot fire on them. As they were not in a position to stand a siege, it was agreed that they would force their way out. All were prepared. The gate was thrown open. The officers led. Out rushed the gallant band. They killed the men immediately in front with their swords, and the British soldiers pressing on, the rebels gave way, and fled in disorder to Delhi. It was a trying moment. The odds against the British were ten to one. One officer was killed, another was wounded, and twenty-nine men were killed or wounded.

The capture of a rebel post before Delhi called Lud-

low Castle, on the 12th August, was a very gallant affair. While still dark, the column destined to make the attack under Brigadier Showers marched down the Flagstaff Road, and aroused the rebels by a rattling fire of musketry and a bayonet charge. So completely were the enemy taken by surprise, that all who could escape fled to the town, leaving four field guns in the hands of the victors, which were brought back in triumph to camp. Brigadier Showers was severely wounded, and Colonel Greathead was sent down to take the command. With the coolness and forethought for which he is well known, he brought the force out of action, taking good care that not a wounded man should be left behind. Colonel Greathead afterwards much distinguished himself. The qualifications for command which he possesses are such as all young officers should endeavour to obtain—coolness, decision, and forethought, with gallantry unsurpassed. Without these virtues, bravery, and even a perfect knowledge of his profession, will not make a man fit to command.

STORMING OF DELHI.

ON the night of the 13th of September, two engineer officers were sent to examine the breaches made in the walls of Delhi. They stole through the enemy's skirmishers, descended into the ditch, and ascertained that the breaches were practicable, but that they might both be improved by a longer cannonade. As, however, the enemy had begun greatly to strengthen the fortifications, it was decided that the

assault should take place at once. The infantry was accordingly divided into five columns of about a thousand men each, destined to carry the city in different places. The first was composed of detachments of the 75th, 1st Fusiliers, and 2nd Punjab Infantry, to storm the breach near the Cashmere bastion.

The second was made up from her Majesty's 8th and 2nd Fusiliers, and 4th Scotch Infantry, to carry the breach in the Water bastion. It was commanded by Brigadier Jones.

The third column was composed of her Majesty's 52nd Foot, the Kumaon battalion, and the 1st Punjab Infantry. This was to blow open and enter by the Cashmere gate.

The fourth, composed of Goorkhas and the Guides, with some companies of European troops, and the Cashmere contingent, was under Major Reid, and was to assault Kissengunge, and enter by the Lahore gate.

The fifth column, consisting chiefly of native troops, was destined for a reserve.

At one o'clock A.M. on the 14th, the men turned out in silence, not a bugle nor a trumpet sounding, and noiselessly moved down to the trenches. The batteries all the time kept up an incessant fire on the city, which was responded to as usual.

When the troops arrived at the trenches, they lay down, awaiting the signal which was to be given at daybreak. This was to be the blowing in of the Cashmere gate. The party selected for this hazardous operation consisted of Lieutenants Home and Salkeld of the Engineers, Sergeants Carmichael, Burgess, and Smith, Bugler Hawthorne to sound the advance, and eight native sappers.

This work was to have been done before dawn ; but through some mistake it was daylight before they reached the spot. Lieutenant Home walked through the outer barrier gate, which he found open, and crossed the broken drawbridge with four men, each carrying a bag of powder. The enemy in alarm shut the wicket, and Home had time to arrange his bags and jump into the ditch. The firing party followed with four more bags of powder and a lighted port-fire. The enemy now understood what the party were about. The wicket was open, and through it, from above and from every side, came the bullets of the Sepoys. Lieutenant Salkeld was wounded in two places, but passed the light to Sergeant Carmichael, who fell dead while attempting to fire the train. Havildar Madhoo was also wounded. The port-fire was next seized by Sergeant Burgess. Scarcely had he time to apply it successfully to the powder, than he too sunk with a mortal wound. Sergeant Smith ran forward to see that all was right, while Bugler Hawthorne lifted up Lieutenant Salkeld ; and barely had they time to leap for safety into the ditch, than the explosion took place, and instantly afterwards the storming column burst through the shattered gates. For ever associated with the storming of Delhi will be the names of the two young Lieutenants, Home and Salkeld, and the brave men who accompanied them.

Bugler Hawthorne, after sounding the advance, bore away Salkeld on his shoulders, and did not leave him till he had bound up his wounds, and deposited him in a place of safety. The four heroes who survived were recommended for the Victoria Cross, but Salkeld died of his wounds, and the gallant Home lost his

life by accident not two weeks afterwards; so that two only, Sergeant Smith and Bugler Hawthorne, received their honours.

Meantime the storming columns had marched on with deep and steady tramp. The Rifles ran forward in skirmishing order, and the heads of the first two columns issued from the Koodsia Bagh at a quick walk. No sooner were their front ranks seen, than a storm of bullets showered upon them from every side. At the breach of the Cashmere gate, for some minutes it was impossible to put ladders down into the ditch. The ladders were thrown down, but they were quickly again raised against the escape. Numbers are struck down, some to rise no more; others again scramble up;—the groans of the wounded, the feeble cries of the dying, the shouts and shrieks of the combatants, mingle together in wild confusion.

First to mount the breach was Lieutenant Fitzgerald, of the 75th; but the young hero fell dead on the spot. On came stout hearts and strong hands behind him. The enemy gave way. The British were in at last, and the glorious old colours over the broken wall. The second column had also burst through; and that line of ramparts which had so often turned back the brave soldiers of England was now their own.

The first and second columns swept along the circuit of the walls, taking the Moree bastion and the Cabool gate. On approaching the Lahore gate they found, however, that they should have to push through a narrow lane barricaded and swept by some pieces of artillery, while the enemy fired on them from the houses. In vain was the attempt made; the hero

Nicholson was shot through the chest; Lieutenant Speke killed; Major Jacob mortally wounded, and Captain Greville severely.

The third column, ably guided by Sir T. Metcalf, had also to retire before the massive walls of the Jumma Musjid. Part also of the 4th, under Major Reid, hastening to the support of the Cashmere contingent, was almost overpowered. Major Reid was wounded, and his troops retreated; but the guns mounted on Hindoo Rao's poured shrapnel into the enemy. The gallant Chamberlain came among the infantry a little recovered from his wound, while Brigadier Hope Grant brought up his old lancers, with three regiments of Punjab cavalry, and Hodson's Sikh and Paton sabres to their aid. However, from the nature of the ground the troopers could neither charge nor retire. They were compelled, therefore, to sit on their horses till some infantry could come to their relief. The horse artillery did what they could to keep the enemy back, but they became every moment bolder, and spread out, mending their sight and taking better aim.

Lieutenant Macdowell, second in command of Hodson's Horse—an eye-witness—says, "The steadiness with which the cavalry confronted this most anxious position for two hours is as deserving of praise as the courage of the infantry who carried the breaches. At three A.M. we moved down in column of squadrons to the rear of our batteries, and waited there till about five A.M., when the enemy advanced from the Lahore gate with two troops of artillery, no end of cavalry, and a lot of infantry apparently to our front. I think that they intended to try and take their old position

now that we had got theirs. In an instant, horse artillery and cavalry were ordered to the front, and we then went at a gallop through our own batteries, the men cheering us as we leaped over the sand-bags, and halted under the Moree bastion under as heavy a fire of round shot, grape and canister, as I have ever in my life been peppered with. Our artillery dashed to the front, unlimbered, and opened upon the enemy, and at it they went, hammer and tongs. We had no infantry with us; all the infantry were fighting in the city. The enemy came out against us with large bodies of infantry and cavalry, and then began the fire of musketry. It was tremendous. There we were (9th Lancers, 1st, 2nd, and 4th Sikh Guide Cavalry, and Hodson's Horse), protecting the artillery, who were threatened by their infantry and cavalry. All this time we never returned a shot. Our artillery blazed away, of course, but we had to sit in our saddles and be knocked over. However, I am happy to say we saved the guns. The front we shewed was so steady as to keep the enemy back till some of the guide infantry came down and went at them. Here we had had to sit for three hours in front of a lot of gardens, perfectly impracticable for cavalry, under a fire of musketry which I have seldom seen equalled, and the enemy quite concealed. Had we retired, they would at once have taken our guns. Had the guns retired with us, we should have lost the position."

Night put an end to the desperate struggle. A considerable portion of the city remained in the hands of the victors, but in other parts the rebels still held out. During this day's operations the casualties amounted to 1,170 killed, wounded, and missing.

The victorious British continued making progress day by day, driving the enemy before them through the city. The magazine still remained in the power of the rebels. Lieutenant-Colonel Deacon, of the 61st regiment, led the attack. In silence his men approached the city: not a trigger was pulled till the stormers and supports reached the walls; when, with a loud cheer, they rushed on at the enemy, who, taken by surprise, threw down the portfires at their guns, and fled before them. Some were bayoneted close to the breach as they attempted to escape, and others, flying, were followed by the 61st, and the 4th Punjab Infantry.

Captain Norman accompanied a party under Lieutenant-Colonel Rainey, and spiked a gun which was in position, pointing at the College garden battery, in spite of the desperate defence of the enemy. Assistant Surgeon Reade, and Colour-Sergeant Mitchell, of the 61st, also spiked a gun. Frequent attacks were made by the rebels on the troops within the walls under Colonel Farquhar, but they were vigorously repulsed on each occasion.

On the morning of the 20th, the enemy were driven from the Lahore gate, and possession was secured. The troops now pushed triumphantly on, capturing the other gates and bastions, till all the defences of the rebel city were in the power of the British. The gate of the palace was blown in early on the 20th, and here Major-General Wilson established his headquarters. Major Brind, of the artillery, with a detachment of fifty men of the 8th Foot, and twenty of the 1st Bengal European Fusiliers, under the command of Major Bannatyne, forced an entrance in the

most brilliant way into the Jumma Musjid, and contributed much to the success of the operations.

The guns from the blood-stained battlements of Delhi thundering forth a royal salute, as the rising sun gilded the summit of its domes and minarets, on the 21st of September, 1857, proclaimed that Delhi was once more under the rule of Great Britain.

PURSUIT OF THE FOE.

IN terror the hordes of the rebel foe took to flight, abandoning most of their artillery, stores, and sick and wounded. The princes, the chief instigators of the atrocities committed, were captured by Major Hodson, and shot; and the old king was likewise taken, and sent as a prisoner for life to Rangoon.

A flying column, consisting of the 9th Lancers, 8th and 75th regiments, the 2nd and 4th Punjab Infantry, two hundred of Hodson's Horse, with the 1st, 2nd, and 5th Punjab Cavalry and horse artillery, was immediately formed, and placed under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel E. H. Greathed, who proceeded in a south-easterly direction, in order to cut off the mutineers on the right bank of the Jumna. After defeating a body of the enemy at Boolundshuhur, on the 28th of September, the column took and destroyed the fort of Malaghur. Here, while blowing up the fortifications, the gallant and young Lieutenant Home lost his life.

On the evening of the 10th October, as the troops, wearied with a long march in the heat of the sun, were preparing to encamp, they were attacked by a

numerous body of the enemy, whom they routed with great slaughter, the 9th Lancers especially distinguishing themselves. The column defeated the enemy in various engagements. On the 14th of October, it was joined by Brigadier Hope Grant, who, as superior officer, took the command; and finally, on the 8th of November, reached the Alumbagh, before Lucknow.

The following officers and men obtained the Victoria Cross, for gallant deeds performed during these operations.

Lieutenant John Charles Campbell Daunt, 11th (late 70th) Bengal Native Infantry, and No. 2,165, Sergeant Denis Dynon, 53rd regiment, gained that honour, for conspicuous gallantry in action, on the 2nd of October, 1857, with the mutineers of the Ramgurrh Battalion at Chotah Behar, in capturing two guns, particularly the last, when they rushed forward and secured it by pistolling the gunners, who were mowing the detachment down with grape, one third of which was *hors-de-combat* at the time. Lieutenant Daunt highly distinguished himself by chasing, on the 2nd of November following, the mutineers of the 32nd Bengal Native Infantry across a plain into a rich cultivation, into which he followed them with a few of Battray's Sikhs. He was dangerously wounded in the attempt to drive out a large body of these mutineers from an enclosure, the preservation of many of his party, on this occasion, being attributed to his gallantry.

Conductor James Miller, Ordnance Department, Bengal, gained the cross on the 28th of October, 1857, at great personal risk, by going to the assistance of a wounded officer, Lieutenant Glubb, of the late

38th regiment of Bengal Native Infantry, whom he carried out of action. He was himself subsequently wounded, and sent to Agra. Conductor Miller was at the time employed with heavy howitzers and ordnance stores attached to a detachment of troops commanded by the late Colonel Cotton, C.B., in the attack on the rebels who had taken up their position in the serai at Futtehpore Sikra, near Agra.¹

On the 17th of October the fort of Jhujjur was captured by Brigadier Showers, and this achievement is looked upon as the close of the operations against Delhi.

DEFENCE OF CAWNPORE,

June 7th and 25th, 1858.

THE saddest episode in the blood-stained history of the Sepoy mutiny, is the storming of Cawnpore. Cawnpore was one of the most pleasant stations of the Indian army. The cantonments were entirely separate from the native town, and spread in a semi-circular form over an extent of six miles along the banks of the river. On the highest ground in the cantonments stood the church and the assembly rooms, and on another part a theatre and a café, supported by public subscriptions. Round them were scattered, amid gardens and groves, numberless bungalows, the residences of officers, with barracks for troops, and a separate bazaar for each regiment; while numerous tents for the troops kept under canvas, increased the picturesque effect and animation of the scene. The

native town at the time of the mutiny contained 60,000 inhabitants. In cantonments there were 3,000 Sepoy troops, and including officers 300 European combatants, and upwards of 700 European civilians, merchants, railway-officials, shop-keepers, and women and children. General Sir Hugh Wheeler was the commandant of the division. It was not till the middle of May, that full credit was given to the fact that the great Sepoy army of India was in revolt.

A spot was then selected, in which the Europeans intrenched themselves. In the centre was the old dragoon hospital, and round it a mud wall was thrown up four feet high. Ten guns were placed round the intrenchments, three commanding the lines on the north east, and three on the south, to range the plain which separates the cantonments from the city. Of the other four one was a three-pound rifled gun, and three were brought by Lieutenant Ashe of the Bengal Artillery. Supplies of food were also laid in, but very inadequate to the wants of so large a number of people. The outbreak of the troops commenced on 6th June, when the 2nd Native Cavalry deserted their post, taking with them their horses, arms, colours, and regimental treasure chest; some few, but very few, of the natives proved true to their oaths. Among them was the old soubhadar major of the regiment, who defended as long as he had the power the colours and treasure which were in the quarter guard. The old man was found in the morning severely wounded, and lying in his blood at his post. He remained with the British, and was killed by a shell in the intrenchment.

The Native commissioned and non-commissioned

officers, and a few privates of the 53rd regiment of Native Infantry, also remained faithful. The British troops who defended the intrenchments of Cawnpore for so long a period, and against such fearful odds, and so treacherous an enemy, consisted of sixty men of the 84th regiment, seventy-four men of the 32nd, fifteen men of the Madras Fusiliers, and fifty-nine men of the Company's artillery, beside the officers attached to the Sepoy regiments. The siege was noted, perhaps, more for the patient suffering and endurance of those within the lines, especially of the women and children, and for its most dreadful and terrible termination, than for many especial acts of bravery performed by its defenders. The fact is, that the whole defence was one continual act of heroism, and had more forethought been exhibited in providing a sufficient store of food, and had no confidence been placed in the promises of that abominable wretch, the Nana, it might have proved as successful as that of Lucknow, which in many respects it resembled.

On the morning of Sunday, the 7th June, the bugle call summoned the whole garrison to the lines, and soon after Lieutenant Ashe with his guns went out to meet the enemy, but he was speedily compelled to return. In a short time the mutineers opened their fire from a nine-pounder, the shot striking the crest of the mud wall and gliding over into the puckah-roofed barrack. This was about ten o'clock; a number of ladies and children were outside the barrack. The consternation among them was indescribable. As the day advanced, the firing became hotter. Shrieks and cries most heart-rending burst from them, as the shot struck the walls of the barrack. This was the com-

mencement of the horrible sufferings they had to endure, and which only terminated with their yet more terrible destruction. They soon learned the uselessness of giving vent to their fears in cries, and from henceforth never uttered a sound except when groaning from the dreadful mutilation they were compelled to endure. The following were the arrangements made for the defence :—" On the north, Major Vibart, of the 2nd Cavalry, assisted by Captain Jenkins, held the redan, which was an earthwork defending the whole of the northern side. At the north-east battery Lieutenant Ashe, of the Oude Irregular Artillery, commanded one twenty-four pounder howitzer and two nine-pounders, assisted by Lieutenant Sotheby. Captain Kempland, 56th Native Infantry, was posted on the south side. Lieutenant Eckford, of the Artillery, had charge of the south-east battery with three nine-pounders, assisted by Lieutenant Burney, also of the Artillery, and Lieutenant Delafosse, of the 53rd Native Infantry. The main guard from south to west was held by Lieutenant Turnbull, 13th Native Infantry. On the west Lieutenant C. Dempster commanded three nine-pounders, assisted by Lieutenant Martin. Flanking the west battery, the little rifled three-pounder was stationed, with a detachment under the command of Major Prout, 56th Native Infantry, and on the north-west Captain Whiting held the command. At each of the batteries infantry were posted, fifteen paces apart under the cover of the mud wall, four feet in height. This service was shared by combatants and civilians alike, without any relief; each man had at least three loaded muskets by his side, with bayonet fixed in case of assault; but in most instances our

trained men had as many as seven, and even eight muskets each.

The batteries were none of them masked or fortified in any way, and the gunners were in consequence exposed to a most murderous fire. The intrenchments were commanded by eight or more barracks, in the course of erection, from three to four hundred yards distant, on the Allahabad road. A detachment, consisting chiefly of civil engineers, was accordingly placed in two or more of them, and they became the scene of several desperate encounters. Even to obtain ammunition it was necessary to send across to the intrenchments under fire of the mutineers, who had obtained possession of the outer barracks. Food also had to be obtained in the same way; but volunteers were never found wanting for this hazardous service. Every day the pickets swept through these barracks to dislodge the enemy, who scarcely ever remained for a hand-to-hand fight. Scarcity of food, the shot of the enemy, and the excessive heat of the weather, carried off, day after day, numbers of the gallant defenders. Want of food was greatly felt—the defenders were glad to shoot the horses of the enemy for the purpose of making soup; and on one occasion a Brahmin bull coming near the lines was killed. To get it was now the difficulty. An officer, with ten followers, rushed out, and dragged it within the intrenchments under a hot fire from the enemy.

The well in the intrenchment was one of the points of greatest danger, as it was completely exposed to the enemy's fire; and even at night the creaking of the tackle was the signal for the mutineers to point their guns in that direction. Still, brave men

were found, chiefly privates, who incurred the risk of drawing water for the women and children when all money reward had become valueless. A gentleman of the civil service, Mr. John McKillop, constituted himself captain of the well, drawing for the supply of the women and children as often as he could. After numerous escapes, he received his death-wound in the groin from a grape shot, with his last breath entreating that some one would draw water for a lady to whom he had promised it. Dreadful were the sufferings of all from thirst; and children were seen sucking pieces of old water bags to try and get a drop of moisture on their parched lips. One of the barracks was thatched; part of it was used as an hospital. That at length caught fire; and while the heroic garrison were dragging forth their wounded countrymen from the flames, the mutineers poured in on them incessant volleys of musketry, and a continued shower of round shot.

The enemy imagining that all the attention of the garrison was devoted to extinguishing the flames, advanced to the assault with the intention of storming Ashe's battery. Not a sound did they utter; and fancying that they were undiscovered, were allowed to come within sixty or eighty yards of the guns before one was fired, or a movement made to indicate that they were perceived. Just as they must have supposed their success certain, the nine-pounders opened on them with a most destructive discharge of grape. The men shouldered in succession the muskets which they had by their sides ready loaded, and discharged them into their midst. In half-an-hour the enemy took to flight, leaving a hundred corpses on the plain.

No sooner had the ashes of the barrack cooled, than the soldiers of the 32nd regiment, though the enemy were firing on them, raking with their swords and bayonets, made diligent search for their medals. Several of them were found, though much injured by fire. This fact shows the high appreciation in which the British soldier holds his decorations.

Numbers of the officers and men had already fallen.

Soon after the destruction of the hospital, Captain Moore determined to make a dash upon the enemy's guns, in the hope of silencing some of them. Accordingly a party of fifty, headed by the Captain, sallied out at midnight towards the church compound, where they spiked two or three guns. Proceeding thence to the mess house, they killed several of the native gunners asleep at their posts, blew up one of the twenty-four pounders, and spiked another, and returned with the loss of one private killed and four wounded. Gallant and successful as was the exploit, it availed the garrison nothing, as the next day the enemy brought fresh guns into position. In vain did they look for relief. So completely were the roads closed by the rebel Sepoys, that news of their condition did not reach Lucknow, only fifty miles distant, till near the termination of the affair.

The 23rd of June, 1857, was the centenary of the battle of Plassy, and the Sepoys believed on that day they should finally throw off the British yoke. On the night of the 22nd the barrack held by the British under the command of Captain Mowbray Thomson was threatened with a grand attack. Numbers of rebels were seen gathering from all directions at this barrack, and Captain Thomson, believing that he should

be overpowered, sent to the intrenchments for reinforcements. The answer was that none could be spared. Captain Moore, however, shortly after, came across to see how affairs stood. He proposed that they should themselves sally out as if they were about to make an attack. He himself had but a sword, Lieutenant Delafosse an empty musket. Captain Moore vociferated to the winds, "Number one to the front;" and hundreds of ammunition pouches rattled on the sheaths as the astonished foe vaulted out from the cover afforded by heaps of rubbish, and rushed for shelter to the barrack walls. The gallant little party, which consisted but of thirteen privates and three officers, fired a volley, and with bayonets at the charge, followed the enemy, who dared not face them. The party returned to their barrack, laughing heartily at the success of their feint.

All night long a series of false charges and surprises were made on the barrack, and not a man for an instant left his post. Towards dawn, the enemy being more quiet, Mr. Mainwaring, a cavalry cadet, one of Captain Thomson's picket, begged him to lie down, while he kept a look-out. Scarcely had the Captain closed his eyes when Mainwaring shouted, "Here they come." The enemy, with more pluck than they had hitherto shown, advanced close up to the doorway of the barrack. Mainwaring's revolver despatched two of the enemy. Stirling with an Enfield rifle shot one and bayoneted another. Captain Thomson fired both charges of his double-barrelled gun, killing two more.

The defenders of the barrack consisted of but seventeen men, while the enemy left eighteen corpses lying

outside the doorway. At the same time the mutineers surrounded the intrenchments on all sides with cavalry and infantry, and horse and bullock batteries of field artillery. Their cavalry, however, started on the charge at a hand gallop, so that when they neared the intrenchments, their horses were winded, and a round from the British guns threw their ranks into hopeless confusion; all who were not biting the dust wheeling round, and galloping off in dismay. One of the expedients adopted by the enemy was to roll before them large bales of cotton, under which they managed to approach very near the walls. A well-directed fire from the batteries soon, however, set fire to these novel defences, and the skirmishers, panic-struck, took to flight before the main body had begun to advance.

For seventeen days and nights had the gallant little band resisted all the efforts made by the overwhelming numbers of the foe to storm the position. At last it only remained for the enemy to starve them out, and this operation they forthwith commenced, abandoning all attempts to take the place by assault. Of the fifty-nine artillerymen, all, with the exception of four, had perished at the batteries, while the guns themselves were so knocked about that two only could be made to carry grape. Even in these, in consequence of the irregularity of the bore, the canisters could not be driven home. A new style of cartridge was therefore invented, formed by stockings supplied by the women—and into these the contents of the canisters were emptied. Among the most gallant defenders of the fort, and one of the few survivors of the siege, was Lieutenant Delafosse. Being much annoyed by

a small gun in barrack No. 1, he resolved to silence it if possible. Giving his own worn-out gun a monster charge of three six-pound shots, and a stocking full of grape, he rammed them all well down. He fired—his faithful piece of artillery did not burst, and his troublesome little antagonist was never again heard.

Another gallant exploit on the part of Lieutenant Delafosse occurred at the north-east battery on the 21st June. A shot had entered the tumbrel of a gun, blew it up, and ignited the woodwork of the carriage, thus exposing the ammunition all around to destruction. The rebels, observing what was taking place, directed their fire to the spot with redoubled fury. Delafosse, with perfect self-possession, went to the burning gun, and lying down under the firing mass, pulled away portions of the wood, and scattered earth with both hands on the flames. Two soldiers followed this courageous example, each with a bucket of water, which the lieutenant applied till the fire was extinguished.

In time, the Sepoys discovering that they were not likely to capture the fort while any of the heroic garrison remained alive, resolved to starve them to death. Their sufferings from want of food at last became so great, that on the 25th of June General Wheeler entered into arrangements for the evacuation of the place with Nana Sahib. The next day the survivors proceeded to the river to embark on board boats prepared for them, when, with a treachery almost unparalleled in history, by the order of that demon in human shape, they were fired on and mostly killed. The rest, with few exceptions, were brought back to Cawnpore, when the men were shot, and the women and children, after

being kept prisoners for some time, and treated with the utmost indignity and barbarity, were indiscriminately slaughtered, and their bodies thrown into a well. One boat only escaped down the river, by which the life of Lieutenant Delafosse, who has given a narrative of what he witnessed, was preserved. Of all the gallant men and heroic women who endured the sufferings which have been described, he, with two or three others, alone escaped.

Terribly, however, ere long were they to be avenged.

LUCKNOW,

1857—1858.

THE drama of Lucknow may properly be divided into four acts. 1st, the defence by Sir Henry Lawrence and Brigadier Inglis. 2nd, the succour of Lucknow by Sir Henry Havelock and Sir James Outram, 25th September. 3rd, the relief of Lucknow on the 22nd November, 1857, by Sir Colin Campbell, when the hard-pressed garrison were carried out from overwhelming numbers of the enemy; and 4th, the siege of Lucknow by the British force under Sir Colin Campbell and Sir James Outram. Sir James Outram had previously been established in the strong position of the Alumbagh, from which the rebels had in vain endeavoured to dislodge him.

DEFENCE OF LUCKNOW,

29th June to 25th September, 1857.

SIR HENRY LAWRENCE, with a small body of troops, was stationed at Lucknow, when on the 29th of June,

hearing that a large body of rebels were approaching, he marched out to make a reconnoissance.

The force fell into an ambuscade, and some of the native artillerymen proving traitors, it was compelled to retire with a very heavy loss of officers and men, and three pieces of artillery.

Immediately on his return, Sir Henry prepared for the defence. The whole garrison amounted only to 1,618 officers and men fit for duty, and with eighty officers and men sick and wounded. Sir Henry's first care was to withdraw the garrison from the old fort of Muchhee Bowen, and in the course of the night of the 1st July, such provision as could be removed having been carried off, it was blown up with vast quantities of gunpowder and ball cartridges. An intrenched position had been commenced round the British Residency, and to complete this all the energies of the garrison were first devoted. Long, however, before all the proposed batteries were thrown up, the rebels, assembling in vast numbers, began the blockade of the place. Unhappily Sir Henry Lawrence was mortally wounded by a shell on the 2nd of July, and closed a distinguished career on the 4th. Brigadier Inglis then succeeded to the command. At this time only two batteries were finished. No spot was safe—the sick and wounded were killed in the hospital, and women and children in private houses suffered the same fate. On the 20th of July, the enemy, after exploding a mine, attempted to storm the defences, but were driven back after a desperate struggle, which lasted four hours. Day and night a murderous fire was kept up on the garrison, who were already suffering dreadfully from sickness, while famine

stared them in the face. On the 10th of August, the enemy attempted another assault, after, as before, springing a mine. On the 18th a similar attempt was made. On this occasion three officers were blown up, though without injury, and the enemy established themselves in one of the houses of the British position; they were, however, driven out in the evening by a gallant charge of the 32nd and 48th regiments. No men could have behaved more splendidly than did those of these two regiments. The 32nd was reduced to less than three hundred men. The artillery behaved admirably, and suffered so much, that at length there were only twenty-four European gunners to work thirty guns, including mortars in position, so that although ably assisted by the men of the 32nd, and by civilian volunteers, they had to run from gun to gun to defend the points most threatened by the enemy.

Five sorties were made during the siege by the British, for the purpose of destroying buildings which commanded the intrenchments, and of spiking guns. On all these occasions both officers and men of the 32nd regiment particularly distinguished themselves. In a sortie made on the 7th July, for the purpose of examining a house strongly held by the enemy, to ascertain whether or not a mine was being driven from it; Lieutenant Lawrence, 32nd regiment, was the first to mount the ladder and to enter the window of the house, in effecting which, he had his pistol knocked out of his hand by one of the enemy. On the 26th of September he charged with two of his men in advance of his company, and captured a nine-pounder gun. A verandah having fallen on the 30th

June, Mr. Capper of the Bengal civil service being entangled among the ruins ; Corporal Oxenham rushed forward amid a shower of bullets, to which he was exposed for ten minutes, while extracting him from his dangerous situation. Private Dowling on three several occasions rushed out and spiked the enemy's guns ; on one, killing a Subadar who attempted to defend his gun. Captain Henry George Browne, 32nd regiment, now of the 100th regiment, performed a similar conspicuous act of bravery, having, on the 21st August, 1857, gallantly led a sortie at great personal risk, for the purpose of spiking two heavy guns, which were doing considerable damage to the defences. Captain Browne was the first person who entered the battery, which consisted of the two guns in question, protected by high palisades, the embrasures being closed with sliding shutters. On reaching the battery Captain Browne removed the shutters and jumped into the battery. The result was, that the guns were spiked, and it is supposed that about 100 of the enemy were killed.

It would be impossible to mention all the acts of heroism performed during the siege.

SUCCOUR OF LUCKNOW,

25th September.

At length, on the 25th September, early in the morning, a messenger arrived with a letter from General Outram, announcing his approach to Lucknow. Hours passed by, many of the enemy were seen retreating across the river, and every gun which could

be brought to bear was fired at them, though all the time the rebels engaged in besieging the intrenchments never ceased firing both with artillery and rifles. At four P.M. there was a report that some officers and a European regiment had been seen advancing in the distance. At five P.M. volleys of musketry were heard growing louder and louder, and soon afterwards the British troops were seen fighting their way through one of the principal streets; and though men fell at every step, onward they gallantly pushed till the rear-guard heavy guns were inside the position. The relieving force was under the command of Sir James Outram. It had suffered severely in the gallant exploit. Of 2600 who had left Cawnpore, nearly one third had been either killed or wounded in forcing their way through the city, so that nothing could be done for the relief of the place. The united body was therefore as closely besieged as before.

We must now describe more particularly how this gallant exploit of succouring Lucknow was accomplished.

On the return of General Havelock from Persia, he was appointed to the command of a moveable column, consisting of 1964 men. He immediately commenced his march on Cawnpore, hoping to relieve the prisoners there confined by the miscreant Nena Sahib. Having been joined by Major Renard with 800 men, a complete victory was obtained, on the 12th July, over a large body of the rebels near Futtehpoore.

Twice on the 15th he engaged the rebels at Aeng, and the bridge of Pandoo Nudder; on the 16th he drove Nena Sahib from a strong position at Ahirwa.

The next day, the fatal 17th, the wretch butchered

the women and children left in his power, blew up the magazine at Cawnpore, and retreated to Bithoor. Here he was unable to make a stand, and once more made a hasty retreat. General Havelock on this, leaving General Neil at Cawnpore, pushed on for Lucknow. He again encountered the mutineers near Unao, on the 29th July, when the 78th Highlanders, the 1st Fusiliers, and the 64th regiment were chiefly engaged. The same corps next captured Busherut Gunge, a walled town with wet ditches. Three times the same place was attacked and taken while General Havelock was waiting at Cawnpore for reinforcements. On the 16th September, Sir James Outram arrived. Though superior officer, he refused to supersede Major-General Havelock, but accompanied the force as Chief Commissioner of Oude. The relieving force now amounting to about 2500 men, and 17 guns, crossed the Ganges, and on the 21st September attacked the rebels at Munghowar, who fled, four guns being captured, two of which were taken in a cavalry charge led by Sir James Outram. On the 23rd they arrived before the Alumbagh, an isolated building, a country palace situated in a large walled park to the south east of the city of Lucknow, and about three miles from the Residency. From this place the enemy were driven, four guns were taken, and it was occupied by the relieving army. As the British troops were wearied with their long march in pelting rain, the assault was deferred till the 25th. All the 24th they were bombarded by the enemy, and an attack was made by a thousand cavalry on the baggage, which was defeated by the soldiers of the gallant 90th, though not without the loss of several officers and men.

The morning of the 25th arrived. The generals breakfasted at a small table placed in the open field, and while they and their staff were afterwards examining a map of the city spread out on it, a nine-pound shot from the enemy's battery struck the ground five yards from it, and bounded over their heads. Soon after eight the welcome order to advance was given. Sir James Outram commanded the first and leading brigade, with all the artillery, heavy and light. The second brigade, under General Havelock, followed in support. Scarcely had Sir James's brigade passed the advanced pickets, than it was assailed by a heavy fire in front, on either flank, and from two guns planted near a house called from its colour the Yellow House. The enemy had flanked his road under cover of long high grass, and a murderous fire was poured on the columns from a double-storied house, full of musqueteers, from the loopholed walls of the surrounding gardens, from two guns that raked the road from his right flank, and from another that commanded his front. In the face of this desperate opposition, Captain Maude with his brave artillerymen pushed on, though not without the loss of one-third of their number. A canal passes between the Alumbagh and Lucknow. At the bridge over it the enemy had determined to make their stand, and dispute the entrance to the city. It was defended by six guns on the Lucknow side, one of them a twenty-four pounder, which completely swept the bridge and the approach to it, while all the houses near it were loopholed and filled with musqueteers. Here nearly every man of Captain Maude's two guns was killed or wounded, though he and Lieutenant Maitland remained unhurt,

and they frequently had to call for volunteers from the infantry to replace the artillerymen falling around. A charge was now made by the Madras Fusiliers, when Lieutenant Arnold, at the first word of command, dashed on to the bridge with nineteen of his men. The enemy, believing this little band to be the main body, sent a discharge of grape, which they had reserved for the occasion, among them. Lieutenant Arnold fell shot through both legs, and most of his men were swept down. Lieutenant Havelock alone remained on the bridge; waving his sword, he called to the Fusiliers to advance. Then, bravely led by their regimental officers, they dashed forward with a cheer, and not giving the enemy time to reload, rushed on the guns, amid a storm of bullets, wrested them from the enemy, and bayonnetted the gunners.

The British army now entered the city, and the 78th Highlanders were pushed forward on the Cawnpore road to the Residency, to cover the passage of the troops and baggage, &c., while the remainder turned short to the right and began to thread the narrow lane leading towards the king's stables.

"The 78th Highlanders held their position at the head of the street, as the baggage, the wounded, and the followers defiled over the bridge. As soon as the enemy perceived that it was an unsupported rear-guard, it was assailed by overwhelming numbers, but continued firmly to hold its own. In this unequal struggle, which lasted nearly three hours, its ammunition was more than once exhausted and renewed.

"On one occasion, the enemy becoming more bold, brought two brass nine-pounders to bear on the Highlanders; but they immediately left the shelter of the

houses, captured the guns, hurled them into the canal, and then calmly resumed their defensive position. Repeatedly tried through this campaign, and always found worthy of its high reputation, never did the valour of this gallant regiment shine brighter than in this bloody conflict."

Among others, Lieutenant-Adjutant (now Captain) Herbert McPherson was conspicuous in the splendid charge on the two guns, while Assistant-Surgeon Valentine McMaster exhibited the most devoted gallantry, in the way in which he risked his life for the purpose of binding up the wounds, and securing the retreat of the men under his charge, disabled by the bullets of the enemy.

The main body, turning to the right, advanced to a point between the Motee Mahal and the old Mess-house of the 32nd. It was between this spot and the Residency, a distance of three-quarters of a mile, that the strength of the enemy was concentrated; and here the fiercest conflict after that of forcing the bridge occurred. At length, however, the enemy were driven back by the heavy guns; and after passing through a hot fire from the roofs of neighbouring houses, the force was halted under shelter of a wall of one of the palaces, to allow the long column, the progress of which had been impeded by the narrowness of the streets, to come up. The main body was now within five hundred yards of the Residency, but surrounded with enemies. The Generals, however, determined to push on. The Highlanders and a regiment [of Sikhs were called to the front; Sir James Outram, though wounded, and General Havelock placed themselves at their head, and through an incessant storm of shot

pushed on to the Residency. "The loopholed houses on either side poured forth a stream of fire as they advanced: every roof sent down a shower of missiles on them. Deep trenches had been cut across the road to detain them under the fire of the adjacent buildings. At every angle they encountered a fearful volley; but, animated by the generals, officers, and men, pushed on, till at length the gate of the Residency was reached, and the hard-pressed garrison welcomed them with their hearty cheers. The remainder of the troops quickly followed, and entered the Residency. Numbers had fallen, and among them General Neill, who was with the 1st Madras Fusiliers, and soon after the shelter was quitted was shot dead, falling instantly from his horse, and never speaking more. The united forces were, however, too weak to attempt to retreat. They were consequently again besieged in the Residency, though able to keep the foe at bay."

RELIEF OF LUCKNOW.

At length, on the 10th of November, Sir Colin Campbell, with a thoroughly equipped force of 5000 men, arrived in the neighbourhood of the Alumbagh. It was important that the Generals in the Residency should communicate with him, and Mr. Cavanagh, an officer of the civil service, volunteered to proceed to his camp with plans of the city, and suggestions as to the route he should take. Perilous as was the adventure, Mr. Cavanagh accomplished the undertaking. A semaphoric communication was soon afterwards established between the Alumbagh and the Residency.

By its means Sir Colin was enabled, on the 12th, to announce his intention of advancing by the Dilkoosha at seven A.M. on the 14th. The garrison therefore prepared to co-operate with him.

At the time appointed the advance began: but several large buildings, strongly fortified, had to be stormed—the Dilkoosha, Martiniere, and finally the Secunderbagh, in which place upwards of two thousand rebels were killed. These operations occupied till the afternoon of the 17th, when the Messhouse was gallantly stormed by a company of the 90th, a picket of the 53rd, with some Punjab infantry. Beyond this the enemy again made a desperate stand; but the advance was sounded—the troops pushed on—house after house was taken—nowhere could the rebels withstand them, and complete communication was established with the Residency.

It was now resolved to remove the non-combatants, the women, children, and sick and wounded, as well as the troops from Lucknow. By masterly arrangements the enemy were completely deceived. The women and children, and sick and wounded, were first withdrawn on the night of the 18th, many ladies walking a distance of six miles to the Dilkoosha encampment over rough ground, and at one spot exposed to the fire of the enemy; Lady Inglis, the heroic wife of Brigadier Inglis, setting the example. When they were in safety, arrangements were made to withdraw the garrison.

On the 20th and 21st, Captain Peel, with the guns of his naval brigade, aided by Havelock's guns in the palaces, breached the Kaiserbagh. The enemy, believing that an assault would immediately follow, stood

on the defensive. Orders were then given for the garrison to withdraw through the line of pickets at midnight on the 22nd. Brigadier Hope's brigade covered all their movements, and Brigadier Greathead's brigade closed in the rear, and formed the rear-guard as the troops retired through a long, narrow lane, the only road open for them towards the Dilkoosha. That position was reached by four o'clock in the afternoon of the 23rd of November, without the loss of a man. On the previous day, one of the gallant defenders of Lucknow, the good and brave Sir Henry Havelock, had breathed his last in the Dilkoosha, from dysentery, brought on by exposure and the unwholesome food on which he had been compelled to exist.

Of course all the property in the Residency which had been so long bravely defended, had to be left at the mercy of the rebels; but that was a slight gain compared to the rage and vexation they must have experienced at finding themselves so completely outmanœuvred, and that the foes they hoped to crush had escaped them.

SIEGE AND CAPTURE OF LUCKNOW,

2nd and 21st March.

WHEN Sir Colin Campbell retired with his rescued countrymen from Lucknow, on the 27th of November, 1857, he left a force under Sir James Outram in the strong position of the Alumbagh, to keep the enemy in check in the city, thus locking up a large num-

ber, and preventing them from committing mischief throughout the country.

On the 12th and 16th of January, and at other subsequent times, the rebels endeavoured to dislodge Sir James Outram from his position, but were each time driven back with loss. Meanwhile, Sir Colin Campbell defeated the enemy on the 6th of December—estimated at 25,000 men, and thirty-six guns.

He remained at Cawnpore till the 4th of February, when the first portion of his army crossed the Ganges, on their road to Lucknow. While marching on Lucknow, Brigadier Franks, on the 19th, successively defeated two bodies of the enemy at Chanda and Amerapore; and on the 23rd, gained a still more important victory over their united forces near Sultanpore. Sir Colin, with reinforcements and siege train, arrived at the Alumbagh on the 1st of March, and no time was lost in carrying out the contemplated operations against Lucknow.

The Dilkoosha palace was first seized, when a gun was captured. This palace then formed the advanced post on the right, and the Mahomed Bagh on the left; heavy guns being placed in them, to keep down the fire of the enemy. Sir James Outram being withdrawn from the Alumbagh, crossed to the left bank of the Goomtee, and, on the 9th, drove the enemy before him at all points, till he was enabled to occupy the Tyzabad road, and to plant his batteries so as to enfilade the works on the canal.

On the afternoon of the same day, Brigadiers Sir Edward Lugard and Adrian Hope, with the 42nd, 53rd, and 90th regiments, stormed and captured the Martiniere College. And now the operations against

the Kaiser Bagh could be carried out more effectually, and science and engineering skill were brought into play. Building after building was captured and well secured, before the infantry were allowed to advance. A large block of palaces, known as the Begum Kotee, having been breached under the direction of Brigadier Napier, it was stormed on the morning of the 12th, with the greatest gallantry, by the 93rd Highlanders, supported by the 4th Punjab Rifles, and a thousand Ghoorkas, led by Brigadier Adrian Hope. This was looked upon as one of the severest struggles and most gallant actions during the siege.

Brigadier Napier now, by aid of sappers and heavy guns, pushed forward the approaches through the enclosures, the infantry immediately occupying the ground as he advanced, the guns and mortars being moved on as the positions were gained, where they could be placed. Brigadier Franks, early on the morning of the 14th, carried the Imambarrah, and Major Brasyer, with a regiment of Sikhs, pressing forward in pursuit, entered the Kaiser Bagh, and then the third line of the enemy's defences was won, and the spot where so many desperate encounters had taken place was once more occupied by the British. Moosa Bagh, the last position of the rebels on the Goomtee, was cannonaded and captured by Sir James Outram and Sir Hope Grant on the 19th; and on the 21st, Sir Edward Lugard, after a fierce struggle, took the last stronghold in the possession of the rebels in the heart of the city.

Brigadier W. Campbell, at the head of the 2nd Dragoon Guards, followed the fugitives for the distance of six miles, killing vast numbers, and com-

pletely routing them. The inhabitants were now invited to return, and Lucknow was once more placed under British rule.

From the commencement of the siege on the 2nd, to the 21st March, 127 officers and men were killed, and 595 wounded.

ACHIEVEMENTS OF THE CENTRAL INDIA FIELD FORCE,

January to June, 1858.

RATHGHUR.—The force so called was under the command of Major-General Sir Hugh Rose. The first place attacked was Rathghur, a strong fort in Central India. The British guns played on the walls during the 26th and 27th, and a breach having been effected, the garrison attempted to make their escape by ropes over the walls, while the enemy outside attacked the rear of the camp, in the hope of relieving them. The rebels were, however, defeated, and the place taken.

BARODIA.—On the 31st of January, the insurgents were encountered near Barodia, and signally defeated.

SAUGOR.—Several Europeans, with a hundred women and children, had been closely besieged in Saugor since July, 1857. Sir Hugh Rose arrived before it on the 3rd February, and, putting the enemy to flight, effected its relief.

CHUNDAIREE.—Brigadier C. S. Stuart arrived before this place on the 17th March. It was immediately stormed, the 86th Foot and the 25th Bombay Native Infantry making a most dashing rush, carried everything before them.

Major Richard Hart Keatinge, Bombay Artillery

(now of the Staff Corps), on this occasion won the Victoria Cross, for having rendered most efficient aid at the assault, in voluntarily leading the column through the breach, which was protected by a heavy cross fire. He was one of the foremost to enter, and was severely wounded in the breach. The column was saved from a serious loss that would probably have resulted but for Major Keatinge's knowledge of the small path leading across the ditch, which had been examined during the night by himself and a servant, who declined, when required, to lead the column without his master. Having cleared the breach, he led into the fort, where he was struck down by another dangerous wound. The Commander-in-Chief in India states that the success at Chundairee was mainly owing to this officer, whose truly brilliant gallantry he considers was equalled by his ability and devotion. Major Keatinge was at the time a political officer with the 2nd Brigade of the Central India Field Force.

Captain Jerome, 86th regiment, here also gained great credit for his gallant conduct.

Brigadier Stuart then united with Sir Hugh Rose, and was sent with a body of cavalry and artillery to invest the fortress of Jhansi.

BETWA.—On the 1st of April, a comparatively small force having been left in camp with Sir Hugh Rose, while the rest were attacking Jhansi, a large army under Tantia Topee, who were marching in the hope of relieving that place, having crossed the Betwa river, made a furious attack on them. It was, however, completely defeated, the 14th Light Dragoons distinguishing themselves. Captain Need's troop, especially, gained great credit. Lieutenant Leith obtained

the Victoria Cross for his gallantry in charging alone and rescuing Captain Need, who was surrounded by a large body of the rebels. Here, also, Lieutenant Pendergrast, of the same corps, who had often before distinguished himself, gained further credit.

JHANSI.—This place, one of the many which had gained a bad celebrity for the cruel murders committed in it by the rebels, was now in possession of an Amazon, the Ranee of Jhansi, who had under her a garrison of twelve thousand men. It was very strong, both artificially and by nature. Sir Hugh Rose arrived before it on the 21st of March.

It was before this place that Lieutenant H. S. Cochrane, 86th regiment, shewed great gallantry. The first company of his regiment was ordered to take a gun during Tantia Topee's attack on 1st April. He dashed forward under a heavy fire of musketry and artillery, drove the enemy from their guns, and kept possession till his men came up. He also gallantly attacked the rear-guard of the enemy, and had three horses shot under him. The 3rd of April was fixed on for the assault. The storming party was divided into two columns—the right being led by Lieutenant-Colonel Lowth, and the left by Major Stuart, of the 86th regiment.

The left forced its way in partly by escalading, and partly through the breach, and pushed on completely up to the palace, where it was joined by the right column, which, under a galling fire, had marched through the streets, meeting a desperate resistance in every direction.

The 86th regiment gained great credit. Lieutenant Sewell lay wounded in a very exposed position, when

Captain Henry E. Jerome and Private Byrne pushed forward under a heavy fire, and removed him to a place of safety.

Private J. Pearson, though wounded, gallantly attacked a number of armed rebels in the streets, one of whom he killed, and bayoneted two others.

Corporal Michael Sleavon, of the Royal Engineers, shewed determined bravery by maintaining his position at the head of a sap, and continuing the operation under a heavy fire with perfect coolness and steadiness.

Bombardier J. Brennan, with marked gallantry, brought up two guns of the Hyderabad contingent, manned by natives, under a heavy fire from the walls, and directed them so accurately as to compel the enemy to abandon his battery. The greater part of the fortifications came in possession of the British, and preparations were being made to renew the attack, when the Ranee fled, and the place was abandoned by the rebels. The British lost two hundred and fifty-three men during the siege.

AWAH, in Rajpootana, was taken by Colonel Holmes on the 24th of January.

KOTAH.—This place was besieged by Major-General Roberts in March, and the 30th was fixed for the assault. The first column was under Brigadier Parke, of the 72nd, composed of 250 men, partly from the 72nd, under Major Thellusson, and partly from the 13th Native Infantry, under Captain Adams, accompanied by a party of sappers, under Lieutenant Paterson, Royal Engineers. The second column was under Lieutenant-Colonel Holmes, and the third under Lieutenant-Colonel Raines, of the 95th.

The 72nd and 95th regiments particularly distin-

guished themselves, and Lieutenant Cameron, of the 72nd, headed a small party of men and attacked a body of armed fanatics strongly posted in a loopholed house with one narrow entrance. He stormed the house and killed three rebels in single combat, but was severely wounded. Kotah was speedily carried in the most gallant manner. Unfortunately, by the explosion of a magazine, Captain Bainbrigge and Captain Evelyn Bazalgette were killed.

BANDA.—Major-General Whitlock gained a decisive victory on the 19th of April over the Nawah of Banda, which place surrendered immediately.

KOONAH was captured by Sir Hugh Rose on the 7th of May.

CALPEE.—On the 23rd, Sir Hugh Rose advancing on Calpee, the rebels fled in dismay, and the town, which was found full of warlike stores, was occupied by the British. The flying column pursued the enemy, but were compelled to desist from the intense heat.

The Central India Field force, who had in so short a period performed so many gallant achievements, was about to be broken up, when Sir Hugh Rose received information that Scindiah, Maharajah of Gwalior, had been defeated by Tantia Topee, and compelled to take refuge in the British cantonments of Agra. Sir Hugh Rose immediately recalling his forces, advanced on Gwalior.

In an action which took place on the 16th of June, at MORAR, Lieutenant Neave, of the 71st regiment, which maintained its ancient renown, was killed.

The rebels were attacked at Suhejnee, near Peroo, on the 27th of September, when Lieutenant Charles George Baker behaved in the most gallant way, as may

be best described in this officer's own words:—"The enemy (at the time supposed to have mustered from nine hundred to one thousand strong in infantry, with fifty cavalry) advanced. Without exchanging a shot, I at once retired slowly, followed up steadily by the rebel line for one hundred yards, clear of village or jungle, when, suddenly wheeling about my divisions into line, with a hearty cheer we charged into and through the centre of the enemy's line, Lieutenant Broughton, with his detachment, immediately following up the movement with excellent effect from his position upon the enemy's left. The rebel right wing, of about three hundred men, broke at once; but the centre and left, observing the great labour of the horses in crossing the heavy ground, stood, and receiving the charge with repeated volleys, were cut down or broke only a few yards ahead of the cavalry. From this moment the pursuit was limited to the strongest and best horses of the force, numbering some sixty of all ranks, who, dashing into and swimming a deep and wide nullah, followed the flying enemy through the village of Russowlee and its sugar-cane khets, over two miles of swamp, and five hundred yards into the thick jungles near Peroo, when, both men and horses being completely exhausted, I sounded the halt and assembly, and, collecting my wounded, returned to camp at Munjhaen about six P.M." The charge ended in the utter defeat of the enemy, and is referred to by Lord Clyde "as deserving of the highest encomium, on account both of conception and execution." It is also described as having been "as gallant as any during the war."

The Raince of Jhansi, fighting hand to hand, was

supposed to have been killed, but her body was carried off by her followers.

On the 19th a third fierce contest occurred, when the rebels were completely put to the rout, and Gwalior being taken and occupied, Scindia was restored to his throne.

Lieutenant William Francis Frederic Waller, 25th Bombay Light Infantry, exhibited great gallantry at the capture, by storm, of the fortress of Gwalior, on the 20th of June, 1858. He and Lieutenant Rose, who was killed, were the only Europeans present; and, with a mere handful of men, they attacked the fortress, climbed on the roof of the house, shot the gunners opposed to them, carried all before them, and took the fort, killing every man in it.

For this action Lieutenant Waller obtained the Victoria Cross.

This was the last operation of importance in the war. The rebels were everywhere defeated and humbled, Tantia Topee was ultimately caught and hanged, and Nena Sahib, having been driven with his followers across the Raptée by the 7th Hussars, in all probability he soon afterwards terminated his existence. No certain intelligence has ever since been obtained of him. It was on this last occasion, 31st Dec. 1858, that Captain Fraser, of the 7th Hussars, gallantly swam, under a sharp fire, to the rescue of Captain Stisted, who, with some men of his corps, were in danger of being drowned.

This campaign brought out the soldier-like qualities of many men, which would probably otherwise have remained unknown; and, besides such men as Have-lock, Outram, Rose, Roberts, Whitlock, Grant, Mans-

field, Franks, Lugard, Windham, Michel, it produced a number of young and active Brigadier-Generals, who at the last contributed materially to bring the war to a conclusion. To Neill, Adrian Hope, Walpole, Napier, Russell, Nicholson, Horsford, Barker, Wetherall, Jones, Parke, Rowcroft, and others, the gratitude of the country is due, for the perseverance, gallantry, and judgment with which they conducted numberless difficult operations to a successful and glorious issue.



GALLANT DEEDS PERFORMED DURING THE SUPPRESSION OF THE MUTINY.

At no time in the history of the world has more calm courage, devotion, perseverance, and gallantry been shown than was exhibited by the soldiers of England during the Indian mutiny. Many of their gallant deeds have already been recounted, but we have collected many more, not less worthy of notice.

We will begin with some, where, by self-devotion, the lives of comrades were saved.

At the outbreak of the mutiny at Benares, 4th June, 1857, Captain Brown, Pension Paymaster, was, with his family, left alone in the compound of their house, surrounded by rebels. The whole party would have been destroyed, had not Private John Kirk, 10th regiment, offered to accompany two non-commissioned officers, Sergeant-Major Rosamond, 37th Bengal Native Infantry, and Sergeant-Major Gill, Loodiana regiment, and to proceed to their relief, when they were safely brought off. Sergeant-Major Rosamond also volunteered to accompany Lieutenant-Colonel Spot-

tiswoode, to set fire to the lines, to drive out the Sepoys on that occasion.

It is almost impossible to place the gallant deeds in order, or to compare one with another; and we shall therefore narrate them as they appear before us.

The enemy having on the night of the 19th June attacked the rear of the British camp before Delhi, in a severe conflict which ensued, many officers and men were cut down. Among others was Lieutenant Humphreys, who was mortally wounded. He would have at once been killed and mangled, had not Private Turner, of the 60th Rifles, finding him on the ground under a heavy fire, lifted him on his shoulders, and carried him to the camp. While performing this work of humanity, Private Turner was severely wounded by a sabre-cut on the arm.

Colour-Sergeant William Gardner, 42nd regiment, exhibited his attachment to his Colonel and his bravery in a conspicuous manner on the 5th May, 1858. During the action at Bareilly, on that day, the 42nd regiment was assailed by a large body of desperate fanatics, who rushed in among the men with sharp daggers, inflicting terrible wounds in every direction. During the attack Lieutenant-Colonel Cameron was knocked off his horse, when three of the fanatics rushing at him, he would have been killed, had not Sergeant Gardner sprang forward from the ranks, bayonetting two of them, and was about to kill the third, when the wretched man was shot by another soldier of the 42nd.

Several men of that noble regiment performed similar acts of devoted bravery.

On an attack of the fort of Ruhya, 15th April, 1858, Colour-Sergeant John Simpson volunteered to

go to an exposed point under the parapet of the wall, under a heavy fire, for the purpose of bringing in Lieutenant Douglas, who lay there, desperately wounded. He succeeded in his attempt, and then returned to carry off a private of the 42nd, in which act he was also successful.

Lance-Corporal Alexander Thompson also assisted Captain Cafe to bring off, under a heavy fire, the body of Lieutenant Willoughby, who had been killed on the top of the glacis. He was accompanied by Private Spence, 42nd, who was unhappily mortally wounded on the occasion. Private John Davis, 42nd, besides exhibiting conspicuous courage, carried from under a heavy fire the body of Lieutenant Bramley, who had been killed near the gate of the fort.

Privates Walter Cook and Duncan Miller, 42nd, were especially praised, and obtained the Victoria Cross.

At the action of Maylah Ghaut, a company of the 42nd were skirmishing so close to the enemy, who were in great numbers, that several received sword-cuts. The officer in command was carried to the rear, badly wounded, and the Colour-Sergeant was killed. Finding no one in command, three soldiers went to the front, and taking on themselves to direct their comrades, exhibited a courage, coolness, and discipline which was the admiration of all who witnessed it.

Lieutenant F. E. H. Farquharson, however, was the only officer of that distinguished corps who appears to have gained the Victoria Cross in India. When engaged before Lucknow, 9th March, 1858, he led a portion of his company, stormed a bastion mounting two guns, spiked them, and thus the advanced position

held during that night by the British was rendered secure against the fire of the rebels. Next morning he was unhappily wounded while maintaining his position in the advance.

Ensign Richard Wadeson, 75th regiment, was conspicuous for his bravery, when the regiment was hotly engaged in the Subjee Munde, in Delhi, in saving the lives of two of his men, Privates Michael Farrell and John Barry, when, wounded and helpless, they were attacked by sowars of the enemy's cavalry. In both instances he killed the sowars with his own hand.

Patrick Green, also of the same regiment, on the 11th September, 1857, when the picket at Koodsia Baugh, at Delhi, was hotly pursued by a large body of the enemy, dashed forward to defend a comrade who had fallen wounded as a skirmisher, and successfully brought him out of action.

Not only soldiers, but non-combatants were conspicuous on many occasions for their gallantry. The surgeons especially exhibited the most heroic courage. The name of Surgeon Herbert Taylor Reade deserves to be mentioned. During the siege of Delhi, while he was attending to the wounded at the end of one of the streets, on the 14th September, a party of rebels advanced from the direction of the Bank, and having established themselves in the houses in the street, commenced firing from the roofs. The wounded were thus in very great danger, and would have fallen into the hands of the enemy, had not Surgeon Reade, drawing his sword, and calling upon about ten soldiers who were near him to follow, dashed bravely forward under a heavy fire, and, attacking the rebels, dis-

lodged them from their position, and put them to flight. Two of his followers were killed, and five or six wounded in this gallant act, for which he was deservedly decorated with the Victoria Cross. He also accompanied his regiment, on the assault of Delhi, and on the morning of the 16th September, was one of the first up at the breach of the magazine. On this occasion he, with a sergeant of his regiment, spiked one of the enemy's guns.

Surgeon Joseph Jee, C.B., was another medical officer whose bravery was conspicuous. After that gallant charge made by the 78th Highlanders, when two guns were captured near the Char Bagh, as they, forming part of Sir Henry Havelock's force, were entering Lucknow, on the 25th September, 1857, numbers were left wounded on the ground. He hastened among them, exposed to a severe fire and the risk of being cut off, and succeeded, by great exertions, in getting them removed in cots, or on the backs of their comrades, until he had collected the dooly-bearers, who had fled. He remained by the wounded till later in the day, when he endeavoured to convey them into the Residency, but was compelled to take refuge with his charge and their escort in the Mote Mehal, where they were besieged by an overwhelming force. Here, however, he remained during the whole night, voluntarily and repeatedly exposing himself to a heavy fire while he was engaged in dressing the wounds of the men who fell serving a twenty-four pounder in a most exposed situation. At length he set forward to accompany a number of the wounded into the Residency by the river bank, although warned of the danger of the undertaking. Seeing the importance,

however, of placing them in safety, he persevered, and succeeded in accomplishing his object.

Surgeon Anthony D. Home, of the 90th, aided by Assistant-Surgeon W. Bradshaw, on the same occasion, and under very similar circumstances, behaved in the same manner. When the relieving columns pushed their way forward towards the Residency, he was left behind in charge of the wounded. The escort had by casualties been greatly diminished, and, being entirely separated from the column, they were compelled to take refuge in a house on the approach of a large body of the enemy. Here they defended themselves till it was set on fire. Of four officers who were with the party, all were badly wounded—three of them mortally. The conduct of the defence, therefore, devolved on Mr. Home; and, as it was to his active exertions before being forced into the house, the wounded were then saved, so now to his coolness and intrepidity the continued defence of the building was mainly due. Hour after hour passed by, one after the other dropping, till only he and six companions remained to fire. Still they persevered, though they had almost abandoned hope, and had resigned themselves to their fate. At length, a little after daybreak, they were aroused by distant firing. They did not, however, believe that it announced any help to them—but rather the return of more foes. Still it approached nearer and nearer, when a brave soldier of the 1st Madras Fusiliers, John Ryan, suddenly jumping up, shouted, "Oh! boys! them's our chaps!" The little band, leaping to their feet, united in a hearty cheer, crying out to their friends to keep on the right, while they fired into the loopholes from which the enemy were annoying them.

In about three minutes, Captain Moorsom, who had led the party to their relief, appeared at the entrance hole of the shed, and they beckoning to him, he entered.

It was by the admirable arrangements of this officer that the little band were brought safely off, and soon after reached the palace, with the rear-guard of the 90th. On this occasion Private M'Manus, 5th regiment, kept outside the house, and continued behind a pillar, firing on the Sepoys, to prevent their rushing into it, till he was himself wounded. He also, in conjunction with Private John Ryan, rushed into the street under a heavy fire, and took Captain Arnold, 1st Madras Fusiliers, out of a dooly, and brought him into the house, that officer being again hit while they were so doing.

The glorious list of those who exposed their lives for the sake of others, and fought over their fallen comrades to defend them from the foe, is very great.

Lieutenant T. B. Hackett, of the 23rd regiment, at Secunder Bagh, Lucknow, 18th November, 1857, seeing a corporal of his regiment lying wounded in an exposed situation, accompanied by Private George Monger, who volunteered to do so, started off under a heavy fire, and brought him in. He also ascended the roof of a thatched bungalow, and tore it down, exposed to a shower of bullets, to prevent it from being set on fire.

Sergeant W. Napier, 13th regiment, showed his courage and humanity on 6th April, 1858, near Azimghur, when Private Milner, 13th regiment, then on the baggage guard, being wounded, he remained with him at the hazard of his life, and bandaged his wounds, even though surrounded by Sepoys, and exposed to a

heavy fire, and finally carried him in safety to the convoy.

Private P. Carlin, 13th, at the same time finding a wounded Naick on the field of battle, at whom a Sepoy was about to fire, attacked and killed the mutineer with the Naick's own sword, and then bore off his comrade on his shoulders to a place of safety.

It was near Azimghur, also, when a squadron of the military train and half a troop of horse artillery were sent in pursuit of the rebel Koer Singh's army, when Lieutenant and Adjutant Hamilton, who commanded the Sikhs, was unhorsed and immediately surrounded by the enemy, who commenced cutting and hacking at him on the ground. On seeing the condition of the gallant officer, Private S. Morley, and Private M. Murphy, Farrier of the Military Train, though both unhorsed, and the latter wounded, rushed up to him on foot, cut down and killed one of the Sepoys, and fought over the officer's body till further assistance arrived, and the enemy took to flight.

Private Dempsey, 10th regiment, assisted with others in carrying Ensign Erskine in the retreat from Arrah. He also was the first man to enter the village of Jugdispore, under a galling fire. And at Lucknow, on the 14th March, 1858, it being necessary to mine a passage in the rear of the enemy's position, he with great coolness and gallantry carried a powder bag through a burning street, the sparks flying in every direction from the blazing houses, and he all the time exposed to a heavy fire from the enemy, posted behind loopholed walls.

Major Charles C. Fraser, 7th Hussars, yet suffering from a serious wound, exhibited great coolness and

gallantry on many occasions. On the 31st December, 1858, Captain Stisted, and some men of their regiment, having, when in pursuit of the enemy, attempted to cross the river Raptée, and being in great danger of drowning, he volunteered to swim his horse to their rescue, which he did under a severe fire of musketry, and succeeded in bringing them off.

Lieutenant Robert Blair, 2nd Dragoon Guards, performed a gallant feat on the 28th September, 1857. Having been ordered to take a party of one sergeant and twelve men and bring in a deserted ammunition waggon, as his party approached the spot a party of fifty or sixty of the enemy's horse came down upon him from a village where they had remained unobserved. Without a moment's hesitation he formed up his men, and gallantly led them on, dashing through the rebels, and made good his retreat without losing a man, leaving nine of his foes dead on the field. Of these he killed four himself: but after having run a native officer through the body with his sword, he received a desperate wound, which nearly severed his shoulder at the joint.

Lieutenant Henry Evelyn Wood, 17th Light Dragoons, when commanding a troop of 3rd Light Cavalry at Sindwah, 19th October, 1858, with great gallantry attacked, almost single handed, a body of rebels who had made a stand, and put them to flight. He also, afterwards, with a small body of horse, rescued a native whom a band of robbers had carried off, and were about to hang.

We must not omit to record the gallantry of Lieutenant Henry Marsham Havelock, 10th regiment, in the combat at Cawnpore, August, 1857, when aide-

de-camp to his renowned father. "The 64th regiment had been much under artillery fire, from which it had severely suffered. The whole of the infantry were lying down in line, when, perceiving that the enemy had brought out the last reserved gun, a twenty-four pounder, and were rallying round it, the regiment was ordered to rise and advance. Of his own accord, Lieutenant Havelock, who was on horseback, placed himself in front of the centre of the 64th, opposite the muzzle of the gun; Major Stirling, who had bravely and ably commanded the regiment, being on foot, his horse, injured by a shell, having become unmanageable. Steadily, at a foot pace, the Lieutenant continued to move on in front of the regiment. The enemy discharged shot from the gun, till the British had got close, when they fired grape. The gallant 64th, steered by the young officer, advanced towards the very muzzle of the gun till they gallantly mastered it, with a true British rush, which overpowered all opposition.

Lieutenant Alfred Spencer Heathcote, 60th Rifles, gained the Victoria Cross, having been elected by the officers of his regiment, not for any especial act of gallantry, but for his highly gallant and daring conduct at Delhi, throughout the siege, during which he was wounded, and for having volunteered for services of extreme danger, especially during the six days of severe fighting in the streets after the assault. Many soldiers of that distinguished corps were rewarded in the same way.

Colour-Sergeant Garvin, for leading a body of men to dislodge a body of the enemy in position at Sammy House before Delhi.

Private J. Thompson, for dashing forward and

saving the life of Captain Wilson when surrounded by Ghazees.

Private J. Divane, for heading a charge of Belooch and Sikh troops on the enemy's intrenchments.

Bugler William Sutton, for volunteering to reconnoitre the breach at Delhi, and for killing one of the enemy's buglers, who was in the act of sounding.

Colour-Sergeant George Waller, for capturing the enemy's guns at Delhi, near the Cabool gate, and repulsing an attack made on a gun, on another occasion.

Private B. Bambrick, for conspicuous bravery at Bareilly.

Although it would surpass our limits to mention all the instances of the gallantry of officers and men displayed this during war, we must not omit the names of Captain George Alexander Renny, and Gunner William Conolly, of the Bengal Horse Artillery. After the capture of the Delhi magazine, 16th September, 1857, a vigorous attack was made on it by the enemy. Under cover of a heavy cross fire from the high houses on the right flank of the magazine, and from Selinghur and the palace, the enemy advanced to the high wall of the magazine, and endeavoured to set fire to a thatched roof. This was partially accomplished, but the fire was extinguished by a Sepoy of the Belooch battalion. However, the roof having been again set on fire, and the enemy pressing round, Captain Renny, with great gallantry, mounted to the top of the wall of the magazine, and flung several shells with lighted fuses into the midst of the enemy. This had so considerable an effect, that the enemy almost immediately retreated.

The half troop to which Gunner Conolly belonged,

under command of Lieutenant Cookes, having advanced at daybreak at a gallop, and engaged the enemy within easy musket range, the spongeman of one of the guns having been shot, Conolly assumed the duties of second spongeman; and he had barely assisted at two discharges of his gun, when a musket ball through the left thigh felled him to the ground. Nothing daunted by pain and loss of blood, he was endeavouring to resume his post, when a movement in retirement was ordered. Mounting his horse, he rode to the next position the guns took up, and manfully declined going to the rear when the necessity of his doing so was represented to him. At about eleven A.M. he was again knocked down by a musket ball striking him on the hip, causing him great pain and faintness. On hearing his commanding officer direct that he should be taken out of action, he staggered to his feet, exclaiming, "No, no; I'll not go there while I can work here."

Shortly afterwards he once more resumed his post. Later in the day, the guns were engaged at one hundred yards from the walls of a village whence a storm of bullets was directed at them. Here, though suffering severely from his two previous wounds, he was wielding his guns with an energy and courage which attracted the admiration of his comrades; and while cheerfully encouraging a wounded man to hasten in bringing up the ammunition, he was a third time hit by a musket ball which tore through the muscles of his right leg. Even then, with the most undaunted bravery he struggled on, and not until he had loaded six times did he give way, and then only from loss of blood, when he fell fainting at his post into his com-

mander's arms, and being placed in a waggon, was borne in a state of unconsciousness from the fight.

Such are the materials of which are made the true British soldiers, the Red-coats of old England, who have nobly upheld her honour and glory in all parts of the world.

We do not pretend to give a catalogue of all the gallant deeds done during that sanguinary struggle worthy of being chronicled. Were we to attempt to give all, we should fail in so doing; and some, whose names were omitted, would complain that we treated their comrades with partiality. The numerous brave acts we have recorded are rather to show of what British soldiers of the present day are capable, and what is more, what sort of deeds are most highly appreciated; for on all, or nearly all, the men whose names we have mentioned, the Victoria Cross has been bestowed; and yet, probably, we have omitted a third of the recipients of that honour, not less deserving than those whose deeds we have recorded.

THE SECOND CHINESE WAR,

1856—1860.

THE Chinese had forgotten the lessons they had received in 1842, as well as the treaties into which they had entered, and commenced a series of aggressive acts against British subjects, the most memorable of which was the seizure of the crew of the lorcha *Arrow*, in 1856. War was consequently declared, and hostilities were commenced by our naval forces, which, under Sir Michael Seymour, after bombarding Canton in October, and destroying several war junks on the 5th, captured the Bogue Forts, mounting more than four hundred guns, on the 12th and 13th of November, and again attacked the suburbs of Canton on the 12th of January, 1857. The fleet also destroyed a large number of Chinese war junks in the Canton waters; but further operations on land were suspended till the Indian mutiny had been quelled, and Lord Elgin had returned to China.

The British and French troops having united towards the end of December, 1857, the city of Canton was summoned to surrender. On the refusal of the Chinese authorities to do so, a bombardment was commenced by the fleet on the 28th, and the British and French troops landed at Kupa Creek, to the south-east of the town. The English troops were divided into two brigades—the first consisting of the first and second battalions of Royal Marine Light

Infantry, was commanded by Colonel Holloway, of that corps, while the second, which was composed of the Royal Engineers and Volunteer Company of Sappers, Royal Artillery and Royal Marine Artillery, Provisional Battalion Royal Marines, the 59th regiment and 38th Madras Native Infantry, was under Colonel Hope Graham, of the 59th. Colonel Dunlop commanded the artillery. The troops amounted to 2900 men—then there was the British Naval Brigade, consisting of 1829 men, and the French Naval Brigade to 950.

The first attack was made on East or Linn Fort. The Chinese received their assailants with a hot fire, but were soon driven out retreating to Gough's fort. The ships kept up a continued cannonade during the day and the following night, and on the 29th it was determined to make a grand attack by escalade on the east wall of the city. The advance was led by the brave Major Luard, the 59th, under Major Burmister, covering the French Naval Brigade and Royal Marines. At an appointed time the ships were to cease firing, and the assault was to be made. The Chinese, meantime, were keeping up a hot fire on their approaching assailants from their walls. It was necessary to ascertain the best spot for placing the scaling ladders. Captain Bate volunteered to go, and Captain Nauin, of the Engineers, accompanied him. Captain Bate had run across an open space, and was looking down into the ditch, when a shot struck him. He fell. Dr. Anderson rushed out through a hot fire, accompanied by Captain Bates' coxswain, to his assistance, but he never spoke again. They escaped uninjured.

"Some minutes before the time, the French advanced, and the English could not be kept back. They had crossed the ditch, and were clustered under the walls before the scaling ladders could be brought up. A young Frenchman had taken off his shoes and gaiters, and was trying to work himself up the southern angle of the bastion, aided by Major Luard, who was propping him up with the muzzle of the Frenchman's own firelock, when a ladder was placed, and Luard, leaping on it, stood first upon the wall. He was followed by a Frenchman, the bandmaster of the 59th, and Colonel Hope Graham. At the same time, Stuart, of the Engineers, was balancing in air on a breaking ladder at the north side of the bastion; but though he sprang to another, two or three Frenchmen got up before him. Here, also, Corporal Perkins and Daniel Donovan, volunteer sappers, pushing on with the French, were among the first over the wall. Meantime, the Chinese had been tumbling down all sorts of missiles; but when the Allies were once upon the walls, the great body of them retired. They poured down into the city, and fired from the streets; they dodged behind the buildings on the ramparts, and thence took aim with their cumbrous matchlocks. A few single encounters occurred, and Major Luard's revolver disposed of one lingerer; but the Allies generally fired right and left, and pushed on to the right, so as to sweep the wall upwards towards the hill. Helter skelter they went, driving the Tartars close into the town, and before them along the wall, until, some hundred yards in front, they came upon Captain Fellows and his blue-jackets, who were just accomplishing another escalade. Commodore Elliott was well in

front, and the Admiral and General were not far behind." *

The enemy were now driven entirely along the wall, and complete possession was taken of the eastern gate. Some casualties had occurred. Lieutenant Shinkwin and Ensign Bower, of the 59th, were both wounded, the latter mortally. The chiefs of the expedition, however, anxious to prevent the destruction of life, would not allow the troops to descend into the streets, though they had in reality entire command over the city. A whole week was allowed the Chinese authorities to consider the matter, and to sue for peace; but, as they continued obstinate, on the 5th of January the allied forces were poured down into the streets, when Commissioner Yeh, the Tartar General, and the Governor of Canton, were speedily captured, very much to their own astonishment, and very little to the regret of the people over whom they ruled.

On the 20th of May the forts at the mouth of the Peiho were taken, and then at length the Chinese commissioners, discovering that the Allies were in earnest, sued for peace. A treaty was signed at Tientsin on the 20th of June, when all the terms demanded by the Allies were agreed to, though the Chinese authorities had no intention, probably, of adhering to any of them.

* China, by Wingrove Cooke.

CAPTURE OF THE TAKU FORTS,

August 21st, 1860.

THE Chinese Government having refused to ratify the treaty of Tientsin, the British and French forces once more prepared for active operations. Major-General Sir Hope Grant had been appointed to the command of the British troops, with the local rank of Lieutenant-General; Major-General Sir Robert Napier holding command of the second division under him. The expedition started from Hong-Kong harbour early in June, and assembled at Talien Bay, ready for a descent on the Peiho.

On the 1st of August, the expedition, organized with great forethought, and in the most admirable manner, commenced disembarking at the mouth of the Peiho river. The village of Pehtang was immediately taken possession of.

The first engagement took place at Sinho, when the Tartar cavalry showed some courage, but were soon put to the rout—the Armstrong guns being here for the first time employed; the second division, under Sir Robert Napier, taking the principal part in the action. Soon after daybreak on the 13th, the first division received notice that they were to storm the fortified village of Tangkoo. A causeway ran from Sinoo to Tangkoo, with a marsh on one side, and a moist plain, intersected by ditches, on the other, which ditches had now been bridged over.

The fortifications of Tangkoo consisted of a long semicircular crenelated wall, three miles in length, terminating at both ends on the banks of the river.

The attack was made from the right of the causeway—the English on the right near the river, the French along the road. Two hundred rifles, commanded by Major Rigaud, advanced in skirmishing order, to support the batteries of Armstrong's guns, and some nine-pounders. The Royals and 31st followed, and then the Queen's 60th Rifles, and 15th Punjabees. Some Chinese batteries and junks were silenced, and then Sir John Michel ordered up the infantry, who rushed into the fortress, and bowled over the Tartars, as they scampered with precipitancy from the wall, across the open, into the village, while rockets whizzing through the air over their heads, in graceful curve, spread dismay among their masses, and hastened their speed.

The Taku Forts were next to be taken. On the 20th they were summoned to surrender, and the officer in command having refused to do so, preparations were made to storm them on the morning of the 21st. The French force consisted of about 1000 infantry, and six twelve-pounder rifled cannon. The English mustered 2500 men, consisting of a wing of the 44th, under Lieutenant-Colonel McMahon; a wing of the 67th, under Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas, supported by the other wings of those two regiments; the Royal Marines, under Lieutenant-Colonel Gascoigne; a detachment of the same corps, under Lieutenant-Colonel Travers, carrying a pontoon bridge for crossing the wet ditches; and Ensign Graham, with his company of Royal Engineers, to conduct the assault. The whole were commanded by Brigadier Reeves.

Several gun-boats had also come up the river to bombard the forts. At daylight the Chinese opened

fire on their assailants, which was replied to by the gun-boats and Armstrong guns, and soon a large magazine blew up with a terrific roar, the explosion shaking the ground for miles round. Soon after, another magazine in the lower north fort blew up. Still the Tartar troops defended themselves with the greatest bravery. The field guns were advanced to within 500 yards of the [forts, and redoubled their efforts. The fire of the forts having ceased, a breach was commenced near the gate, and a portion of the storming party were advanced to within thirty yards, to open a musketry fire. No sooner had the artillery fire slackened, than the enemy emerged from their cover, and opened a heavy fire of musketry on the Allies.

No less than fifteen men of the Sappers carrying the pontoon bridge were struck down, and the French who had pushed on were unable to escalade the walls.

While the fire was hottest an hospital apprentice, Arthur Fitzgibbon,* who had accompanied a wing of the 67th, quitted cover, and proceeded, in spite of the shot rattling round him, to attend to a dooly-bearer whose wounds he had been directed to bind up; and while the regiment was advancing under the enemy's fire, he ran across the open to attend to another wounded man, when he was himself severely wounded.

At this juncture Sir. R. Napier caused the two howitzers of Captain Govan's battery to be brought up to within fifty yards of the gate, in order more speedily to create a breach, when the storming party was joined by the head-quarters wing of the 67th,

* All marked thus * obtained the Victoria Cross.

under Colonel Knox, who had partly crossed by the French bridge and partly swam over. A space having been made sufficient to admit one man, the brave band forced their way in by single file in the most gallant manner, Lieutenant Rogers,* 44th regiment, and Lieutenant Burslem,* 67th regiment, being the first to enter, when they assisted Ensign Chaplain,* who carried the regimental colours, to enter, and he, supported by Private Lane,* 67th regiment, was the first to plant them on the breach, and subsequently on the cavalier, which he was the first to mount. Accompanying Lieutenant Rogers was Private John M'Dougall,* 67th regiment, and Lieutenant E. H. Lewis,* who gallantly swam the ditches, and were the first established on the walls, each assisting the others to mount the embrasures. Lieutenant Burslem and Private Lane more especially distinguished themselves in enlarging the opening in the wall, through which they eventually entered, and were severely wounded in so doing. At the same moment the French effected their entrance, and the garrison was driven back step by step, and hurled pell-mell through the embrasures on the opposite side, when a destructive fire was opened on them by Captain Govan's guns, which strewed the ground outside with dead and wounded. Preparations were then made to attack the lower fort, but the garrison of 2000 men and upwards yielded without firing a gun. Of the British, 17 men were killed, and 22 officers and 161 men wounded. The French had 130 casualties ; several of their officers were killed. Fully 2000 Tartars must have been killed and wounded.

The Allies entered Tientsin on the 6th September,

when every effort was made by the Chinese authorities to gain time by negotiations.

On the arrival of the Allies on the ground intended for the camp, it was found occupied by a large Chinese army, who had hastily thrown up batteries for their defence. Colonel Walker, with Commissary Thompson and a few orderlies, had ridden on at an early hour, to arrange about the camping ground for the army. Mr. Parkes, Lieutenant Anderson, Mr. De Norman, and Mr. Bowlby went forward to ascertain the reason of the threatening attitude of the Chinese, not in any way apprehending danger. Captain Brabazon and Mr. Lock followed with a flag of truce, to order them to return.

On their return, the whole party, with several French officers and men, were surrounded by the Chinese: some were cut down, and others were made prisoners; but Colonel Walker, suspecting what was about to occur, called out to those of his companions near him to charge for their lives through the midst of the enemy. At the word of command they bent down to their horses' necks, and spurred their chargers through the Tartar ranks, which gave way before them; and though a fire was opened on them, one dragoon only was wounded. The action instantly commenced; but after lasting two hours, the enemy, unable to withstand the fierce charges of the cavalry, and the hot fire of the Armstrong guns, gave way in all directions, being dreadfully cut up by the Dragoon Guards and Fane's and Probyn's horse.

On the 21st, the Allies, being strengthened by the arrival of 1,000 French troops, again advanced to meet the enemy. General Michel's division was on

the left, and the Cavalry Brigade, and the Marines, and the 2nd Queen's, taking the extreme left. While Sir Hope Grant was riding towards the French, to confer with General Montauban, a furious charge was made towards him and his staff by a large body of Tartar cavalry. The General and his followers, at once galloping to the right and left, disclosed the Armstrong guns, which, as the Tartars came on, yelling furiously, opened a fire, and, aided by the rifles of the 2nd Queen's, emptied many a saddle, and sent the enemy speedily to the right about, with yells of terror and despair. Another body of Tartar cavalry were posted on an eminence which had a sudden fall at the foot of it, with a deep ditch in front. It was evident that they thought the cavalry could not pass this ditch, and that they might easily pick them off with their matchlocks. The 1st Dragoon Guards, however, rode at it and cleared the ditch, one or two men only getting out of the ranks. The dragoons then made a furious charge, and soon put the Tartars to flight. Finally, the Chinese intrenched camp was taken, and their army was driven back towards Peking, completely broken and disorganised. During these operations nearly six hundred guns were captured by the Allies. The army now advanced towards Peking, and on the 7th of October the Emperor was informed that unless the prisoners were restored, and one of the gates of the Imperial city was placed in the hands of the Allies, Peking would be stormed.

These terms were agreed to. On the 13th of October, at noon, possession was taken of the gate by a small body of English and French; the money demanded was paid, and the surviving prisoners were

delivered up: others had died under the barbarous treatment received by them. As a punishment to the Emperor, and to show the people the subjection to which the Allies had brought him, his country palace was totally destroyed. After this, the former treaty was fully ratified, and the Allies retired to Tientsin for the winter, ultimately to return to Europe.

CONCLUSION.

WE have shown in the preceding pages, as we proposed, what sort of stuff is to be found inside the red coats of Queen Victoria's soldiers, and of the green coats and blue coats too—strong arms, and brave, generous, and dauntless hearts. We have recounted many noble and gallant deeds, but still we feel sure that many more have been done, of which we have received no notice; and we therefore beg the brave men who performed them, when they [see their names omitted in the pages we have written, to believe that it is with regret we have been] unable to give their history; but let them be assured, that we shall be truly glad to have the opportunity of so doing when it is brought before us.

We have not spoken of the Militia and Volunteers, of whom England may also well be proud. Many regiments of the former, when war with Russia broke out, directly they heard that the country might require them abroad, volunteered for foreign service; and those who went, showed that they were not inferior to their brethren of the Line.

England's gallant Volunteers, too, have full well shown what perseverance and determination will accomplish; and they have proved to England's foes, that even the threat of invading her sacred shores will unite her sons heart and hand together, and that tens of thousands of rifles, and well-practised eyes, will

be prepared to receive her enemies. Well may Englishmen be proud of those Volunteers, as they are seen collecting from every side to form armies of no mean proportion; and especially so may that Englishman who feels that in this generation, at all events, he was the **FIRST VOLUNTEER**—that he laboured against opposition, coldness, and, often, ridicule, to call into existence a corps of Volunteers—that for many months, with admirable perseverance, they drilled and exercised to qualify themselves for offering their services to their Sovereign. Many names now holding various ranks in the present corps of Volunteers, were on the committee assembled by him for forming that corps. The time was not ripe—the Government of the day was unwilling to sanction the movement; but the roll was formed, and the services of the body of gentlemen on it offered to her Majesty's Ministers.

The Author, who formed that committee, therefore feels that he may justly lay claim to the honour which many friends are ready to accord to him, of being the first Volunteer of the present generation, and the originator of the present glorious movement:—at the same time that he is anxious to share that honour with those who so long and perseveringly laboured to bring it about. Though not at the moment successful, they must be satisfied when seeing the rich harvest of fruit which the seeds they then planted have produced.

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